WEEK ENDING JULY 14, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Lullaby

Leslie Thrasher

Beginning **The DIARY of SERGEANT YORK**

HALL ~ WODEHOUSE ~ GILBERT ~ ST. JOHNS ~ McEVOY

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

The Lifetime° pen has become an American classic

A magnificent leadership in the pen field has come to the Lifetime because of its downright merit. It was the first pen of colorful beauty, first in supreme mechanical nicety, first in high dependability. Its iridium nib easily makes three clear carbon copies of your personal letters and memoranda. Instant response to lightest touch makes it the ideal pen for the Palmer handwriting system. And its non-corrosive alloys, costly gold and brilliant radite, build it to endure for a lifetime, guaranteed free of all repair charges. Ask any Sheaffer dealer to show you how mechanically nice the Lifetime pen is made.

"Lifetime" pen in green or black, $8.75, Ladies', $7.50—pencil, $4.25. Others lower
De Luxe "Lifetime" pen, $10, pencil, $5

At better stores everywhere

Onyx or Italian Marble Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Set, $11

Blue Cap Leads 15 cents

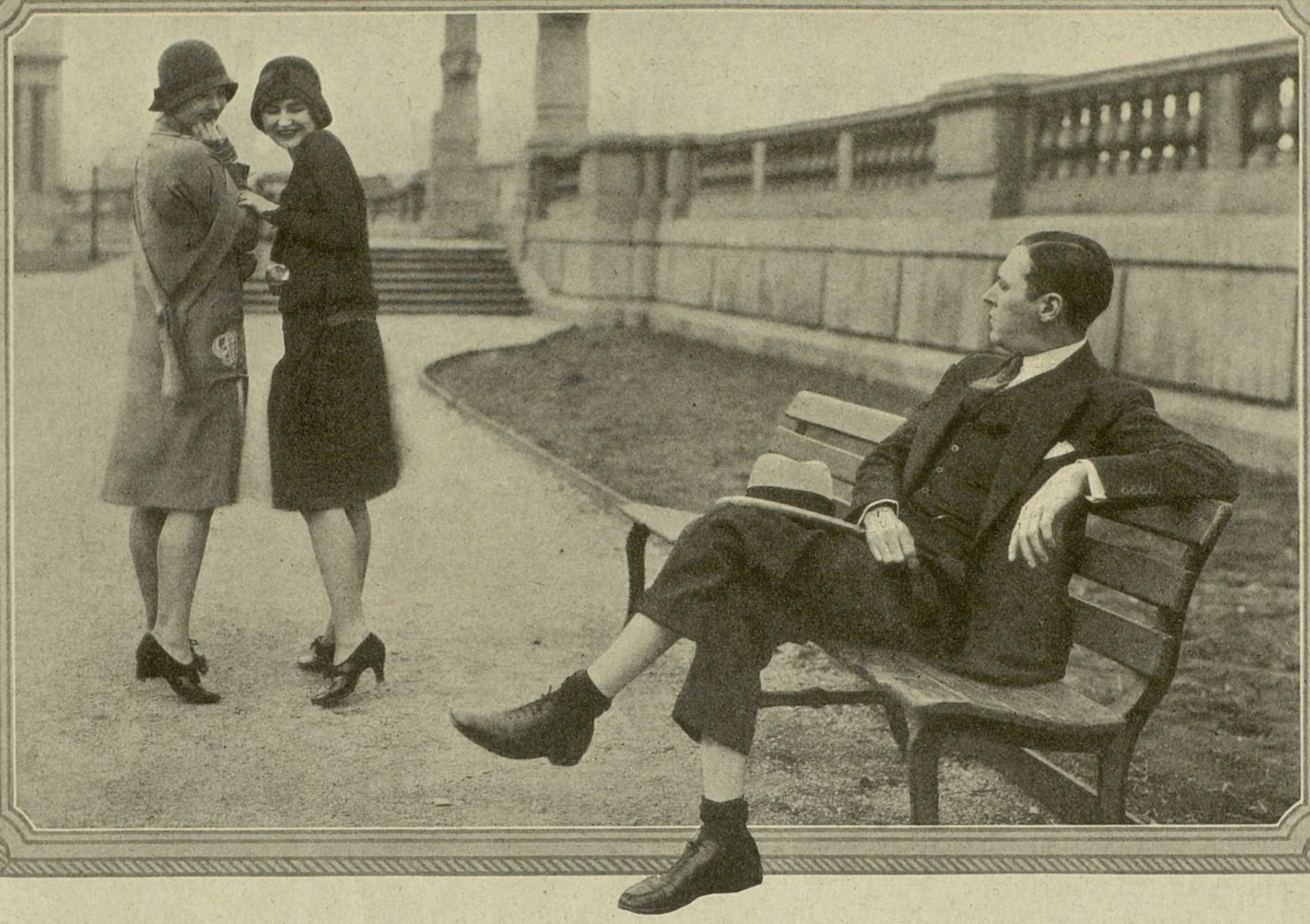
SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.
New York · · Chicago · · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. · Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St., W.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London—199 Regent St.

° Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

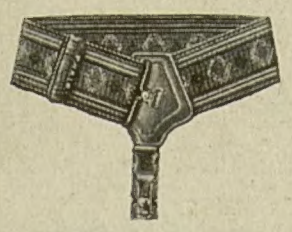
©



—and he wonders why they laughed—AND HOW

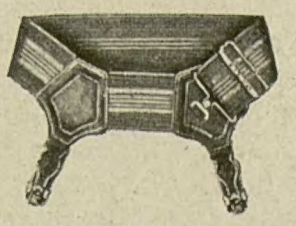
They laughed—*and how!* Their ridicule hurt. It bit like acid. He prided himself on dressing well. His taste was faultless *as far as it went.* But—it didn't include his socks. Although colorful and classy, they were ungartered. And yet he can't figure out why they laughed.

No SOX Appeal Without



SINGLE GRIP

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
25c to $2



DOUBLE GRIP

Dress Well and Succeed

L-3

©1928—A. STEIN & COMPANY—*MAKERS*—CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, TORONTO

Damaged... by sun, wind and seawater *but easily repaired if you just know the secret*

TOO MANY heads of hair arrive at the end of summer in a sadly damaged condition. Lustreless. Brittle. Dry.

The life and beauty burned out by constant exposure and scorching sun. The natural oils washed out by frequent swims. The scalp tight and dry—a forerunner of falling hair and even baldness.

Any girl can avoid these common summer hair troubles by constantly replacing the valuable oils that are burned or washed away.

Lots of wise people are doing this very thing with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. It supplies the oil that nourishes the scalp, keeps the hair soft and lustrous, makes for a generally healthy condition.

Keep a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic handy and give your scalp regular treatment with it. Before every shampoo. It takes only a few minutes—time you'll never begrudge.

Just follow these simple directions.

Part the hair, lock by lock, and apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. Work in with the finger tips, using a gentle rotary motion. Keep this up till your scalp feels "alive" and loose, atingle with new circulation. Leave the Tonic on for a few hours or as long as possible to thoroughly penetrate the pores. Follow with your regular shampoo.

If your hair is especially dry, give yourself an extra massage with the Tonic between shampoos. Brush your hair well afterwards to distribute the oil through the hair itself and give it added lustre.

And another thing, too, that's worth remembering. Before you go out on the beach, or on the golf course, or for a motor ride, where your hair is exposed, rub a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic on the palms of your hands and smooth them over your hair. It not only protects your hair from the harsh drying effects of wind and sun, but helps to keep it well groomed. Summer isn't half over yet. Still plenty of time to outwit the elements with this simple treatment. Start today. You'll be glad of it next fall.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic comes in two convenient-sized bottles with special shaker top that makes it easy and economical to use. Sold at all the better drug stores. Just try it.

Made by Chesebrough Mfg. Co. 17 State St., New York, N. Y.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., 1928

Vaseline REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HAIR TONIC

JULY 14, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5
No. 28

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

MR. COOLIDGE'S FOREIGN POLICY

By his recent speech at Gettysburg, President Coolidge seems to have disclosed the foreign affairs policy of his administration more revealingly than at any previous time. This revelation leaves us astonished and alarmed.

As indicated in the Gettysburg address, Secretary Kellogg has been sending out letters more or less at haphazard to various nations, asking them to enter into a multilateral treaty to renounce war.

These letters contain big words and are not very dramatic. The people of the country have not paid much attention to them.

Most of the nations approached accepted the idea, but made certain reservations. As far as we can see, Secretary Kellogg made no reservations for the United States.

But the President in his Gettysburg address, in which he seemed to rejoice that we always enter a war unprepared, seems also to have thought that the United States is virtually entering a new kind of League of Nations with this multilateral treaty.

Fortunately, the President and the Secretary of State alone (as Mr. Wilson discovered, and as we hope Mr. Coolidge will discover) are not able to bind the United States in foreign treaties. They must have the consent of the Senate. And by the time the Senate gets through with the multilateral treaty we think it will look like the League of Nations treaties. At least, we hope so.

Its foreign policy has not been the most distinguished success of the Coolidge administration. At the same time that Secretary Wilbur demanded seventy-seven cruisers, said he'd accept fifteen, and ended up by getting none from Congress, Mr. Kellogg was sending out his multilateral treaty letters, which were being met with cordial assurances and plenty of reservations by foreign nations.

And Mr. Coolidge was standing on the battlefield of Gettysburg, which marked the greatest fight ever fought in America, descanting on the beauties of unpreparedness as a national policy, while his marines were chasing the "bandits" of Nicaragua into the most remote recesses of their jungles.

In this extraordinary speech the President made the remarkable statement that "good credit is the principal foundation of national defense." This is almost exactly contrary to the experience of history.

Rome was rotten with credit, ease, and softness when the barbarians, who had no credit whatever except in their swords and spears, descended upon the empire. All through history we can see rich cities of the plains overcome and sacked by poor but hardy mountaineers. All the glorious cities of the Mediterranean basin were despoiled by roving vikings, Huns, and Moors.

Even in our own Revolution, those parts of the country where credit was best—New York and Philadelphia—were occupied by the enemy.

Today, as we have said before on this page, consider China and Japan. China had the credit; Japan had the soldiers. Which is in the superior position?

Strange ideas and strange policies, we think. When will the United States learn that experience is better than theory?

IN THIS ISSUE

The Diary of Sergeant York (Part I) 7
An American hero tells his story

They Never Reform ..... By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN 11
An underworld tale of romance and danger

I Learn to Fly (Part I) ..... By RICHARD CARROLL 19
The thrills—and chills—of becoming an aviator

Just Passing Through ..... By NORMAN S. HALL 26
A story of war, tenderness, and a bad guess

The Game That Stirred the Nation ..... By HUGH FULLERTON 31
Reviewing the biggest argument in baseball's history

Those Russians Again ..... By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 34
John Barrymore decorates another panorama of the revolution

Money for Nothing (Part V) ..... By P. G. WODEHOUSE 39
Continuing a lively serial of crooks and comedy and love

Hot Dog! ..... By EDWARD DOHERTY 45
Barking up the family tree of a national pet

Gypsy's Moved In ..... By TONI, JR. 49
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

The Life Story of Wallace Reid (IV) By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 50
The tragic curtain of a colorful career

The Outcast ..... By KENNETH GILBERT 60
A story of the forest and a man who blundered

Show Girl (Part XIV) ..... By J. P. MCEVOY 68
Concluding the loves and adventures of Dixie Dugan

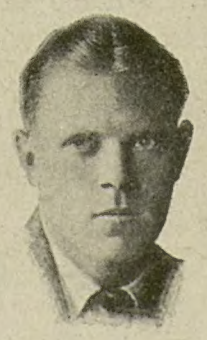
News of the World (p. 25); For the Love o' Lil (33); Cross-Word Puzzle (44); Bright Sayings of Children (47); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (48); Poem (54); Word Golf (55); Twenty Questions (55); Vox Pop (56); Food (59); Fashions (66-67); Index of Advertisements (70).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

Ten Years Ago This Week—how we turned the tide in July, 1918, by
Frederick Palmer

Quartermaster, a strange and striking tale of the sea, by
Paul Schubert



More Wodehouse fun with sparkling pictures by
Wallace Morgan

Toni, Jr., dictates a new chapter of surprises to
Antoinette Donnelly

July 14, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 28

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

A Radiotron for every purpose

RADIOTRON UX-201-A
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UV-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WD-11
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WX-12
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-200-A
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-120
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-222
Screen Grid Radio Frequency Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-112-A
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-171-A
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-210
Power Amplifier Oscillator

RADIOTRON UX-240
Detector Amplifier for Resistance-coupled Amplification

RADIOTRON UX-250
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
A.C. Filament

RADIOTRON UY-227
A.C. Heater

RADIOTRON UX-280
Full-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-281
Half-Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

RADIOTRON UV-876
Ballast Tube

RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated

Look for this mark on every Radiotron

Every Radiotron is tested and inspected in 41 different ways before it is approved in the laboratories and factories of RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse.

The Radiotron is the joint product of RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric, developed and perfected in the same great laboratories which give you the MAZDA lamp. They are the creation of the skilled radio engineers who made modern broadcasting possible. Equip your set with genuine RCA Radiotrons. Never use new tubes with old ones that have been in use a year or more. See that your set is completely equipped with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least.

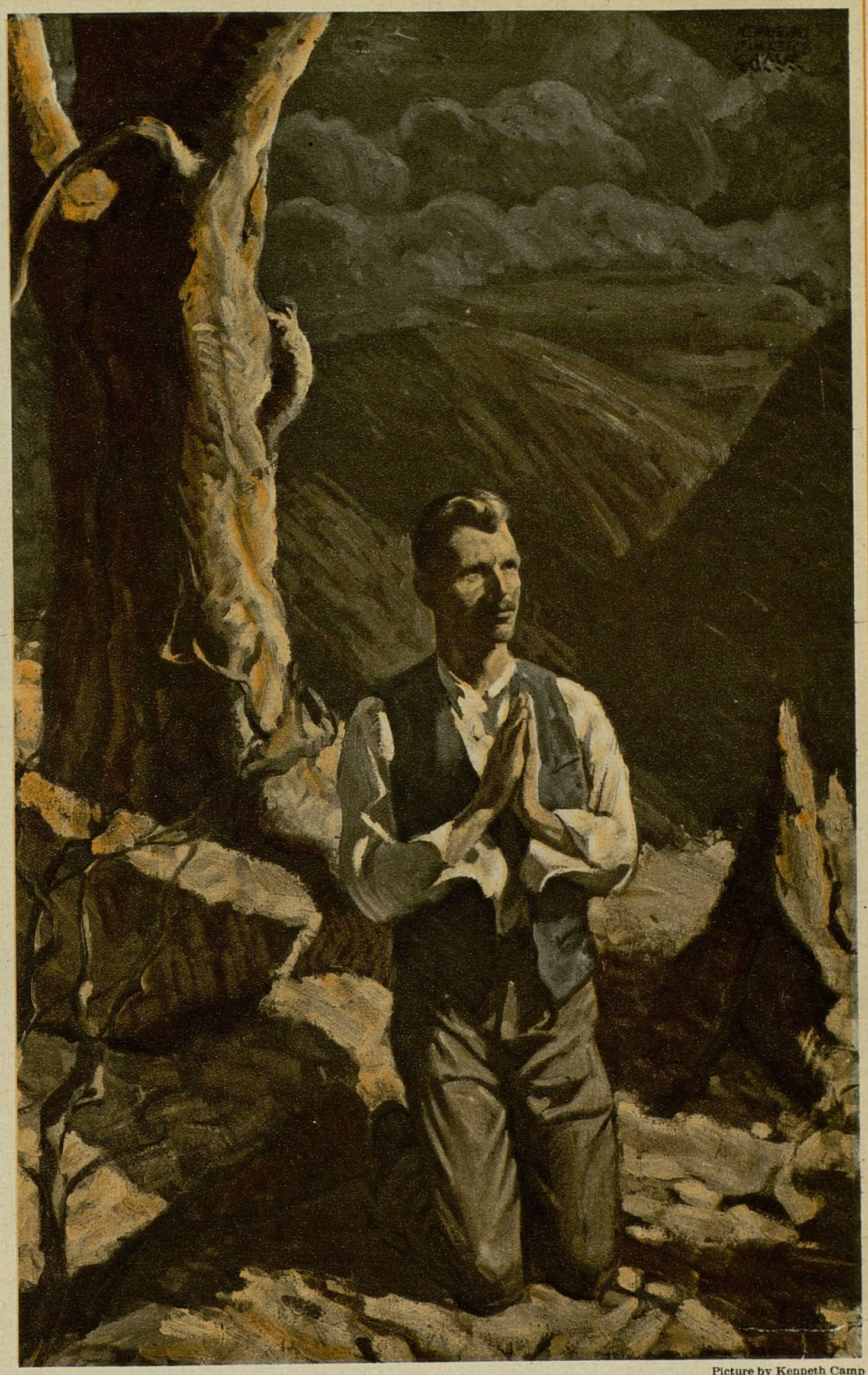
RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

The DIARY of Sergeant YORK

A Famous Hero's Own Story of His Great Adventure



Picture by Kenneth Camp

I prayed two whole days and a night out on the mountainside. And I received my assurance that it was all right, that I should go, and that I would come back without a scratch.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 46 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: On October 8, 1918, Corporal Alvin C. York of the 328th Infantry fought a desperate battle with a German machine gun detachment and brought into camp 132 prisoners. He was promoted to a sergeancy, awarded the D. S. C., the French Croix de Guerre, and many other decorations, and generally acclaimed the greatest individual hero of the war. Much has been written about him, but here, for the first time in print, he tells his own story.]

PART ONE

HOW long my ancestors have lived in Tennessee is farther than I can tell. They were the first persons that settled this country. My great-great-grandfather was the first white man to settle here.

When grandpap first came he lived in a rock house, a cave, near Wolf River, in the Pall Mall Valley. We live "under the mountain," down in the river-bottom sections, a little over 500 feet from the top of the mountain, a distance of five miles. The Pall Mall Valley is located in the northeast part of middle Tennessee, three miles from the Kentucky line.

My great-great-grandfather, Coonrod Pile, took up this land and owned all of the valley and part of the mountain. He was the first white man there and took first choice. There is a bunch of the Piles still around here.

Grandpap York was in the Mexican War and helped storm the heights at Chapultepec. When he came back from Mexico he was taken sick at the head of the creek and died there. They call it Rock Creek.

My grandpap on my mother's side, William Brookes, was a Northerner. He came down with the cavalry from Detroit, Michigan, and after the war he got into it with some bushwhackers. There was no law and everybody toted a gun. And they said he shot down one of their leaders; but they never proved it.

But they killed him—just the same. They hooked him to a mule and dragged him through the streets of Jamestown, the county seat, and they shot him to pieces. So, you see, my ancestors were all pioneers and soldiers—and God-fearing people, too, like most all mountain people.

We lived in a one-room log cabin. I can't say for certain whether grandpap built the cabin or not. I think he did. It was built out of hewn logs, hewn with a broadax. They cut down the trees, hewed the logs, and built the cabin right there. The logs were chinked with clay and sticks. The inside was pasted with newspapers and colored magazine covers.

My father was a blacksmith. He ran his shop in the same cave where my great-great-grandfather spent his first night when he came into the valley, the first white man to get by the Creeks and Cherokees. In that same cave is where I got my early days of blacksmith training. He was very fond of hunting and shooting.

Father would do his hunting every day, and if he had any blacksmith

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIARY OF SERGEANT YORK]
Continued from page seven

work he had to catch up with he would do that of a night. He was a good shot. He loved shooting very much, and always won every match.

His advice was always to be accurate in shooting. He would always advise me to take more time and study this more. I grew up with him—hunted with him and worked in the blacksmith shop with him.

My mother was a hard-working woman, a good mother, and very religious. She always tried to instruct us to do the right thing. There were eleven of us, eight boys and three girls. We were all tolerable sized. I was the third boy, and the largest of the bunch. We are all living today—all except my father. God took him a few years before the war.

We mountaineers claim that we are pure Anglo-Saxons. We have more than fifty red-headed people in the little community where I live. Real redheads, too. And they do say that they are all pure Anglo-Saxons. And we all say around here that you might find a red-headed person in a penitentiary, but you will never find one in an insane asylum.

In my young days we had practically no schools in the mountains at all. The roads were bad and we had no money. The schools that were there were run about two and a half or three months a year. I got about to the third grade. There were over 100 of us in a little room and our seats were split logs with no backs on them.

After I left school I never did get to go to school any more. I worked on the farm and in the blacksmith shop. And I hired out to my neighbors and worked on their farms for forty cents a day. When I got a little bit older, I went out and worked on the railroad awhile.

P. & A. photo

The children of the hero. (Left to right) George Edward Buxton, Woodrow Wilson, and Alvin, Jr. His baby, Sam Houston, didn't get in the picture.

Wide World photo

Mrs. Alvin C. York (left), whom York married after he returned from the war, and his mother.

I might say, too, that in my early days I got in bad company and I broke off from my mother's and father's advice and got to drinking and gambling and playing up right smart. I read about Frank and Jesse James. I thought if Frank and Jesse could be crack shots I could too. I used to gallop my horse around a tree with a revolver and muss up that old tree right smart. And I got tolerably accurate, too. I used to drink a lot. Moonshine. I used to gamble my wages away week after week. I used to stay out late of nights. I had a powerful lot of fist fights. I never was whipped, except when my mother or father whipped me. I was wild and bad for five or six years. Then I saw it was no use, that I was missing the better things, and I decided to change my life and be a better boy. I knew all the time I was going along this kind of life, deep down in my heart, that I was doing things that were not right.

MOTHER was continually pleading with me to quit my way of doing and change my way of life and be a better boy. And one night, after being very drunk and fighting, I got in after midnight, and found my mother sitting up waiting for me, and I asked her, "Why don't you lie down?" And she said, "I can't lie down. I don't know what's going to become of you when you are out drinking, and so I wait until you come in." And then she asked me, "Alvin, when are you going to be a man like your father and your grandfathers?"

I promised my mother that night I would never drink again; I would never smoke or chew again; I would never gamble again; I would never cuss or fight again. And I have never drunk any whisky, I have never touched cards, I have never smoked or chewed, and I have never fought or rough-housed since that night.

I was very fond of tobacco, too. I used to smoke and chew. And there was plenty of cheap whisky. You could always get it. And I was big and hard—over six feet and weighed upwards of 180 pounds.

And when I quit, I quit all. I am very glad I did. I am a good deal like Paul—the things I once loved I now hate.

And then I was saved.

My conversion was under the preaching or during the revival of the Rev. M. H. Russell, from Indiana, an evangelist to the mountains. He was an evangelist who preached very close. All that was not right he fought.

He had a wonderful meeting there. He had more conversions than any one man that has ever been through the valley. Well, the way he impressed me was by his true speaking of the Scriptures. I knew the Scriptures, and when he spoke from them he spoke truly, giving the punishment for the wicked and the place of happiness for those who are in Christ Jesus.

I had already told my mother I would quit the things I had been doing, and at that time I had already quit gambling and drinking and fighting and was ready to begin another life.

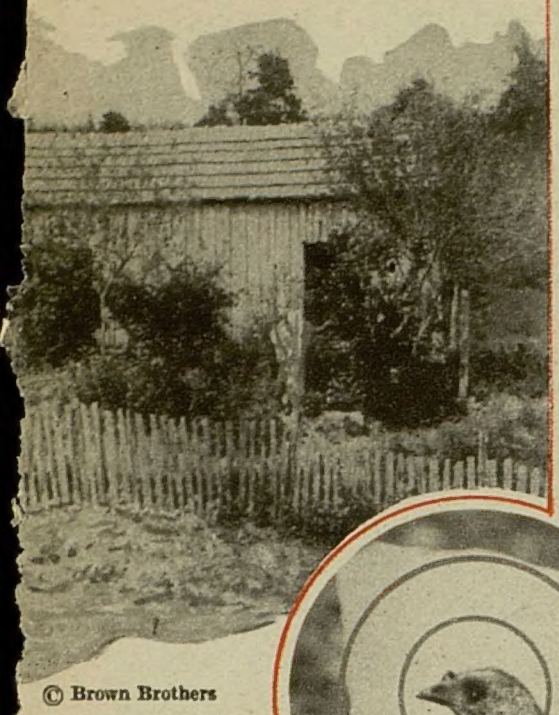
I joined the church and became an elder. I was teaching singing schools and led all the singing in the church before I went in the army. That is why they used to call me the Singing Elder. Pastor Pile was the pastor of the church I belonged to.

Pile is a very pleasant and a very handsome man. He is not the pastor of the church at present. He is first elder, and superintendent of the Sunday school. He also has a store and a farm. He practically runs the store himself. His wife and sister-in-law oversee the farm.

I don't remember whether I was working on a farm or on a road when war first broke out. But when we came

Sergeant York, the Singing Elder, in uniform.

© Brown Brothers



© Brown Brothers

The Tennessee cabin where York was born.

P. & A. photos

York is shown in the foreground aiming one of the rifles which the mountaineers still make for themselves. Often a turkey is tied behind a log and the marksmen shoot at its bobbing head from sixty yards.

in I was driving steel and blasting on the road that is now called the York Highway. I was earning a dollar and sixty cents a day. Had anybody at that time said the road was going to be named for me, I would have told him that I didn't believe it ever would.

After the war was going on, before America declared war, we were continually reading the papers. I thought it was a very, very tough war. We decided long before we received our call that America would be in it.

Then I got notice to register, at R. C. Pile's store at Pall Mall, the post office.

I kept a diary right through the war. I kept a little notebook in America, and then when we went to France I bought one of those little black French notebooks. I carried this little diary in my pocket. I wrote in it in camp, on the ships, and in the fox holes and trenches at the front.

No soldier in the American army was permitted to keep a diary. It was against the rules, and anyone caught carrying it with him was subject to court-martial, because the carrying of the diary, telling places you had been, what happened, and what outfit you belonged to, if you happened to be captured, would give such information to the Germans as we did not want them to have.

The captain, when the company was lined up, would ask if any man had a diary. He was Captain Danforth of Augusta, Georgia. And one day he asked me if I was keeping a diary. I told him I was not admitting whether I did or didn't, and he told me it would betray a lot of valuable information to the Germans if I was captured.

And I told him that I didn't come to the war to be captured, and I wasn't going to be captured, and that if the Germans ever got any information out of me they would have to get it out of my dead body.

And so the captain kept going. And I kept the little diary. And I have it right now in a safe-deposit box in my bank in Jamestown, Tennessee. And the first entries in it are:

A history of places where I have bin.

The beginning of this story will start from the time that I got my first notice in 1917.

June 5th, 1917.

PALL MALL, TENN.—Well, the first notice I received was to go and register. So I did, and then I begin to think that I was going to be called to be examined.

October 28th, 1917.

JAMESTOWN, TENN.—So I was called to report to the local board for examination. So I went, and when they looked at me they weighed me and I weighed 170 lbs and was 72 inches tall. So they said I passed all right. Well, when they said that I almost knowed that I would haft to go to the army.

I was lean and hard at that time. I had no fat on me at all. Up to that time I had never been sick; only once, in 1906, when I got wet throughout from fencing, and had pneumonia.

November 10th.

PALL MALL, TENN.—So I just went on with my work and I received a little blue card that told me to be ready for a call at any time.

November 14th, 1917.

JAMESTOWN, TENN.—So later I sure received a card that said report to your local board. So I went to Jamestown, Tenn., and reported to the local board, and I stayed all night that night at Dr. Alexander's.

I knew now I was in it. I was bothered a plenty as to whether it was right or wrong. I knew that if it was right everything would be all right. And I also knew that if it was wrong and we were only fighting for a bunch of foreigners, it would be all wrong. And I prayed and prayed. I prayed two whole days and a night out on the mountainside. And I received my assurance that it was all right, that I should go, and that I would come back without a scratch. I received this assurance direct from God. And I have always been led to believe that He always keeps His promise.

And I told my little old mother not to worry; that it was all right, and that I was coming back; and I told my brothers and sisters; and I told Pastor Pile, and I prayed with him; and I told everybody else I discussed it with.

But it was very hard on mother, just like it was on all mothers, and she didn't want to see me go.

November 15th.

ONEIDA, TENN.—The morning of the 15th I started for the camp, which was Camp Gordon. I went to Oneida, Tenn., and stayed there at the hotel until about 2 o'clock A. M. next morning when I entrained for Atlanta, Ga.

November 16th.

ATLANTA, GA., AND CAMP GORDON.—and I got to Atlanta, Ga., and there I entrained for Camp Gordon on the night of the 16th.

November 17th.

CAMP GORDON.—I was placed in the 21st training battalion, and there I was called out the first morning of my army life to police up in the yard all the old cigarette butts, and I thought that was pretty hard, as I didn't smoke. But I did it just the same.

I had never traveled much before going to camp. I had never been out of the mountains before, and I'm telling you I missed them right smart down there in that flat, sandy country. And my little old mother and Pastor Pile wanted to get me out.

Pastor Pile put in a plea to the government that it was against the religion of our church to fight; and that he wanted to get me out on these grounds. And he sent his papers up to the War Department, and they filled them out and sent them to me at the camp and asked me to sign them.

They told me all I had to do was to sign them. And I refused to sign them, as I couldn't see it the way Pastor Pile did.

My mother, too, put in a plea to get me out as her sole support. My father was dead and I was keeping my mother and brothers and sisters. And the papers were fixed up and sent to Camp Gordon and I was asked to sign them. But I didn't sign them.

I knew I had plenty of brothers back there that could look after my mother, that I was not the sole support, and I didn't feel I ought to do it. And so I never asked for exemption from service on any grounds at all.

I never was a conscientious objector. I am not today. I didn't want to go and fight and kill. But I had to answer the call of my country, and I did. And I believed it was right. I have got no hatred toward the Germans and I never had.

December and January, 1917-18.

CAMP GORDON, GA.—So I stayed there and done squads right and squads left until the first of February and there I was sent to Co. G, 328th Infantry, 82nd Division.

The Eighty-second Division was known as the All-American Division. We wore the insignia A. A. on our shoulder. We were made up of boys from every State in the Union. My battalion was the second under the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DIARY OF SERGEANT YORK
Continued from page nine]

command of Major Buxton of Rhode Island. I was in Company G, under Captain Danforth of Augusta, Georgia.

February, 1918.

CAMP GORDON, GA.—So there they put me by some Greeks and Italians to sleep. Well, I couldn't understand them and they couldn't understand me and I was the homesickest boy you ever seen. Ho ho.

March, 1918.

CAMP GORDON, GA.—Well, they gave me a gun, and oh my, that old gun was just full of grease and I had to clean that old gun for inspection. So I had a hard time to get that old gun clean, and oh, those were trying hours for a boy like me, trying to live for God and do His blessed will. But yet I could look up and say—

"O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lonely paths of service free.
Tell me Thy secret, help me to bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care."

And then the Lord would bless me and help me to bear my hard toils.

Sergeant York's present home and farm "under the mountain" in the Pall Mall Valley of Tennessee.

So when I got this gun, I began to drill with the gun, and we had to hike once a week. So I have seen many boys fall out of the hikes. We would haft to take long hikes with all our stuff on our back and carry that old gun. Ho ho. And we would haft to go out before daylight and have sham battles. So I began to want a pass to go home.

That first army rifle they issued me was all full of grease. Of course I didn't like that. The rifles we used in the mountains were always kept clean. They were muzzle-loading rifles, cap and ball. They make their own guns there in the mountains.

They are the most accurate guns in the world, up to 100 or 150 yards. I would rather have had a clean army rifle than a muzzle loader for what we were going to use them for, on account of the repeating shots, but they are not any more accurate than the muzzle-loading rifles.

The Greeks and Italians came out on the shooting range, and the boys from the big cities. They hadn't been used to handling guns. And sometimes at 100 yards they would not only miss the targets—they would even miss the hills on which the targets were placed.

In our shooting matches at home we shot at a turkey's head. We tied the turkey behind a log, and every time it bobbed up its head we let fly with those old muzzle loaders of ours. We paid ten cents a shot and if we hit the turkey's head we got the whole turkey. This way we used to shoot from about sixty yards.

Or we would tie the turkey out in the open at 150 yards, and if you hit it above the knee or below the gills you got it. I think we had just about the best shots that ever squinted down a barrel.

Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett used to shoot at these matches long ago. And Andrew Jackson used to recruit his Tennessee sharpshooters from among our mountain shooters.

We used to call our most famous matches "beeves." We would make up a beef—that is, we would drive up a beef—and then each pay, say a dollar, until we had made up the value of the beast. The owner got this money. And we were each allowed so many shots.

The best shot got the choice of the hind quarters, the second best the other hind quarter, the third the choice of the fore quarters, the fourth the other fore quarter, and the fifth the hide and tallow.

Our matches were held in an opening in the forest, and the shooters would come in from all over the mountains, and there would be a great time. We would shoot at a mark crisscrossed on a tree. The distance was twenty-six yards offhand or forty yards prone with a rest. You had to hit that cross if you ever hoped to get a smell of that meat.

Some of our mountaineers were such wonderful shots that they would win all five prizes and drive the beef home alive on the hoof.

Shooting at squirrels is good, but busting a turkey at 150 yards—ho ho. So the army shooting was tolerably easy for me.

The Rev. R. C. Pile, York's pastor before the war.

March 21st-31st.

PALL MALL, TENN.—So I got a pass after while for ten days. So I went home, and while I was home I had several services at Greers Chapel, and the Lord blessed us and we had a fine little meeting. Rev. R. C. Pile and others were helping, and there were a number of people saved during this little meeting. So the Lord was with us. Bless His Holy Name.

I went home by train and then got a lift part of the way and hiked the last twelve miles over the mountains. And I had to carry my suitcase. Ho ho.

March, 29th.

PALL MALL, TENN.—So I had to start back to my company, and that was a heartbreaking time for me, as I knew I had to go to France. But I went back to my company trusting in God and asking Him to keep me, although I had many trials and much hardship and temptation. But yet I could look up and say:

"O God, in hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live."

Then it was that the Lord would bless me and I almost felt sure of coming back home, for the Lord was with me.

April 19th.

CAMP GORDON, GA.—So we left Camp Gordon in the afternoon.

April 21st.

CAMP UPTON, N. Y.—We got to Camp Upton, N. Y. So we stayed there a few days and drilled.

April 30th.

BOSTON, MASS.—And then we went to Boston, Mass.

Captain Danforth came around and asked every man in the company if he objected to going across to fight, and if he did what his objections were. He came to me, and I told him I didn't object to fighting, but the only thing that bothered me was, were we in the right or wrong? He and I had a short conversation. Then he asked me again if I objected, and I told him I did not.

He quoted, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and I replied that if a man can make peace by fighting he is a peacemaker. We thought when we got over there, it would not be very long before peace was made, and it was not very long after we got there that there was peace.

May 1st.

BOSTON, MASS.—About 4 o'clock A. M. we got on board the old Scandeven ship and started for France.

We left Boston and sailed down around to New York harbor, and we stopped there until we got our convoy. That was the first time I had ever seen the open sea. Well, it was too much water for me.

MARK TWAIN'S father drew the plans for the first courthouse and the first jail in Jamestown, Tennessee, the county seat of my county, and he hunted with my great-grandfather. Mark Twain's novel, The Gilded Age, is written around my county. His Obed's Town is really Jamestown. And his famous Tennessee Land Grant is where I live.

Mark, of course, was born inland in Missouri, and, like myself, he had never seen the ocean until he was taken out. And when he first saw the ocean they asked him what he thought of it, and he said it was a success.

Well, when Mark said that, he wasn't on the ocean. He was on the shore. And when our old boat began to pitch and toss I just knew Mark was wrong. The Greeks and Italians and New York Jews stood the trip right smart.

We had a very quiet time going across—no real storms. But it was too much water just the same. We went through the submarine sector all right, and the greatest excitement we had was at that time. We had a guard on the deck and if he saw a submarine he was to blow the danger signal.

During the night we had orders to keep on all our clothing and wear our life preservers. The guard, and I think he was one of the Greeks or Italians, didn't understand the danger signal very well, and he blew the fog whistle and hollered, "Everybody on deck."

Some of the boys had disobeyed the orders and had no clothing on, and no life preservers; and the greatest excitement was to see some of those boys climbing up on deck without any clothing on and hollering for their mess kits. Ho ho.

May 16th.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.—We got off the boat in the evening.

May 17th.

CAMP KNOTTEASH, ENGLAND.—We stayed at a little camp called Knotteash on the 17th.

May 18th.

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.—We went to Southampton.

May 20th.

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.—We started from England to France.

May 21st.

LE HAVRE, FRANCE.—So we got to France at Le Havre. There we turned in our guns and got British guns.

Sergeant York's historic engagement is described in next week's Liberty

They NEVER Reform

The Love Story of a Crook

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Pictures by
ROBERT W. STEWART

JOHNNY said: "Her old man's a banker and I was getting the lay of the Third National. Want a cut-in on the haul?"

(Reading time: 27 minutes 30 seconds.)

AMONG her friends he was known as "Emmeline's robber." Her family referred to him as "that gangster person." She got kidded a good bit about him. Neither friends nor family had approved of social service work, anyway.

"Sticking yourself away in this horrid little hole in the wall," her mother said. "The idea! It smells of Italian babies and donated clothes and—" Sniff—sniff.

"Better chuck it, Emmeline," her father tolerantly advised. "I can't meet your friends down there socially, don't you know? By the way, what's this I hear about your taking up some criminal and trying to reform him?"

Emmeline was uncommunicative. Her father, a well meaning man, said the usual things about the hopelessness of reforming anybody, rumpled Emmeline's bobbed hair, and laughed.

Nobody took Emmeline's robber seriously. The girls at the Town Club giggled when they brought up the subject and said they were excruciatingly thrilled. What they meant was, they were amused to think Emmeline Mallin had got hold of any sort of man at all. Their character sketches of Emmeline had run like this:

"Why do you suppose that girl has never married? Why, she must be almost *thirty*. It isn't because she hasn't looks—very pretty eyes, don't you think?—and she's sort of cute, with that little Miss Prim way of hers. Not cute, either. I mean—well, sort of spiritual, you know?"

When her classmates at Mt. Holyoke heard Emmeline had given up the idea of going as a missionary to Zanzibar and was to be a social service worker instead, they remarked: "Poor Emmeline! She's so nonsensically romantic."

It is all right to run a social service station at an address like 2425 North Twenty-fifth Street in a mid-Western city, if you do it politely. Just so you keep the baby clinic moving and persuade tenement mothers to adopt the elements of hygiene—*i. e.*, windows open at least three inches and bedclothes changed once a week—and make your reports as to destitution and delinquency, you'll get along. But when you start feeling sorry for criminals and are fascinated by hopheads, petty larceny crooks, and bank robbers, you are going outside the bounds of social service.

EMMELINE went out of bounds right away. An alley cat named Snuffle Thomas lifted a Negro woman's pocketbook one evening and lammed down the street with two coppers hot on his heels. He ducked into No. 2425 North Twenty-fifth Street and gave Emmeline a sob story about a tubercular sister and an old mother with cancer. The result was that tears came into Emmeline's placid brown eyes like dewdrops on two hothouse pansies, and she lied like a lady for Snuffle Thomas. The coppers, knowing a social service worker's stand-in at police court, accepted her story. Emmeline kept the pocketbook in her desk for three exciting days and then returned it to the woman.

Snuffle Thomas' gratitude was a little annoying. He endeavored to present her with, at various times: a bill fold with the real owner's name on it; a wrist watch; a vanity case; a fountain pen, case cracked; a one-sixteenth carat diamond ring.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THEY NEVER REFORM
Continued from page eleven]

She avoided being an accessory after the fact, but could not avoid her reputation. Word got about among "good people" (an ironic phrase for very bad people) that the "sassiety dame at 2425 Nort' Twenty-fift' will front for y' with th' bulls."

So it chanced that awhile later one Tony Caporetto needed an alibi witness, and needed one badly. He had been placed on the scene of a pay roll stick-up on North Broadway by three eyewitnesses, who, alas, were not very certain. Tony visited Social Service Station 37 and told Emmeline the dicks were framing him. "Hones' t' Chris', mees."

This time Emmeline investigated the story more thoroughly. She found that Tony did indeed have a wife and seven children; that they were indeed in seemingly dire straits.

Mrs. Caporetto, after turning out the gas under the family still, pleaded her husband's case with native eloquence. Emmeline left with rage in her heart at the police, and went to Headquarters to swear Tony Caporetto had been at her office at the exact time of the hold-up.

NOW, Tony was a henchman of Egan's Rats. Through his adventures Emmeline met her robber. There is gratitude in the underworld. John Sandidge, chief gunman and first class bank robber of the Egan gang, called to thank Emmeline in person. He drove up on a September evening in a Packard straight eight roadster, and alighted amid an awe-struck group of neighborhood children before No. 2425.

Johnny Sandidge was the best dressed member of the Egan mob. On occasional visits to the Municipal Courts building to arrange bank robbery bonds and the like, reporters usually described him as "a jaunty, expensively dressed young man who looks like a successful young business executive." It was true enough.

Anyone who doubted Johnny's executive ability might have watched him pull a bank stick-up and been convinced. His gray eyes, behind lids that seldom flickered, watched every A. D. T. button and every teller's foot. His deep, quiet voice soothed panicky customers. His capable hands, holding a pair of automatic pistols, gestured with quick, decisive, side to side motions.

Were you in a mood for it, watching Johnny in a stick-up, you would say: "What a waste of talent! That young fellow would be a success in any honest calling."

This evening, attired in a modest pin stripe blue suit, with felt hat at a rakish angle, Johnny stepped into the life of Miss Emmeline Mallin. He carried twenty-five dollars' worth of roses.

"I'm Johnny Sandidge," he said. "I'm a friend of Tony's. He sent you some flowers."

"Oh—yes," said Emmeline.

It was not exactly true about Tony's sending the flowers. Tony had arbitrarily been assessed the cost of the blooms from his share in a filling station robbery.

"Got any vases? I'll help you fill 'em," offered the bank robber.

"I don't know. I'll see. I don't get flowers here very often, and—"

They had to use milk bottles. They worked together in silence. Johnny was not much of a conversationalist and Emmeline was tongue-tied.

When the roses were distributed about the dingy little office, she managed to say: "They're lovely. Thank Tony, and I am grateful to you for bringing them."

"Tony couldn't come," Johnny said in a matter-of-fact voice. "He's in jail."

"He is? Why—I thought—"

"They found his still, the darn fool," said Johnny. "We decided to let him do sixty days so he'll hide it better next time."

It began to dawn on Emmeline that this young man had a defective moral code. But she said nothing just then; and he, with a duck of his head and an abrupt "Good evening—I'll bring you some more flowers," vanished.

The next time he came, four days later, she had found out a good deal about him. He was driving a Lincoln sedan that afternoon. (The Packard had got shot up in a fight with some dago bootleggers the night before.) He brought half a dozen orchids; had spent his own money for them, too, which was a mysterious thing.

She blushed when she saw the orchids and her small bosom swelled. No man had ever before brought Emmeline orchids. But she saw her duty clear.

"I can't accept them, Mr. Sandidge," she said firmly, facing the tall, heavy bulk of him. "You're — you're a gangster, aren't you?"

He grinned. "I guess that's the right dope. But see here, sister, take them anyway. Put 'em on your dress. Looky—this smoky one just matches your hair."

Oh, Emmeline — oh, Emmeline! She took the flowers.

"This is a washout dump," he remarked, coolly seating himself in the conference chair beside Emmeline's desk. "Can't these charity dames fix you up with anything better?"

"All our funds," answered Emmeline primly, "are needed for the work."

He brushed his godlike blond curls with a manicured right hand and grinned at her. (Camera Eye O'Meara, Bertillon Superintendent at Headquarters, always vowed that Sandidge's mug was the best looking in the rogues' gallery.)

"I didn't mean to give your outfit the razz, sister. Say—I don't believe I got your name right. It's—Ballinger—or—"

"It's Mallin."

"That's right. I remember now. And—say—about dough. If you need any, I can fix it up with the boys. We give lots to charity. We sent Father Tim a couple of grand last week."

She sat straight up in her chair and looked at him as if he were a Grade C case (incorrigibly improvident) and asked:

"It would be stolen money, wouldn't it?"

He laughed, reddened, looked at his pearl gray hat and then directly into her eyes.

"Yes. I guess it probably would be. But, cold turkey, now, sis—Miss Mallin—what's the diff? Those bankers uptown give to charity—and that's stolen dough, too. They get it one way and we get it another. What's the diff? Just so it buys grub and clothes for these kids down here."

She talked to him like an old maid aunt, and he listened respectfully. He had heard the same sort of talk from experts in his own profession.

Juicy Joe, the old cracksman, had been more convincing when he blew into town last month smelling strong from a five spot in Joliet and said: "Souping crates is a bum racket."

Holy Moses Miggs, the itinerant evangelist, said it louder every night for two weeks in a tent behind Pete Dino's soft drink parlor (an Egan hangout), yelling: "I been the devil's fall guy—but after three stretches in stir I'm palling up with Jesus Christ!"

In divers ways the message had been carried to Johnny Sandidge ere this, but he heard Miss Emmeline Mallin through. And then he baffled her by amiably agreeing with everything.

"Why don't you go straight, then?" she demanded.

"I don't know," he said.

"But surely—"

He raised a hand, politely, and got to his feet. There was grace in both movements.

"I ain't worth wasting breath on, sister. Forget it," he told her, his voice just a little bitter. "I'm a hood, and I'll always be a hood until I kick off. It's just too bad. But don't you worry none. There's lots of guys you can save."

WHEN the Lincoln roared off down North Twenty-fifth Street, taking the first block in second, Emmeline had a secret in her heart. There was only one man in the world she really wanted to save.

A silly girl, Emmeline. She should have tried to save any other but him. Tampering with the spiritual life of a gangster is a very bad business.

Johnny whirled Lannigan around and marched him toward the back doo

elled hoarsely: "Look out! There's Sandidge!" Then he shoved Lannigan through the door.

ONE morning Detective Lieutenant Lannigan came to see her.

"You this social service worker who's been fronting for the red-hots?" he inquired, keeping his hat on and forgetting the exhortations of the honorable Board of Police Commissioners as to courtesy.

Emmeline hated Lieutenant Lannigan at once. This gave testimony to Emmeline's discernment. Detective Lieutenant Lannigan was known as a hard guy and a frame-up dick, from Sing Sing to San Quentin. If all the criminals who swore they would kill that big blankety blank some day fired one bullet apiece at him, he would weigh a ton when the dead wagon picked him up.

He was about Johnny Sandidge's size, but he looked much tougher. He had a face like a slab of round steak and off color blue eyes. His eyes laid men out on morgue slabs; he was always practicing pistol shots with them. When he looked at a criminal, the look said:

"I'd like to throw a forty-five slug into you here, and here, and here."

"I am Miss Mallin," said the girl coldly. "And I haven't been fronting, as you call it, for anybody."

"That so? What about Snuffle Thomas and Tony Caporetto? I guess you fronted for them, didn't you, miss?"

Emmeline shrugged.

"What's your business here?"

"Johnny Sandidge is hanging around here, ain't he?"

"He is not."

"Quit stalling. I seen him here myself the other evening."

"I am sure this is a free country."

"Not for Johnny Sandidge, it ain't."

Detective Lieutenant Lannigan snarled it out, and the malignant fury in his voice was like a cancer gnawing at Emmeline's heart.

"Don't talk that way to me," she said. "I'll"—weakly, because she was scared—"I'll report you to your superior officers. I'm no criminal."

"Go right ahead and report me, miss. I'll make a report on this, too. If you ain't careful I'll book you at Headquarters as an associate of gangsters."

"I'm no such thing!" gasped Emmeline.

The detective leered.

"What you letting Johnny Sandidge hang around here for, then? Hey?"

"He has a perfect right to come here."

"He ain't got a right to be anywhere but in prison. He's a gangster and stick-up, miss. I'm not going to talk to you all day. There's just two things I want to get straight. Are you going to quit fronting for red-hots and quit letting this Sandidge punk hang around?"

"It's none of your business what I do!" she flared. "Now you get out of here, Mr. Detective, or I'll phone your superior officer. Get out!"

"O. K., miss. O. K. I've warned you. Bust loose from these red-hots and give Johnny Sandidge the air, or there'll be trouble."

He lunged out the door.

Emmeline sank into a chair, sick from the nausea and inward raging which afflicts many good citizens after a brush with the police.

Her first impulse was to call her father at the Third National and have him get Detective Lieutenant Lannigan fired right away. But she dismissed the plan as impracticable. Her father would want full explanations, and he might laugh.

All her influential friends might laugh. They had not experienced the chill horror of Lannigan's voice when he spoke of Johnny Sandidge. Her father would say: "Tut, tut, Emmeline. Didn't I advise you to cut that criminal fellow off your list?"

Her friends would say: "But, Emmeline, the poor detective was right. The police have to watch these criminals."

Her next thought was to warn Johnny Sandidge. It required much devious telephoning to get word to the Maxwelton Club, a sumptuous road house where the aristocracy of the Egan mob had quarters. She romanticized the situation and left intricate instructions for Sandidge to meet her at a corner far from 2425 North Twenty-fifth Street.

IT was a highly respectable corner in the West End; but, waiting for him in the late afternoon, Emmeline felt athrill with impropriety. She had never before asked any man to meet her clandestinely.

Sandidge drove up in a blue Stutz. (The Lincoln had been stolen by a rum runner at Palm Beach, and Florida authorities had traced it to the Egan gang, so it was sunk in a water filled quarry two nights back.)

Emmeline accepted his invitation to the front seat, and he set off immediately toward the park.

Lest he misunderstand the purpose of the meeting, she raced through a report of Lannigan's visit. She was disappointed when he nodded and said: "Yep, I reckon I'd better keep away from your place."

"Why?" she asked. "You're not afraid of that detective, are you?"

He said carelessly, gray eyes on the road: "Yes. I don't want to get bumped off in one of Lannigan's frame-ups."

"You mean to say he would try to kill you"—her breath came hard at the sound of the word—"when you're not doing anything wrong?"

"Lannigan's had lots of guys bumped off."

It was a disclosure as to police methods always startling to the unsophisticated, and it left Miss Emmeline Mallin in a frozen tensity of terror. Her mind fought the fact.

"You mean he is a *murderer?* That he has men assassinated?"

"That's a big word for it. We just call it framing."

"But how *could* he?"

The gangster swung his car around a turn in the hill drive, with a gesture of his left hand, and peered down at the girl quizzically.

"You haven't been around much, have you?" he asked, taking pleasure in the discovery.

"But I don't see how such things are possible in a civilized country, Mr. Sandidge."

"Oh, it's easy for the dicks. They say you resisted arrest and plant a gun on you after the croaking—couple of years ago Lannigan got Izzy the Jew that way. Or else they ride up behind you when you're in a car on a dark street and empty their riot guns. They say they told you to halt and you tried to escape. Lou Rider and Ralph Moulin took a croaking from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THEY NEVER REFORM
Continued from page thirteen]

the Homicide Squad when Lannigan was riding with it."

"But why? Why should they want to kill cri—men?"

His big shoulders gave a slow, powerful lift and settled down again. It was his way of shrugging.

"That's the way they make their dough. Dicks are supposed to send all the hoods to the big house. Some dicks are square guys, and if they can't put you away by the court route they try to nail you next time. But some dicks like Lannigan believe in getting you any way they can. If they can't get you cold turkey before a bench nibs, they frame you into a croaking."

"Horrible!" said the girl; and then, as the car turned once more into a boulevard, she clutched his arm. "But what if you go straight? What if they *know* you are going straight? They won't try to kill you then, will they?"

He laughed.

"Oh, I'm not going straight," he said.

IT started tears in her eyes. She bit her lip. He seemed not to notice, and asked: "Where do you want to go?"

"Home. But I'll take a bus."

He made no protest. The Stutz nosed gracefully toward a curb.

"Say, Miss Mallin," he said, as she climbed out, "I'm much obliged for the low-down on Lannigan."

She stuck out her chin to stretch the flesh there, so it wouldn't quiver.

"Not at all," she managed to say.

His steady gaze took her in. He started to speak, stopped, and finished with: "Well, I'll be going. So long."

The Stutz screamed away in second gear.

That was Emmeline's last chance to see the folly of the affair and pull herself up short.

Perhaps if she had had some confidant to lay this case before, it might all have been thrashed out sensibly. But a girl can't go to anyone in the Social Register and say: "I love one of Egan's Rats. He says he won't reform. He hasn't shown he cares a hang about me. What am I to do?"

Everybody kidded her unusually much that week. Two of her friends had seen her with Sandidge in the park. Three of his friends had seen them, too; but she did not know that.

Her friends said: "Oh, Emmeline, was that the robber? He looks like one of those Princeton boys who were here last winter with the Triangle Club. Own up, now—he isn't a robber at all, is he?"

Her father said: "They tell me you were out riding with your gangster protégé, Emmeline. I understand he has reformed and quit robbing banks to become a respectable bootlegger."

Her mother said: "It was the most insane thing I ever heard of! It's a wonder one of his females didn't shoot you. You are going to get into some horrible scandal yet, Emmeline."

Sandidge took an automatic pistol from the bag he had packed for Frisco.

Emmeline cried a good deal between clinics at the social service station; but at home she was a sphinxlike little girl. Heartache, with its ironic bloom of romance, became her.

Meanwhile Johnny Sandidge was being kidded too. But he kidded back.

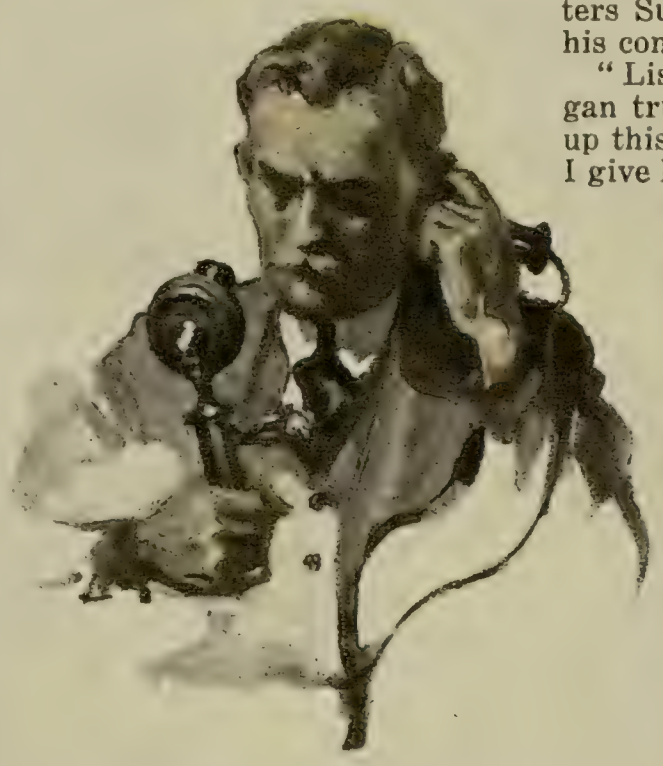
"Johnny's picked up a charity dame that lives in the West End," said Beatrice at the Maxwelton Club, across a roulette table and a round of Florida rye. "I seen 'em taking the air in the park this aft."

Johnny said: "Sure, sure. Her old man's a banker and I was getting the lay of the Third National. Want a cut-in on the haul, Bee?"

And Lil, whose man was in high office at the City Hall, but who loved Johnny to death, giggled: "Johnny reformed! They're going to live in a little brown home in the West and raise kids."

To this Johnny responded equably, flicking a cigarette ash into Lil's highball: "The only thing I'll ever raise is hell. When I make her old man's bank I'm going to give her a cut for the widows and orphans."

Nevertheless, Johnny's behavior that week was strange. On Tuesday night Slim Peters and Benny the Dago came in with a swell lay on a bank at Tourin, across the river. Most of the vigilantes would be at the county fair, they reported. A mine pay roll was coming in by express from Chicago—twenty grand cool.



A certain sheriff reported that a certain road house was holding out the sheriff's cut.

Slim and Benny put it up to the old man, Egan himself, and the gang leader said the thing looked good, but for Mike's sake not to croak any village constables in the get-away. He was superstitious about village constables since two of his best boys, Orley Brown and Billy Blowdin, got hanged for killing one back in 1919.

"How about taking charge of the job, Johnny?" The gang's bank expert scowled.

"Not that town," he said, and added a bit lamely, "I got an uncle living there."

But the excuse served, it being a gang tradition not to pull jobs in little towns where a member's uncle lived. Albert Maloney stuck up a store in a town where his uncle lived, and ran into a blind street on the get-away. He is doing twenty at Jefferson City now.

On Thursday night a certain sheriff reported to the Maxwelton Club that a certain road house far outside the city was holding out the sheriff's cut. It was bad form for the sheriff himself to threaten the road house keeper.

"You boys better send Johnny Sandidge over to talk to that guy," the sheriff suggested.

Whenever a tough customer had to be talked to, they sent Johnny—a tribute to his fame as a gunman. But this time Johnny said: "Send somebody else. I'm taking a little vacation."

He kept off dark streets that week and stayed pretty close to the club. Perhaps it was all because he feared one of Lannigan's frame-ups. It was a busy week for the gang, too, with four neat jobs around town.

The gang cut him in on the loot as a matter of course, but Johnny pushed it away. "I didn't help get it," was his comment.

Manfred Sorenson, the gang's wise cracker, said, "Jese, you're getting charitable, Johnny."

He let it pass. The gang put Johnny's mood down to temperament.

There was only one man who suspected the truth: Lannigan.

The detective held a conference at Headquarters Sunday night with six men of his command.

"Listen, you fellers," said Lannigan truculently. "We got to wind up this wise guy, Johnny Sandidge. I give him fair and square warning, and in spite of that he pulled four jobs this week. There's gonna be a shake-up in the department pretty soon if we don't. The Chief told me today, the Chief says, 'You boys has gotta get busy, Mike.' You know what that means, hey?"

They did. They were Lannigan's men and had followed him up from the ranks. They knew Lannigan might be chief himself some day soon, if a crime wave didn't spoil his record.

"That guy has been ripe for a croaking a long time, lieutenant," said one.

Two of them protested. They said Johnny Sandidge was bound to let his foot slip pretty soon or get bumped off in a gang fight, anyway.

Lannigan glowered at the pair.

"Don't get soft in your guts over a crook," he told them. "Sandidge would plug you, and think nothing of it, if you got in his way. I hear he's been bragging a lot about croaking that probationary patrolman in the Standard Oil stick-up out on Fairfax."

A lie. Sandidge hadn't been in on that job, and if he had he wouldn't have bragged. But the lie served to stiffen the spines of the two detectives.

"Well, it's kill or be killed in this game," said one.

"Sure," replied Lannigan. "Now, listen, you fellers. We're gonna take a plant tomorrow night at 2425 North Twenty-fifth Street. I have a tip Sandidge stashed some hot furs there and he's coming to get 'em. Get your life insurance fixed up, because he'll probably put up a scrap. We'll take the riot guns and a couple of sub-machine guns."

WHEN the six had filed out, Lannigan telephoned a turnkey to bring Hop Wilson from the hold-over. Hop was one of Lannigan's stool pigeons whom he kept supplied with dope—but not too well supplied with dope. When the addict was brought into Lannigan's office, that became immediately apparent. He was a snub-nosed boy, pasty faced and haggard.

"Gimme a snifter, loot, for love o' Christ," he said. "I got the shakes. I got 'em bad. Look!"

He pointed to his twitching knees.

"I see you have," said Lannigan, his light blue eyes glinting like quartz crystals. "Well, you gotta shake awhile longer, Hop, until you do a little job for me."

"I can't make it without a snifter. Hones' t'—"

Lannigan grabbed his wrist and placed a heavy kick on the youth's kneecap.

"Straighten up there," he growled. "When I say you don't, you don't—see?"

"Oooo—don't, loot! I'll do it! Only, I swear I gotta have some snow pretty soon."

"This job won't take long. Listen, Hop. You know Johnny Sandidge? Here's the lay. Tomorrow afternoon, late, I'll let you out of here. You go to the Maxwelton Club and see Sandidge. You tell him Mike Lannigan is

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Always the nation's favorite beans— Now more popular than ever!

Remember this in reading advertisements about beans:

There is only one make of beans so popular that they can truly be called the overwhelming favorites from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the frozen north to the Gulf of Mexico. Those beans are Campbell's!

And now, Campbell's Beans are developed to even finer perfection—winning a greater enthusiasm than ever before—increasing their lead every day. Slow-cooked to a golden brown. Whole, yet deliciously tender. Flavored with Campbell's famous tomato sauce. No wonder Campbell's Beans out-sell all others!

Serve hot

Serve cold

Slow-cooked
Golden Brown

And Now ONE FOR HOME USE!

YOU'VE seen the soda fountain man whisk juice from oranges and lemons. You'd like to transfer this magic efficiency to your own home. He does it with electricity. Now *you* can use this modern method—get the last drop of goodness from oranges and lemons in jigtime.

Now you can have this marvelous convenience right in your own kitchen. Snap on the switch of your Sunkist Junior and in a jiffy the job is done. You can extract the juice of half a dozen oranges in the time you used to take over one or two. Then you lift the top off (without a single thumb screw or dingbat to fuss with) give the top a bath under the faucet and it's clean and ready for next time.

This is one way Polar Cub motors make life easier. All the Polar Cub electric conveniences save work. The A. C. Gilbert Co. are devoting their electrical engineering facilities to the development of these motor driven household appliances. When you see what the Polar Cub motor in the juice extractor will do you will want all the Polar Cub electric conveniences—all bears at cub prices.

If your dealer can't supply you with any Polar Cub which is shown on this page, send us the money and we will ship it to you postpaid. Use the coupon below.

Polar Cubs

$3.50 to $9.95

POLAR CUB FANS
Are made in four sizes from the six inch fan at $3.50 to the big ten inch oscillating fan at $9.95. As shown, six hours of solid comfort for 1c.

$6.95

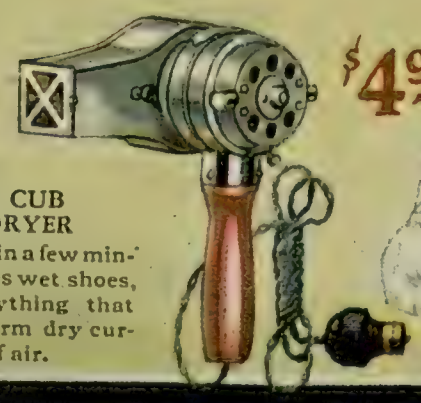
POLAR CUB ELECTRIC WHISK BROOM
Cleans clothing, carpets, furniture, hangings, mattresses, automobile upholstery—a hand vacuum cleaner useful in a hundred ways.

$4.95

POLAR CUB MIXER
For mixing drinks, mayonnaise, icings, whipping cream, beating eggs, etc.

$4.95

POLAR CUB MOTOR VIBRATOR
Develops rotary motion—the only true form of massage—complete—with three applicators, brush, button and cup.



$4.95

POLAR CUB HAIR DRYER
Dries the hair in a few minutes; also dries wet shoes, clothing—anything that requires a warm dry current of air.

$14.95

THE California Fruit Growers Exchange are now making home service of healthful orange juice easy for the housewife. They have discovered a popular priced electric juice extractor and have selected the famous Polar Cub motor for the new Sunkist Junior.

THE A. C. GILBERT CO.,
16 Erector Square, New Haven, Conn.

☐ Please send me your free booklet, "The Famous Polar Cubs," a story of Happiness and Economy at Home.

☐ My dealer cannot supply me. I enclose....., please send me .....

Name.....

Address.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

framing on that charity jane of his. Her name's Mallin. Get it? Tell him I stashed some hot furs in her office at 2425 North Twenty-fifth—you don't need to remember the number. He knows where it's at. Tell him I'm aiming to pinch her as a fence at eight o'clock tomorrow evening. Now, tell me what I said."

With a few promptings, the boy repeated the message. He added: "But that's tomorrer. I got to have a snifter tonight. I'll get the dreams tonight if I don't, loot."

Lannigan rang for the turnkey.

"I said you don't get any until you do the job. Now shut your trap!"

To the turnkey: "Put him in the jacket if he gets bad."

Sniffling, Hop Wilson was led away.

AT noon the next day Johnny Sandidge called on Miss Emmeline Mallin. He appeared in a Cadillac coupé. (The Stutz was being used to deliver a case of gin to one of the gang's customers across the river.)

"Want to ride?" was his greeting.

She said hastily: "Oh, you mustn't come here. Why did you come?"

"I don't know." His answer sounded as if he were calling himself all kinds of a fool. "Come on and ride."

They drove in silence out the river road. Eight miles beyond the city limits he stopped the car on top of a bluff.

"I guess I do know why I came," he said suddenly. "I'm going to Frisco tonight. It didn't seem white to leave without wising you up, sister."

He had taken off his hat, resting it on the steering wheel. She saw the sun through a ridge of his blond curls.

"Why are you leaving—" she asked, and halted an impulse to add "me" to the sentence.

He flapped the hat against the steering wheel and said: "They tell me there's good pickings in Frisco."

"Oh."

"Anyway," he said, "I'm glad I ran across you, sister. You're a good little kid. And say"—he turned toward her with some emotion—"if you ever want anybody killed or anything in that line, let me know, will you?"

She had wisdom not to smile. He was a gunman and this was the only service he deemed worth offering.

"Yes," she said. "Only—I thought maybe you were leaving to get away from the gang."

A shake of his head, a silence while he scowled. Then he said: "I like the gang. It isn't that. Oh, I don't know how to explain to you, sister. Except—well, I'm a hood, see? And if I stay here I'll—"

"But I don't see. I don't see why you can't stay here. I don't see why you can't go straight, either."

He dropped the hat and hunched his big body around. He put an elbow on the back of the seat. She saw his eyes, and the lashes of her own eyes fluttered.

"All right. I'll tell you, sister." His voice was quickly boyish. "I can go straight. I've gone straight a week. Had a hell of a time, but I didn't turn a trick. But if I stay here I'll—well—"

"No, you won't."

"Yes, I will. I'll do this. See?"

He grabbed her and kissed her hard on the mouth. When she recovered breath the car was scudding down the road and he was saying things to her out of the corner of his mouth:

"Forget that, sister. I'm taking you straight back, see? Don't get scared. Don't look so white. It won't kill you. You won't catch anything. I brush my teeth regular. Honest. Just forget it. I'm a hood, but I'm real hygeenic. We're almost back to town, see? I'll drop you at the bus station."

At the bus station she was saying desperately:

"I love you, Johnny. I'll go to Frisco with you. You can go straight out there. You don't even have to marry me, Johnny, if that's against your principles. Honest, you don't. Just so you're straight."

He helped her out of the car, steadying her with a hand.

"You don't mean that," he said, and his grin was bitter. "Think it over tonight and you'll see you don't. Good-by, sister, and the best of luck. Good-by, kid."

"You this social service worker who's been fronting for the red-hots?" he inquired, keeping his hat on.

"Johnny!"

But he was gone. She ran after the car a few steps. Then, conscious of a staring crowd, she stopped and looked about for a taxicab. None was in sight. She sought a telephone booth.

Hop Wilson found Johnny Sandidge at the Maxwelton Club at 7 o'clock. He delivered the message Lieutenant Lannigan had ordered him to deliver. But he added something to it. Hop Wilson had had dreams the night before. He wanted Lannigan to pay for those dreams.

"Kept me in a jacket, he did," Hop yelled, "and wouldn't give me even half a snifter. I hope you fix him, Johnny. He's got six dicks stashed in the alley back of Miss Mallin's place. I heard them talking. They're going to croak you when you come. Get your gang and kill them all."

Sandidge took an automatic pistol from the bag he had packed for Frisco. He left the Maxwelton Club hurriedly and alone.

AT 7:30 Miss Emmeline Mallin sat at her desk in the grubby little social service station, No. 2425 North Twenty-fifth Street. She was preparing reports neglected that afternoon. She was preparing them very badly. Her mind was not on the work.

"He's going straight, he's going straight, he's going straight!" sang her thoughts.

A man came in at 8 o'clock, carrying two large sacks. He did not introduce himself. For the sake of the record, let it be said that he was William Stone, thirty-eight years old, known to the police as Willy the Dip, also as one of Detective Lieutenant Lannigan's stool pigeons.

"Johnny Sandidge sent these over, miss," he said. "He said he'd be over later."

"Oh, thank you!" said Emmeline—for the message from Johnny.

She pushed the reports away. Johnny was coming. He wasn't going to Frisco. Johnny was coming, Johnny was coming!

There were some stairs leading to the second floor loft, shut off by a door which was halfway between the front door and the back door and opposite Emmeline's desk. Emmeline was a neat office keeper and she wanted to make the place nice for Johnny when he came. She got up and tugged at one of the sacks, thinking to stuff it away on the stairs. It felt surprisingly light. Clothes?

Puzzled, she tugged at the corded opening of the sack. Pulled it wide. Peeped within. Dropped the sack as if she had seen a pile of snakes. She knew these were stolen furs in the sack. Oh, Johnny, Johnny!

MEANWHILE, in the alley outside, Detective Lieutenant Lannigan and his men were getting impatient. One of the detectives moved up to Lannigan behind a fence and reported:

"No sign of him out front. Maybe the girl has got wise and steered him off."

"I'll take a look inside," Lannigan told them. "I may flush the game. Hold your guns ready, and if he busts out the door, let him have it."

Emmeline looked up as Detective Lieutenant Lannigan came in the back door.

"Evening, miss," he said genially.

His back was to the door leading upstairs. The door quietly swung open. Lannigan's hands went ceilingward. Over his shoulder Emmeline saw Johnny's face, gray eyes hard and deadly.

"Not a peep out of you, Lannigan," he said.

Speechless, the girl watched. Johnny knocked Lannigan's hat off. Jammed his own hat on Lannigan's head. Picked up one of the fur sacks and hung it from Lannigan's neck by the draw string. Whirled Lannigan around with a snarl and marched him toward the back door. Yelled hoarsely: "Look out! There's Sandidge!"

Then he shoved Lannigan through the door. As Lannigan lurched into the blackness he screamed inarticulately. The scream was lost in a booming of guns.

"Johnny!"

He turned and came toward her. She shrank away, her eyes blurred with horror.

"Johnny!" she said. "You're not only a thief. You're a murderer. Oh, Johnny!"

She bowed her head and wept.

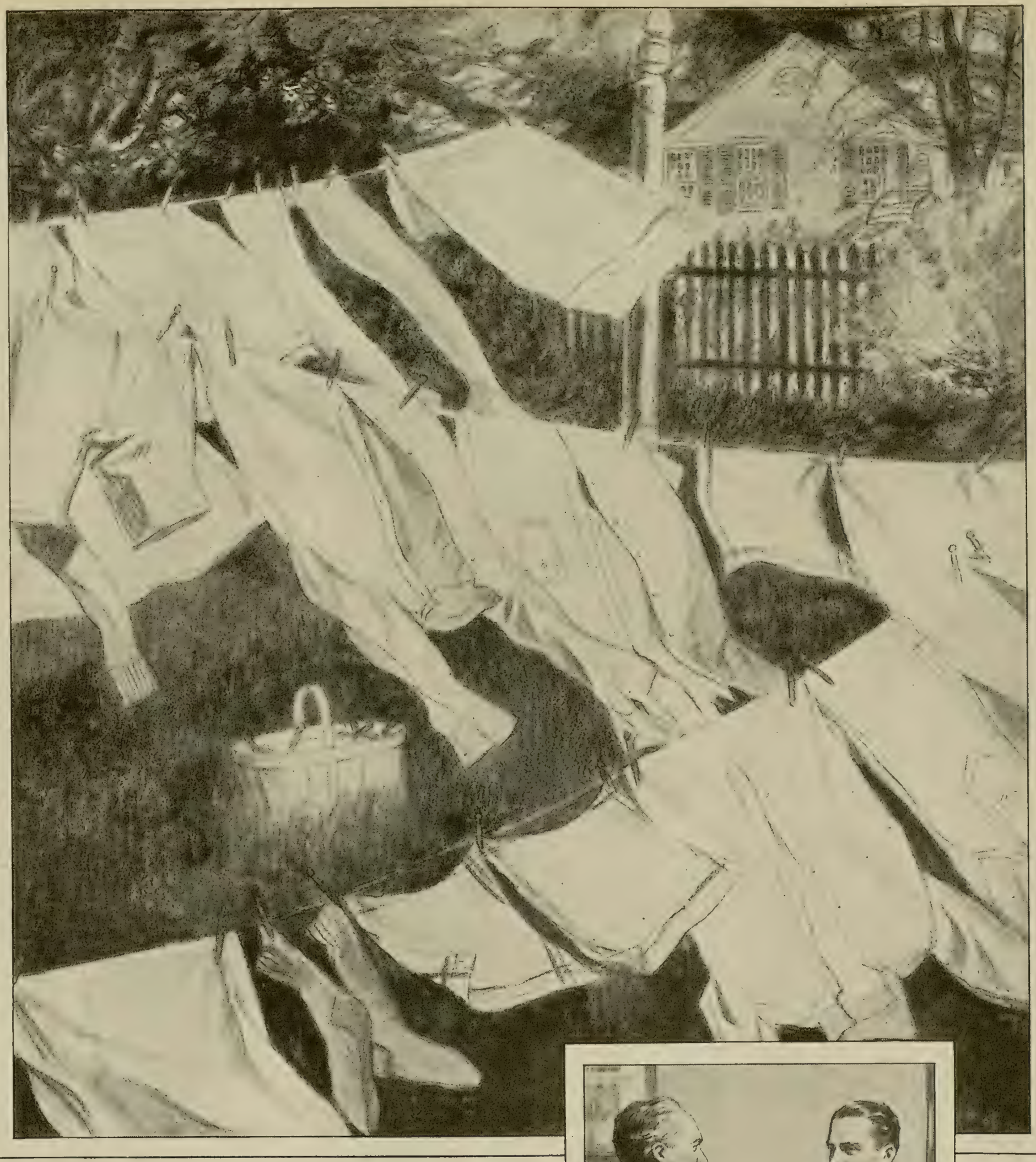
Johnny grinned the old bitter grin. He moved swiftly to the front door, pistol in hand. There were shouts and the shuffling of many feet in the alley. He had not much time. At the door he turned and looked at her.

"Sure—sure," he said. "That's right, sister. Didn't I tell you I was just a hood? Hoods never reform. Well—so long, sister. I've got to be going. So long."

Out in the alley six detectives were hastily agreeing upon a story to tell the newspapers.

"Lannigan's a hero, see? He was out here working on a robbery, and a carload of Egan gangsters came by and shot him down. That's the story, and we've got to stick to it or there'll be six detectives looking for new jobs tomorrow."

THE END



Teamwork Pays!

Of course a man's wife is part of the team, and her wifely attentions to his personal appearance can have much to do with business success.

There's a decided connection between the full wash line and the full pay envelope. Frequent change of linen is an investment that earns dividends.

Men realize this, but yet in some homes there persists that restraint which says, "Try to keep the wash down this week."

What a mistake! Simply an instance of lack of teamwork which may lose the game.

THERE'S HEALTH AND WEALTH IN SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

I Learn to FLY

An Amateur's Investigation of How Pilots Get That Way

By

RICHARD CARROLL

(Reading time: 18 minutes 49 seconds.)

PART ONE

DURING the last few years I have followed aviation closely. Nothing scientific in my interest. The glorious adventure of the thing appealed to me—as long as my part consisted in reading about it. The Lindberghs, the Chamberlins, the Byrds, and their brothers of the skies thrill me. To me they are men who daily thumb their noses at death. Their exploits excite me, not to emulation but to cheers.

When thrilled, my thrills run down a spine recumbent near the peaceful hearth. It had never occurred to me that I should fly. I realize, of course, that the time is coming when the man who doesn't know how to fly will be classed with the man who rides a bicycle in this age of automobiles.

Still, at the age of twenty-nine, in the month of April, the year 1928, I had put the vagaries of youth behind me, with determination to sit in peace before the fireside, the rust of inactivity thick upon me.

The editor of LIBERTY asked me if I would like the assignment of learning to fly.

For no other reason than I present, I agreed. Heartily, too heartily, I agreed. In fact, I grew enthusiastic about it. Perhaps the recent conquests of the air had got into my blood. The spell of it was on me. Man cannot perform the impossible without stirring the hearts of his fellow man. And when honor joins with high adventure even wisdom leaves the fireside. I left my wife to carry out the ashes.

Richard Carroll in the plane in which he learned to fly.

The morning after I accepted the job, on April 1, it would have taken a Pittsburgh oven to heat my feet. In the glow of the previous evening I had wound up a brave session by deciding I would soon teach Lindbergh a few tricks. In the cold light of morning I forgot all about Lindbergh and remembered the lines I had read and written about aviation.

With recollection of each successive disaster I felt another hunk of my courage slide away. I never dreamed there were so many accidents.

My promise had been given, and I, an ordinary citizen who had never been farther from the ground than a dummy airplane at a carnival could swing me, would learn to fly a real airplane. The prospect was not pleasant. The wonderful opportunity I would gladly have passed to some other, preferably an enemy. I made all arrangements, including a check-up on my insurance and its validity in plane accidents. Everything O. K., I started.

Curtiss Field at Mineola, Long Island, is in a world by itself. If I would, I could not convey

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Aero Digest photo

A modern biplane taking off.

[I LEARN TO FLY
Continued from page nineteen]

its utter detachment from its surroundings. The men are different and, it seems to me, better. Their activities are different. The very air is different. Entering there the following day, I was immediately oppressed by a sense of my own insignificance. I didn't belong. No one paid the slightest attention to me.

Briefly I stated my desire to the young man in the office of the Curtiss Corporation. I answered his questions.

No, I had never flown before—never was in an airplane. I did not know what it was like. Yes, I wanted to be a pilot. I wasn't "air minded," but would try to get that way. Yes, I would like a regular course. Ten hours. Would I be able to fly a ship alone after ten hours? That, he said, was up to me. Maybe. And, yes, I would pay the fee in advance. Three hundred dollars for the ten hours. I forked it out. Helmet? Yes. Goggles? Yes. Six dollars each. Flying suit at fifteen dollars. To all intents and purposes I was ready to go up in the air.

I waited for more. Nothing. The young man, Mr. Meyers, entered my name in his book. He was considerate. He didn't ask me for the name of my nearest relative. He didn't want to know where to send the body if it became necessary to send it somewhere. He acted almost as if the job of learning to fly were a natural one.

FIVE minutes after I entered the office I was a regular student of the science of aviation. There was no more to it than that. Mr. Meyers took me into another office and introduced me to my instructor, seated, and in flying clothes well worn. Captain Fred Becker.

I looked the aviator over carefully, very carefully. The captain was going to take into his charge the most precious thing in the world to me, myself. I wanted to see a whole lot of him. He impressed me at once. Typical airman. Tall, lanky. Piercing dark eyes that seemed to see without looking, yet bored into you. Calm in every word and move. Detached. I talked to him.

"I've never been up before, captain. I suppose you'll find me pretty nervous at first."

The captain smiled.

"They all are, if they're honest about it. You'll get over it."

I wanted encouragement.

"Tell me, captain, is flying considered safe? Or—well, fairly safe?"

P. & A. photo

Curtiss Field at Mineola, Long Island, where many pilots are trained.

Aero Digest photo

Students at the B. F. Mahoney school sprucing up a plane.

"Safe? It's like driving a horse and buggy along a country road. There's nothing to it."

I began to feel better. Frankly, I wanted every man who had ever flown a plane to tell me it wasn't dangerous. I knew it was, but I wanted to be convinced against fact. Captain Becker continued:

"I'm going to take another student up now. I'll take you for a ride later. We won't try anything, but you'll get the feel of it. I'll be back in twenty minutes."

As he spoke he rose and went toward the door. I noticed a hitch in his gait. The occasion was too serious for good manners. I asked him what had happened to him.

"Oh, I cracked up a couple of years ago. Just got out of the hospital. Trying for a record."

My heart went down in my shoes. This, then, was safety.

I sat down on a bench outside the office overlooking the flying field. Airplanes circled overhead, ran along the ground, took off, landed. The roar of their engines disturbed me. I was in no hurry for my instructor to return. Like the average bather, I stood with one large toe in the water, hesitant to make the plunge.

I was going up in the air. The realization of the nearness of my adventure shocked me. I cursed a rather vivid imagination and died a dozen deaths. Flying, it began to dawn on me, was 99 per cent mental. It was a state of mind. I tried to explain it to myself as I waited.

HUMANITY from its beginning has demanded solidity underfoot. I was going to reject that solidity. Earth was, and is, man's natural medium of motion. Primitive man, when he wanted to get from where he was to meet his girl friend, jogged over the ground. It was the only method he knew.

Even travel by water, the second medium of motion, is an acquired custom. When the sheik of an earlier day did a long-distance swim to meet his sheba, the trick was so unusual a man on the bank wrote a book about it.

To this day the number of people afraid to go aboard a ship would surprise you. They will not venture forth even with liners so large the sense of frailty has disappeared. They will not leave the solidity of Mother Earth.

Yet, timid old souls, sallying out on maiden voyages, serenely board fast express trains with full confidence that they can carry their breakfasts intact to their destinations. Trains travel on the ground. Humans belong on the ground.

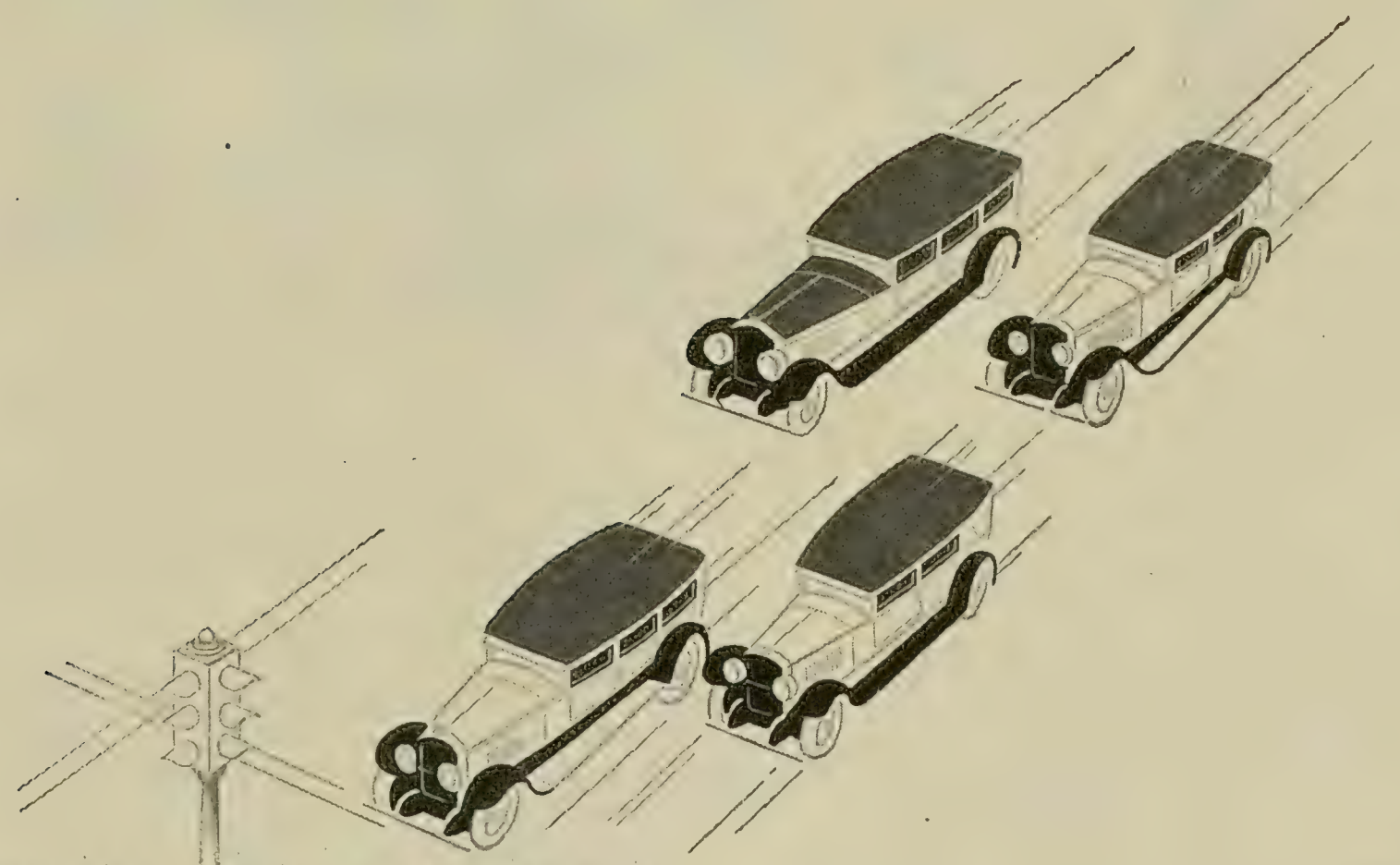
It is therefore in the order of things that the airplane, so radical a departure from the accepted mode of travel, should run into immediate conflict with man's instinct. This third medium of motion is artificial. However much support Darwin might get for his monkey theory, it has never been said that man looked anything like a bird.

The first men to fly must have possessed the courage of fanaticism. The Wrights and the others who took off in their mysterious contraptions possessed the insanity of genius. The flying novice to this day requires all his strength to still the instinctive bleat of panic.

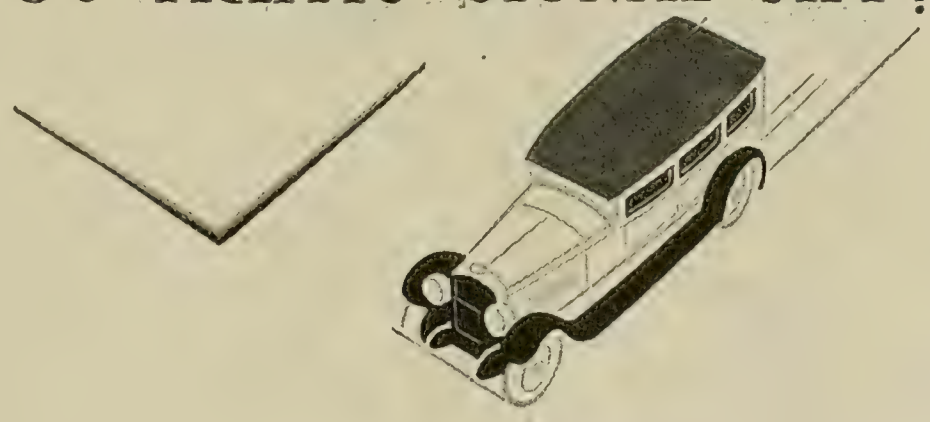
In the uncharted region of air man has but the product of his own weak hands to keep him from being hurled into oblivion. He dreads the unsolved mysteries of the skies, the currents, the eddies, and the voids, but sallies forth among them. The air he breathes must now support him, and he cannot even see it.

He cannot grasp it in his hands, as earth, as water. He cannot cling to it. It is intangible. It is nothing. Support him? There is no sup-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



ARE YOU TRAFFIC SIGNAL SHY?



Lights against you. Traffic stands still. The green flashes—a quick spurt—two blocks, four, six—red again. Smart pull up—all four brakes smooth as a cat's back, but full of power as an elephant.

That's the way to drive through traffic.

Are you there? Or are you two blocks back because you don't trust your brakes?

Do you stop when you want to—or when you can?

Quick get-away. Quick stop.

That's the rule of the road, and the rule of common sense in dense city traffic.

If your car won't meet the test, act now.

Turn out at the next corner. Drive on the back streets to the garage. Tell your dealer—"Put Johns-Manville Brake Lining on my brakes."

If he hasn't Johns-Manville he can get it. He will, too, if you insist. And this is why it is worth while to do just that.

Brake lining, of course, should be of asbestos because it won't burn. Johns-Manville is Asbestos Headquarters. It is the place to get Asbestos—just the same as you get milk at a dairy.

In making Asbestos articles Johns-Manville does all the work from mine to finished product.

Johns-Manville made the first asbestos brake lining. It is still of first quality. If your car is a traffic laggard, Johns-Manville Brake Lining will cure it today.

MASTER of ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

ASBESTOS BRAKE LINING

Have your brakes inspected or re-lined where you see this sign

Johns-Manville
Asbestos
BRAKE LINING
Applied Here
DEALER'S NAME HERE

The Man who Shows this Sign is a Brake Lining Expert

JOHNS-MANVILLE — MASTER OF ASBESTOS . . .

The mighty power with which Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining takes hold—surely, firmly, smoothly—is the result of knowing how to use asbestos. Johns-Manville, the pioneer developer of Asbestos, manufactures hundreds of asbestos articles that serve you daily.

High pressure insulations protect the temperature of super-heated steam. Other insulations cover boilers, furnish linings for stacks and flues, protect heating pipes and refrigerating pipes. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles for houses and Built-up Asbestos Roofing for large buildings of every type, resist fire, wind, sun and water for years.

Johns-Manville Asbestos products are so widely used that they are of vital importance in the lives of almost every person in the United States.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
(Mail this coupon to branch nearest you)
I should like to know more about Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining.

Name _____

Address _____ B-33-7

City _____ *State* _____

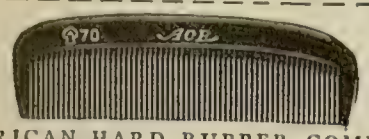
Combing adds Greater Beauty to Luxuriant Hair

THE pleasure of caring for thick, luxuriant hair is doubled by the use of Ace Hard Rubber Combs, while its natural beauty is many times enhanced. In order to untangle it gently each morning without pulling or breaking, a large (9 inch) Dressing Comb is indispensable. Then, to arrange the hair becomingly, an Ace all-fine marcel comb is especially designed. The Ace Pocket Comb is useful every hour of the day and may be conveniently carried in the purse. But the nightly combing with the Ace Dry Shampoo Comb is most beneficial. All dust is removed, the scalp receives stimulation and the silken texture is restored, bright and radiant. Luxuriant hair may have still greater beauty through the regular use of Ace Combs.

ACE COMBS

A GENUINE Ace Pocket Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING".

{Tear Off Here}



AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. L-8, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to

Name.....

Address.....

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

[I LEARN TO FLY Continued from page twenty]

port. An engine keeps him up. And he remembers the stalled engines he passed on his Sunday auto tour. Dead engines. The third medium of motion is his only to conquer—

"Captain Becker is ready to take you up."

Mr. Meyers pointed out the airplane. From it I received no encouragement. It was an old wartime Jenny. Many stormy years had dented its cumbersome body. It had one good feature, lacking in many newer ships—strength. It was rugged. Fly a Jenny, the aviators say, and you'll fly any ship that's made. My instructor was standing beside it. He greeted me.

"I'll take you up for only fifteen minutes. It's really too bumpy to go up at all, but since you're here we won't disappoint you. You won't enjoy it."

I was going to be an obliging pupil. "If you think we'd better not go up I'll wait until tomorrow."

The captain didn't take the hint.

"Oh, we'll take a ride. I'll sideslip down the other side and give you an idea how it's done."

NOT having the faintest idea of what a side slip meant, I nodded agreeably. My instructor strapped me in. The plane was a regular instruction ship with dual control, one for the pilot, who sat in front, and one for the pupil. The master control, I learned later, could overpower the control operated by the student. The leverage was greater. This precaution was necessary.

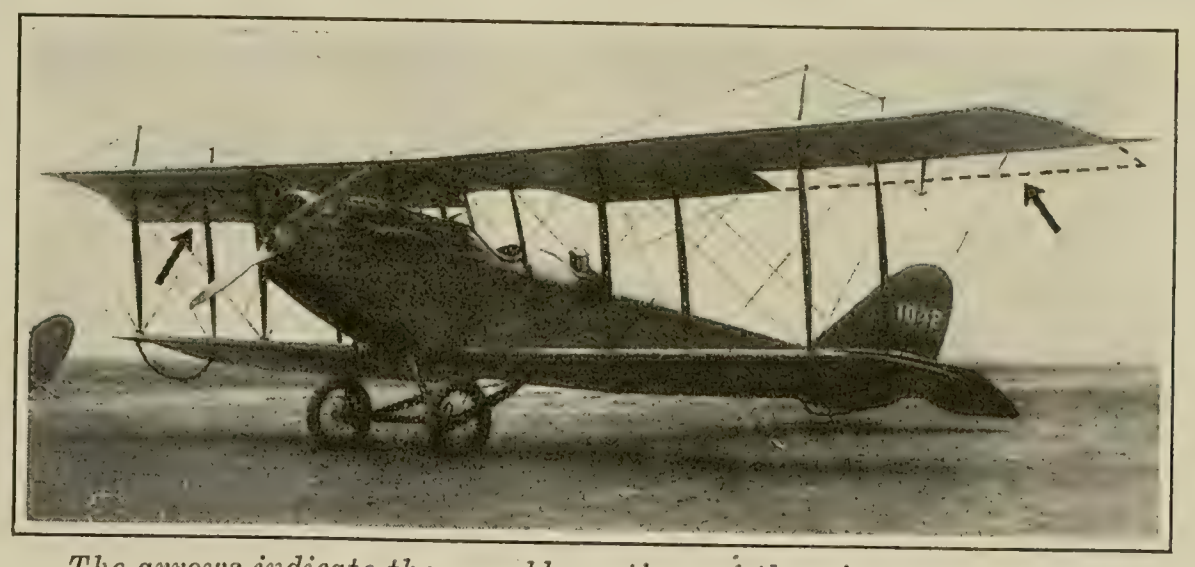
In the early stages of the war, aviation instructors carried aloft with them a short length of lead pipe for use when a pupil, terrified, froze to the stick that controlled the plane. With the weight of the pupil's body hugging the second stick, the pilot could not move his. What happened, you used to read about.

Recently, in Chicago, the pilot of a newly formed aviation club crashed with a pupil. The pupil was killed. The pilot explained that the pupil had lost his head, grasped the control stick, and wouldn't let go. The control leverage was equal on both sticks. Here was need for the lead pipe. A gentle pat on the pupil's crown would have lent him the courage of unconsciousness.

I determined at all costs not to freeze to the control stick. The rudder bar was at my feet. The control stick was immediately in front of me and level with my knees. The accelerator was close to my left hand. There were several instruments on the dashboard. I didn't know what they were for, save one, the altimeter, to tell how high we were. One last word from Becker and we were ready to go.

"Keep your hand on the control stick and see how it works. Get the feel of it."

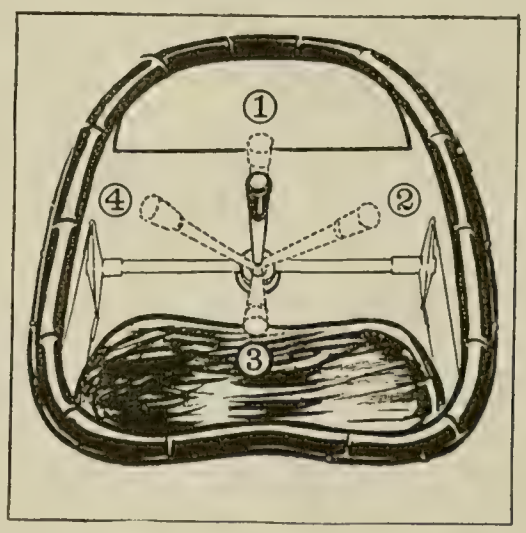
I grasped the stick. The idling motor roared. We slid along the ground. The stick pressed forward. The ship's tail went up, gently. The stick pressed back. Her nose went up. Before I knew it we were off the ground, swimming evenly along. The stick in my hand jerked back sharply. The nose of the plane rose swiftly into the air—so swiftly I thought we were going over on our backs. I caught one glimpse of departing earth and realized I was flying.



The arrows indicate the movable sections of the wings with which a plane's balance is controlled.

AND now, to those readers who, reading the title at the head of this article, expect charts and figures and what nots on airplanes and how to operate them, let me explain.

The mechanics of flying is, to the beginner, the least important. The veriest moron can, after less than an hour's instruction, work the controls of an airplane. They are as simple as the gear shifts on an automobile. Knowledge of mechanics is useful, but when an engine goes dead 4,000 feet above the earth, not all the mechanics in the Curtiss service can fix it there.



When the control stick is in position 1 the plane points down; 2, tips to right; 3, points upward; 4, tips to left.

The first job for a student of aviation is to get "air minded." That means simply to feel at home in the air, to act as though flying were the most natural thing in the world, to feel as though you were absolute master of the ship you are guiding, part of the ship. The way to do that is to fly.

That part, of course, is mental. Eliminate the fear of crashing. Tie a steel cable to a cloud, if that were possible, and dangle an airplane from it. A child would loop the loop inside of five minutes. Therefore, this record will be one of sensations.

I believe my first feeling was one of near panic. The roar of the engine, the rocking of the ship, the sense of unreality, dazed me. I let go the stick and held on to the sides. In those few minutes I dared not look over the side. Every strut and stay and cable seemed waiting a general order to break and scatter.

I thought of no one method of disaster. I visioned a million. I believe my clearest thought was that there was absolutely nothing I could do for myself if anything went wrong. And there were so many things to go wrong! Captain Becker paid not the slightest attention to me. I studied the back of his neck and began to feel better.

We were flying straight up, it seemed. I glanced at the altimeter. Zero. I noticed then that it registered only in thousands. We must be lower than 1,000 feet. We were bumping heavily, for all the world like a springless car on a rocky road. Sometimes the ship seemed to drop from under me. Holes in the air into which we sank.

WE climbed higher. We registered 1,000 feet. I began to like it a little, a very little little. Without warning, the ship tipped over at a fearful angle. The ground, miles and miles below, flashed into view on my left side. I shied away from it. We were going over. Tipping!

The ship righted again. Captain Becker acted as though I weren't there. He didn't turn around. We were flying on an even keel now. We had simply made a turn and had banked to do so. Of these things I learned later, but it didn't help me then.

Gradually I began to take an interest in the ground. I looked down at the housetops, and thought of my own cozy cot. I saw the farmers, far below, plowing the fields, and wished I were a farmer. I saw the autoists crawling along the roads, and remembered the safety of my car.

We tipped again. This time I was prepared. I put my hand cautiously on the control stick. Its movements meant nothing to me. We were flying in a wide circle. I had no idea where we were. Captain Becker rose in his seat, looking down at something on the ground that had caught his interest. It seemed to me he left the ship to fly itself. I wanted to warn him, but thought better of it. I went back to the control stick.

By keeping my hand on the control stick and following through its movements I soon found how it worked. Pulled backward, the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

The Truth About Dull Film on Teeth

As viewed by the foremost dental authority of the day

Now leading opinion lays to film many serious tooth and gum disorders, as well as dull, "off-color" teeth. Remove it by this special film-removing dentifrice dentists urge.

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, why do gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dentists answer in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing methods fail, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

Most people's teeth are naturally lovely and white. What darkens them is found to be film, and film is held largely responsible for serious tooth and gum disorders.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

Germs by the millions breed in film, and germs with tartar—a prolonged film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And you may remember that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize food starch from fermenting and forming acids of decay.

Still other properties firm the gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why it is accepted among dentists of 58 nations.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film and see teeth whiten.

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get a large tube for a few cents at your druggist's. Or write to nearest address below for a generous supply to try.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N.S.W.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

This Way FOR COOL SHAVES

YOU get the difference with the first dab of the brush. You spread it with the lather. INGRAM'S, the pioneer *COOL* shaving cream... *cools* and soothes the tiny nicks and scratches you don't see but *do* feel. It leaves you a whole skin for the next shave. Men like its clean, pleasant odor. No after-shaving lotions needed ... INGRAM'S lather takes care of that.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar... with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving.... and doesn't roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon and your 7 Free Shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 *cool* shaves for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885

662-10th St., Detroit, Mich. *Also* Windsor, Can.

I want to test on my own face that *difference* you are claiming for your *Cool*, soothing shaves. Please send me the 7 FREE Shaves.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

[I LEARN TO FLY Continued from page twenty-two]

nose of the ship rose. Pushed forward, we headed down. Shoved right, the right wing of the ship sagged; to the left, and the left wing dropped.

The ship tipped in the direction the stick went. The rudder bar acted the same as on a boat. I began to push it forward and backward gently. When one of the wings sank in an air pocket a push of the stick in the other direction righted her. Becker did the pushing. It was getting interesting.

Captain Becker made a circle with his hand and pointed down. The stick shot forward, the nose of the ship dumped toward the earth, and the ground came rushing up at me. Then, horror of horrors, the engine stopped! Forgotten prayers came tripping back from childhood. This, I thought, was the incident of the stalled motor that seemed part of every accident story I had read. The ship straightened out flat again. Down again. Then, in a half loop, she rolled over on her side and began the gentle process of slipping.

If you have ever dreamed you were falling off a mountain, going down, down, down, and thought it was a nightmare, go back to it and enjoy it. You had a buggy ride. I think our actual motion was falling to the ground sideways.

Within fifty feet of the ground the ship straightened out again. The engine started to hum. Off again. We were gliding. Thirty feet up now and skimming over the landing field. I began to feel safe.

We ran within a few feet of the ground. The ship's tail dropped and hit the turf. The wheels touched and we taxied toward the hangars.

My first flight was over. I probably sound like an awful liar, but I believe I enjoyed it.

I strolled with Becker to the office. He questioned me:

"Did you like it?"

"Very thrilling."

"Were you nervous?"

Sure I was, and told him so.

"That'll help you. Don't be afraid to be nervous. The best pilots are the nervous ones. They last longer and fly farther. Fear is warning of danger. When you know there's danger you can try to avoid it. Now you had better see the doctor and get a certificate. You'll have to go to a regular air service man. There's quite a stiff physical examination before you can qualify. So long. See you tomorrow."

I HAVE endured many physical examinations. Yet I believe the test given me by Dr. Irvin L. Ray, of 150 West Fiftieth Street, was the toughest of all. I had decided to take the examination for transport pilot. The grades were private, industrial, and transport, growing stiffer in the order named.

The private pilot's license entitles the holder to fly for himself. He cannot take passengers for hire. If a friend of his wants to risk his neck with him, that is up to the friend. The industrial license entitles the holder to carry goods, but not human freight. The transport license permits the pilot to go the limit with himself, his goods, and his friends and their goods. And for hire.

The private license requires, now, ten hours of solo flying; industrial, fifty hours; transport, 200 hours of solo flying, part of which must be cross country.

I had no intention of becoming a transport pilot, but I thought it would do no harm to see if I could pass the stiffest physical test.

The doctor was late and I waited in the lobby, reading a newspaper in dim light. The strain hurt my eyes. Dr. Ray finally showed me into his office and the examination began. The usual chest tapping, heart thumping, and blood pressure tests came first. All the while the doctor fired innocent questions.

WHEN he had finished his inquiries, I found he knew how many and what brand of cigarettes I smoked, how many highballs I took, and I found to my relief that moderation in drinking was all right with him. I'd hate to tell what moderation is.

There was a spot on my right lung, a congestion. I informed my examiner I was just getting rid of the grippe. He gave me some medicine. O. K.

Next came my hearing. The doctor sent me out of the room and told me to repeat after him anything he would say. I listened. His whisper came floating in. Sixty-six. I repeated. He whispered more softly. Ninety-nine. I barely heard. He called me, still whispering. I came. Hearing O. K.

I stood on one foot and shut my eyes. I stood on two feet close together, and shut my eyes. Balance. That was O. K.

Eyes next. The doctor produced an oblong box with the lid removed. In one end of the box was a small window. Inside on slides were two bars, perpendicular. Two long strings were attached to the bars. The doctor set the box on the table. I retired to the end of the room. From where I sat I could see the bars only through the window in the box. The doctor gave me the ends of the strings.

The idea, he explained, was to pull the bars until they were abreast of each other. Looking at them from the front as I was, this was much more difficult than it sounds. I pulled. Fair enough. Again. Good. The bars, when I inspected them, were nearly opposite. Sense of direction O. K.

Dr. Ray lit a small candle and turned out the electric lights. The candle he placed on a table. Again I retired to the end of the room. The doctor placed a glass over one of my eyes. How many candlelights could I see. Two. He changed the glass. How many now? One. Again. Two. Again. Two. Again. One. The doctor tried again. I saw two, then one, then two again.

THE doctor placed another glass over my eye. This time a line of light formed over the candle flame. I described its position. Now over the light, now under it, now through it. The doctor gave his verdict. One point off in that test. When I had seen one light I should have seen two. Eyes not working right. Normal enough, but transport pilots' eyes must be better than human. The test was a further determination of sight balance.

Dr. Ray opened a book. The pages were covered with colored dots. Dimly I traced numbers on them, formed of similarly colored dots. I read the numbers, the doctor turned the pages. The numbers faded more and more into the colored dots. I faltered and finally failed to read them. The doctor closed the book. Another point off. Color sense not so good.

I explained. My eyes had been strained in the hall by the dim light. He told me to come back in a few days. The test was over.

Not until five days later did I return. This time I passed all except the double candlelight test. The congestion in my right lung had disappeared.

The doctor gave me a student pilot's certificate of good health. I paid the regular fee, twenty dollars for the transport test and five dollars for the extra visit and prescription. The fee was standard. Oh, yes, I didn't quite make the transport grade.

And now, physically capable, I was all set to learn to fly. The record of my experiences, from the time I took my first lesson in flying, on April 2, to the time I made my first solo flight—that is, flew alone—on May 28, I have kept in the form of a diary, jotting down from day to day the things that most impressed me and the facts that I have learned.

This diary of a student pilot will be printed next week.

Next Week

A story that searches deep in the heart of a man

Too Late

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

ALSO

A prankish and altogether delightful account of a girl's adventures trying to "get by" in a big city.

Selling Subs for Mags

By Alicia Patterson

GRAPHIC SECTION

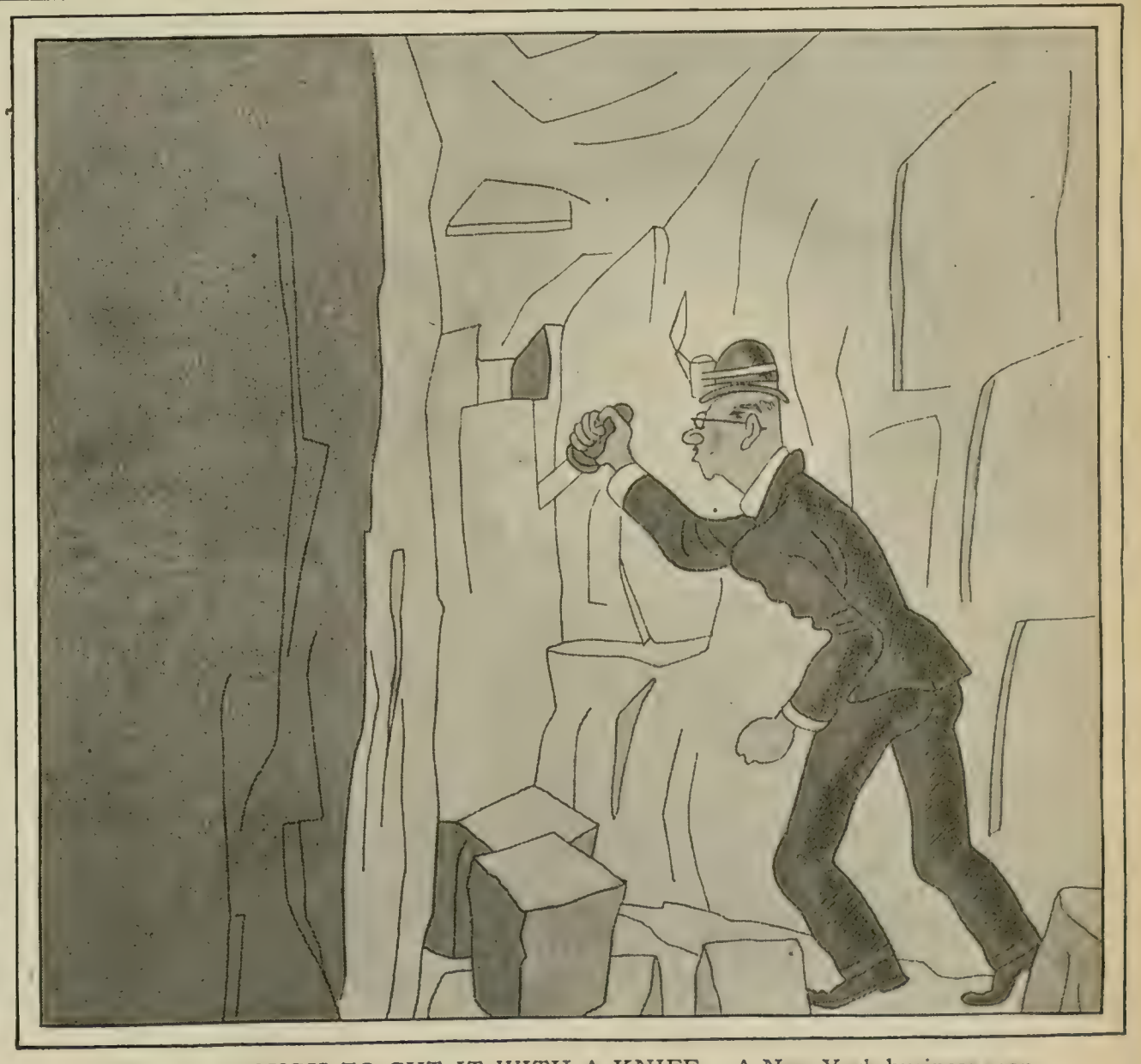
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

ODD BULGE which has been noticed in the Senate wing of the National Capitol during Senator Heflin's speeches.

FOLLOWING REPORTS THAT A TOAD has lived in a block of stone, entirely excluded from air and food, for thirty years, the whole fabric of Natural Science has been destroyed and books relating to it are being burned.

CURIOUS AMERICAN CUSTOM. European admirer (right), trying to praise American leaders in culture, is drowned out by native American who is roasting them.



THICK ENOUGH TO CUT IT WITH A KNIFE. A New York business man, leaving his office at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, hacking his way up Fifth Avenue through the pall of motor gas.

Just Passing Through

A Story of War's Irony

By

NORMAN S. HALL

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

AS the truck ground to a halt the lieutenant picked up the musette bag between his feet and clambered stiffly to the roadway. It received him to the ankles, and he was vaguely conscious that pavements were a luxury and dry footgear one of the goals of life.

He stood where he had alighted and scanned St. Sylvan. There wasn't much to scan. The central square, of course, and, as his eyes swept leisurely about it, he reflected that it would be either the Place du Ralliement, the Place Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, or the Place de France.

At the far end the church towered over the little brood of houses. There was a great shell bite out of one corner, the roof resembled a fedora hat that has been stepped on, and one spire was gone.

The remaining spire seemed to draw itself up indignantly, like a bishop who has been hustled about in a traffic jam.

The houses had been repaired, most of them, either by fatigue details of billeted troops or the more courageous families who had crept in upon the heels of the retreating Germans.

Here and there an empty cellar stared at the sky like a Cyclopean eye, flat, unseeing, dead. The town was quiet, relaxed in that stillness that comes to billet towns in the short, dusk-shadowed period between retreat and mess call.

A faint but unmistakable brassy blat—buglers practicing on the outskirts of town—and an occasional outburst of horseplay among grouped infantrymen were the only sounds. To be sure, there was a child or two here and there, but they went about their enterprises quietly, stealthily.

A vague nostalgia set the unseeing stare of reverie in the young officer's eyes. His conviction that the world was poking holes in its own roof became strong as he looked about him. No longer were homes permitted to bow gracefully to age under a shawl of green vines. Kids didn't shout at their playing. If a fellow didn't like his job he couldn't tell the boss to go braid his hair. Lord! A man couldn't even wear a striped necktie! Take this town of St. Sylvan. If it wasn't for the war, it probably—

He smiled at his own seriousness.

"What you need," he advised the village, "is a good Chamber of Commerce."

Diagonally across the square a flagless staff marked the building in front of which it stood as battalion headquarters. Toward this the lieutenant moved. From the open windows to the right of the entrance a heavy voice bearing the words of a not too mildly risqué anecdote drifted to him.

Laughter billowed out in a guffaw as thick as smoke, and the lieutenant grinned. He knew that one, and he knew, too, that this would be the adjutant's office. When he entered, his face was as blank as a face ever becomes, and he looked inquiringly at each of the officers in the room.

One, red faced, too tightly belted for a man with a podgy stomach, whose blouse collar was edged by a greasy line, assumed an official frown. The newcomer was aware of his major's leaves and, when he spoke, that he was the story-teller.

"Something you wanted, lieutenant?" The major's voice was curt.

The lieutenant swept him a handsome salute. When he disliked people he was punctilious, and he disliked this major.

"Yes, sir," he answered smartly. "I'm Randall — James W. Randall, casual field artillery, with orders to report to the Ninety-ninth Field. Here they are, sir." He drew them from an inner pocket, flipped them open, and handed them to the major.

AS the latter scanned them he continued: "I took the wrong road back at Vitry le François and I understand my outfit's still ahead of me. I was just passing through and thought I'd stand to for the night here — if you're not too full, sir."

The major cleared his throat. "Ha-r-r-r-umph! Yes, yes, of course. We're pretty full, as you've no doubt noticed, but we'll squeeze you in."

The major again bent his gaze to Randall's orders, and an awkward silence filled the room as he riffled the thin sheaf of onionskin copies. The battalion officers, estimating the newcomer, noted the service-worn equipment, the battered musette bag, the glaringly new wound chevron on the right sleeve, and correctly assumed him to be a wounded casual, reclassified, working his way up to a new command.

They were a little envious because they felt themselves somewhat inferior to this self-sufficient wayfarer who had met the war, which to them still was but theory and words in the mouths of others.

Randall's orders were returned with a flourish.

"I'm Major Roykin," the battalion commander explained stiffly. "This is the Third Battalion of the Three Hundred and Ninety-ninth."

Then, to the silent officers: "Gentlemen, Mr. Randall."

He named them all around, took leave with a final frown, and crossed to the door, pausing at a desk near the exit to address a mild mannered, gray little captain.

"Hulbert, find Randall a bed," he directed, and went out.

HULBERT, the adjutant, yelled up the sergeant major, to whom, with befitting gravity and a sufficient number of frowns, requirement of a bed for Randall was explained in all of its important phases, while Jimmy eased his bag on to a window sill and gave the news of the road over which he had come.

The location of the bed decided upon, Hulbert

THERE was a shrill scream, not human, not real — a high keyed, awful sound riding the air.

turned to the man who was to occupy it.

"We're putting you in with the commanding officer," he said, and Randall would have sworn someone behind him tittered. "The sergeant major will show you the billet and the mess. We eat at six."

The adjutant flipped his wrist watch for the time and nodded his dismissal. For a moment or two after Randall clumped out in the wake of the sergeant major the officers dignified him with speculation and a jocular comment or two, then forgot him.

His path through groups of men already straggling toward the kitchens was marked by a clatter of mess kits grudgingly shifted to free their right hands for saluting. Guided by the sergeant major, he proceeded across the square, around the battle battered church, and into a walled yard.

The house they approached had suffered little from gunfire because of its proximity to the sheltering church. The worship place had taken many of the blows that might have fallen upon the smaller dwelling. Randall realized that here, in the midst of war, strife had not worked its brutal, drunken harm. The little house seemed to smile, as do little chaps who come out of savage brawls to smile at the misfortunes of bigger men. Again that vague nostalgia stirred within him and he half expected to find faces he knew beyond the stout door. The sergeant major halted.

"I'll leave you here, sir," he said—"unless you want me to show you the mess. It's just back of headquarters. You'll find old Brouillard and the girl inside."

JIMMY thanked him, and the noncom wheeled on the back track. Randall chuckled. He'd never missed a meal yet, when—

Although he had been in the field sufficiently long to have forgotten most of his good manners, something prompted him to knock. His smart taps on the door might have been expected, so quickly came the response:

"*Entrez!*"

After much lusty stamping to free his boots of the wet mud that mottled the old coatings, dried yellow white next the leather, Randall entered.

He was in the kitchen, a kitchen that had been scrubbed and scrubbed again, until there were no corners, no edges to anything. Even the stone window facings had taken on softened contours under the polishing hands. That much he saw as he stepped into the room, and the odorless neatness of the place after the smelly ruck of billets and casual barracks warmed him.

The man who had bidden Randall enter stood by a heavy table in the center of the room, and Jimmy faced him with a smile.

The smile died and the lieutenant impulsively stepped back a pace.

The man at the table was blind!

Randall, glad his French was good, spoke with quiet dignity.

"I am to be billeted here overnight," he explained, adding: "I am not of this regiment, but just passing through to join my command further on. I shall leave in the morning."

M. Brouillard nodded. What difference could another strange man under his roof make in the dead, black scheme of things? When your own kitchen was a strange black void you had not mastered after three months of reoccupancy, what difference could anything make? But one could be civil to one's guests, even those thrust upon one. He attempted a bow, more like a tipsy lurch than a formal gesture, nodding slowly the while.

"To the left, at the top of the stairs, you will find a chamber," he said. "The bed is good, but you will not use it much. Have they told you of the raids?"

"Not particularly," said Jimmy, his gaze fastened on the jagged shrapnel welt above Brouillard's unseeing eyes. Then, as an afterthought, "But I know you get them frequently."

"Frequently," the Frenchman repeated a little impatiently, and added: "As frequently as every night. But the raids are harmless. It is these cursed guns!"

Even in his blindness, Brouillard's sense of direction concerning the guns he cursed was unerring. He indicated with outflung arm a window to the right of the stove. From it Randall saw two of the four-gun battery of anti-aircraft seventy-fives. They were almost in the yard; indeed, a section of Brouillard's wall had been leveled to permit of access to the pieces from both ends of the line of guns.

"You will hear them tonight," Brouillard complained. "Every night the boche rides over. They fire. He rides back. They fire." He clicked his jaws wrathfully and snapped: "To what end? The fools! I in my blindness could do as much as they. I have done more. I have killed Huns—thank God!"

His voice sank and he shrugged.

"I ask your pardon," he continued almost humbly. "I am not yet accustomed to the dark and I am tired of a world of guns."

"Yet you stay—" Randall ventured.

"It is my home!" Brouillard cut in hotly. "It is all I have! Why else lose my eyes but for this? I shall stay, if they put guns here!—here!"

He brought a lean hand down on the massive table with a flat slap. A kind of brutal admiration shone in Randall's eyes as he regarded the Frenchman. No wonder Papa Joffre held them at the Marne! Not when you could get men like Brouillard for a *sou* a day! Then a sense of Brouillard's predicament overcame him and he spoke quickly.

"Is there anything I—" he began, but the Frenchman's refuge in dignity halted him.

"Thank you," the blind man said stiffly. "I manage."

HALF an hour later, Randall, washed to a lobster red, stepped from his room into the hall. He was hungry, and the reiterated notes of mess call, floating across the square, were welcome. At the head of the stairs, poised for descent, stood a girl.

From a window behind him light bathed her. Not bathed—clothed; for she could have stood in light alone and been clad. She startled him. Not her presence nor her pose of hesitant flight. It was her eyes. He had seen the eyes of animals with fear upon them and he read that expression in hers. Fear! That was it. But a fine, brave fear that would not own its name. Because it was so apparent he made it the subject of his greeting.

"You are afraid!" he said, and his voice was deep with sympathy.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[JUST PASSING THROUGH
Continued from page twenty-seven]

Quickly her answer came:

"Only of a man, monsieur!"

For a long minute their eyes held, hers grave, unyielding in the light; his glowing in the shadow. Then he smiled; and all that was fine in Jim Randall, all that was tolerant, went into that smile.

"Please don't be afraid of me," he said, and as his words lay upon the air she replied:

"I am not, monsieur."

Had she smiled, had she added to that simple sentence, had she clattered on down the stairs, he would have known what she was and what to do. But because she stood there, holding his eyes, he felt shamed in her presence. Woman's trust—this kind of trust—was new to him.

Quickly he explained his presence, his planned departure at dawn. Without interrupting, she listened. Then, when words failed him, she assured him of his welcome, spoke of the meager comforts their war ravaged home afforded, and slowly descended the stairs with a dignity too old for her years.

Randall waited until he heard her cross the kitchen and close the outer door before he followed. He walked slowly, for he was crowded round with thoughts of the people he had found in his billet. A blind man who would not leave his home, no, not even if they put guns on his kitchen table, a table worn edgeless by polishing hands, undoubtedly those of his daughter, who had found only one thing to fear—a man!

THE first drink had been poured when Randall arrived at the mess, and quite evidently Major Roykin had made the first several. Jimmy ate heartily, and he enjoyed the ribald talk around him. But back of perfunctory conversation and "Thank you" and "No, I've plenty, thanks," his mind was working.

"Only of a man, monsieur," she had said. Anything that was man? No. She'd have said "men" in that event. A man. *A man.* And she *was* afraid, too. You could tell that by her—

Major Roykin was speaking to him:

"Fixed all right, Randall?"

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy was aware of Roykin's altered demeanor, an expansive manner that had not characterized him in headquarters that afternoon.

"Like your billet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Seen Fernande yet?"

Jimmy was tolerant. Tolerant people are wise. He proceeded cautiously.

"That the girl in the house?" he asked.

Roykin leaned back laughing and brought the entire table into the conversation with a gesture.

"Gentlemen," he guffawed, "Randall wants to know if Fernande is the girl in the house."

The others laughed in varying tones. After all, Roykin commanded the battalion.

Kelly, a squat-shouldered, knot-headed company commander, broke the silence that followed:

"Maybe he'll make her, major."

In the laugh that rolled up—a hearty laugh that filled the room—and in Roykin's heightened color Jimmy had his answer. So that was it! Roykin! He recalled the adjutant's words that afternoon: "We're putting you in with the commanding officer." So Roykin was billeted there, too.

It was the major's turn to talk, and he did.

"It would be like her," he said, his voice slow and ugly, "to make a mistake like that."

All at the table, save Roykin, saw Randall's body leave the chair—and settle back. Jim's fork was in his food and his eyes were on his plate when he spoke.

"I'd hate to step on anybody's toes," he said, and the room rocked.

"I shall stay, if they put guns here!—here!"

Major Roykin took personal command of the company detailed to clear away the débris.

DINNER over, Randall strolled over to the anti-aircraft battery, gossiped for a while with one of its juniors, then returned to his room, thinking—thinking. It was none of his business, of course; hence the whole matter was doubly engrossing.

Taps came, but the metallic clamor of it stirred him not at all. He was concerned only with a blind man who would not leave his home if they put guns on his kitchen table, and a girl who feared only a man. And the gameness of her! A battery of seventy-fives under her bedroom window, all hell popping off nightly, a blind father to care for, life in a garrisoned town, and a pot-bellied, greasy collared major who—

He blew the tiny light with a breath that was almost a whoop!

Outside they were tooting the "alert." Noncoms and officers were scuttling into billets—out—in again—out—cursing, urging, commanding. From his window he could see men flitting across the square like little brown gnomes. From the far side of the house came the clank and clatter of a battery clearing away for action. Voices. The ring of metal. Then, out of the night, a voice, stiff and crackling with authority:

"How's that Number One gun, Doyle?"

And the reply, stilted, hard:

"Number One ready for action, sir."

Randall looked at the sky. Gad! what a night for a raid! Clear—just a few fleecy clouds in evidence—visibility almost perfect, shadows definable. Somebody was due to catch hell when that approaching squadron lifted its tailboards! He could see belated soldiers and an

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream? Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

Don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.

Before any "date" *-end halitosis*

BEFORE any engagement where you wish to appear at your best, decency demands that you rinse the mouth with Listerine.

By so doing you eliminate any risk of offending by halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You never have it? Don't fool yourself — you simply cannot know when you have it. It doesn't announce itself to you. But it does to others and offends them.

Listerine ends halitosis because it is a powerful deodorant. Prove it this way. Rub a bit of onion on your hand—then apply Listerine clear. Immediately the odor is gone. Even the odor of fish yields to it.

Keep a bottle handy in home and office and use it. It makes you agreeable to others instead of disagreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

READ THE FACTS
⅓ had halitosis

68 hairdressers state that about every third woman, many of them from the wealthy classes, is halitoxic. Who should know better than they?

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

No fear of sunburn

Are you one of those many persons whose skins seem unusually sensitive to the scorching rays of the sun? Then to you Mennen Skin Balm will be a real blessing, for it relieves a tender, fiery, sunburned skin and soothes the pain in a way that's almost magic.

Skin Balm heals and cools at the same time. That hot, flaming feeling which usually accompanies an afternoon under the blazing summer sun gives way quickly to the cooling touch of this creamy lotion. Relief comes at once. Clothing slips on without the usual pain and healing is rapid and complete.

There's nothing greasy about Skin Balm. Its creamy whiteness leaves no stains on clothing. Disappears quickly and has no "tacky" after-feel. Mildly astringent and antiseptic, too. Has a clean, invigorating odor.

Mennen Skin Balm, in addition to being good for sunburn, is recognized as an all round skin tonic. It tones up, refreshes and invigorates the skin. Used by men as the ideal after-shaving lotion and by women for keeping the hands and face soft, smooth and in the pink of condition. Use Skin Balm. And tell your family and friends about it. 50 cents at all drug stores. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. and Toronto, Ont.

[JUST PASSING THROUGH
Continued from page twenty-eight]

occasional scuttling peasant darting for *abris*, and grinned. The idiots! A hit was a hit, and it pleased him to sit quietly alone in a tranquil bedroom rather than hustle himself into a damp, crowded dugout packed with scared people who would be spattered all over him if the hit registered there.

The urge to go down and mingle with the anti-aircraft battery came and he nearly answered it. They were his kind, that bunch. Somewhere among them there was certain to be a rum-faced, tobacco-chewing gunner out of the regulars. He'd have sixteen convictions by a summary court and one by a special, but he would be one silver-plated prize of a gunner! But Randall knew better than to join them. He would be underfoot—lost—stumbling over things in the shadowy dark.

Then he thought of Fernande, and the thought pushed him toward the door. "Only of a man, monsieur," she had said; but this might be a serious—

The door swung wide and they faced each other! Again she stood clothed in light, the washed-out, colorless light of the moon. She found him apparently in the act of leaving his room, and, believing him bewildered by his surroundings, spoke rapidly:

"Quickly, monsieur. I will show you the *abri!*"

Instantly he knew why she had returned, and although his voice was thick with gratitude, it snapped a little because there was still her father.

"Where is M. Brouillard?" he demanded.

She caught at his shirt sleeve. "He is safe in the *abri*," she said. "Hurry, please; they will be here soon."

He put one hand over hers, but made no move to leave the room. There was one other thing he wished to know.

"You came back here for me?" he asked.

Her answer was drowned and lost in the first staggering, smashing salvo from the battery beneath them, but he read it on her lips:

"Yes, monsieur."

THEY could not talk. Outside the guns clattered and smashed and banged, banged and clattered and smashed. Through it all they stood there, she quietly, unflinchingly; he tense, alert; the only bond between them that light pressure of his hand upon hers. Not once did their eyes part.

The battery that held them speechless ceased and other leashed dogs of war behind them, nearer Paris, took up the baying. Silence came—silence that was harder to bear than the thunder drumming of the guns.

Randall was the first to speak:

"You thought I did not know the way to the *abri* and came here to guide me?"

"I thought they had forgotten to tell you of it," she explained simply.

"Why did you return?"

Her eyes still on his, she replied, "You would have protected me, monsieur."

"Yes," Jimmy answered, and, after silence had walked the room unhindered for a long space, he repeated: "Yes, I would have protected you from thinking we're all rats. We're not. We're in a strange country, meeting strange customs, and some of us go far astray because we don't know how to handle them. But—"

He looked down at her a little helplessly. There was so much he wanted to tell her, so many things he wished to explain away. He took the hand he had held in both of his.

"For the most part," he continued, "we take only what's offered. We're mighty grateful to get that, whether it's a swig of warm wine from a smelly canteen or a soft bed and a soft body back in the leave areas."

HE realized that her eyes were no longer afraid, and the knowledge that he had banished that fear held him still. The room darkened as soft, fleecy clouds slid over the moon, and the thought that the dark might frighten her again sank Jimmy's voice to a whisper.

"Why, we're just passing through," he crooned. "We'll be gone tomorrow, or the next day or the day after that, and most of us want to leave a few people who will have a bad day or an hour when we've gone on. It doesn't count—any of it—except that. That's why I—"

It came quickly.

There was a shrill scream, not human, not real—a high keyed, awful sound riding the air. Over it, in deeper, human, frantic tones, a cry of:

"Fire! For Christ's sake, fire!"

Then the rushing, roaring, whining zoom of a plane swooping down, the ragged crash of a salvo, and a world and an eternity of sound.

Jimmy knew!

A plane had spotted the battery and, when the moon was veiled, had turned back to bomb it. He and Fernande, standing there in the dark, had been so intent on his words that they had missed the sounds of preparation outside.

Even as the bomb exploded, Randall threw protecting arms about her, and as the walls folded upon them and dust and flame choked them, he twisted his shielding body over hers.

. . . . . .

Major Roykin took personal command of the company detailed to clear away the débris. At dawn a dust whitened sergeant spoke from the bomb crater:

"Two more bodies, sir."

Roykin, mindful of rough edges of stone, clambered down to peer at the embraced dead. Then he called to the little group of officers above:

"Well, I'm damned! Kelly, that casual shavetail *did* make her!"

THE END

The Game That Stirred the Nation

How Baseball's Most Famous Blunder Nearly Started a Civil War

By Hugh Fullerton

(Reading time: 6 minutes 57 seconds.)

THE one play in all the history of baseball that caused the most argument and which has been debated more violently than any other, was the famous Merkle incident of September 23, 1908: the play that plunged New York and Chicago—with the rest of the United States taking sides—into near civil war.

The play resulted in the National League championship season ending in a tie, and forced the teams to meet again in one game to decide the pennant and select the club to battle Detroit in the world's championship series.

The story of the play begins properly in Pittsburgh. That fall the Cubs, Pirates, and Giants were fighting for the championship until mid-September, when the Giants rushed into what appeared to be a safe lead. The Cubs were playing at Pittsburgh, a game which, it later developed, would have settled the championship had Chicago won.

Beck, the Pittsburgh first baseman, was on first, a runner on third. Two were out when the batter drove a clean base hit to center field. Beck started for second, ran halfway down the line, and, seeing his teammate cross the plate, turned and raced for the clubhouse.

Hofman, in center for Chicago, saw Beck's move, scooped the ball, and threw it to Evers, who touched second base and rushed to Umpire Hank O'Day, claiming Beck was forced out.

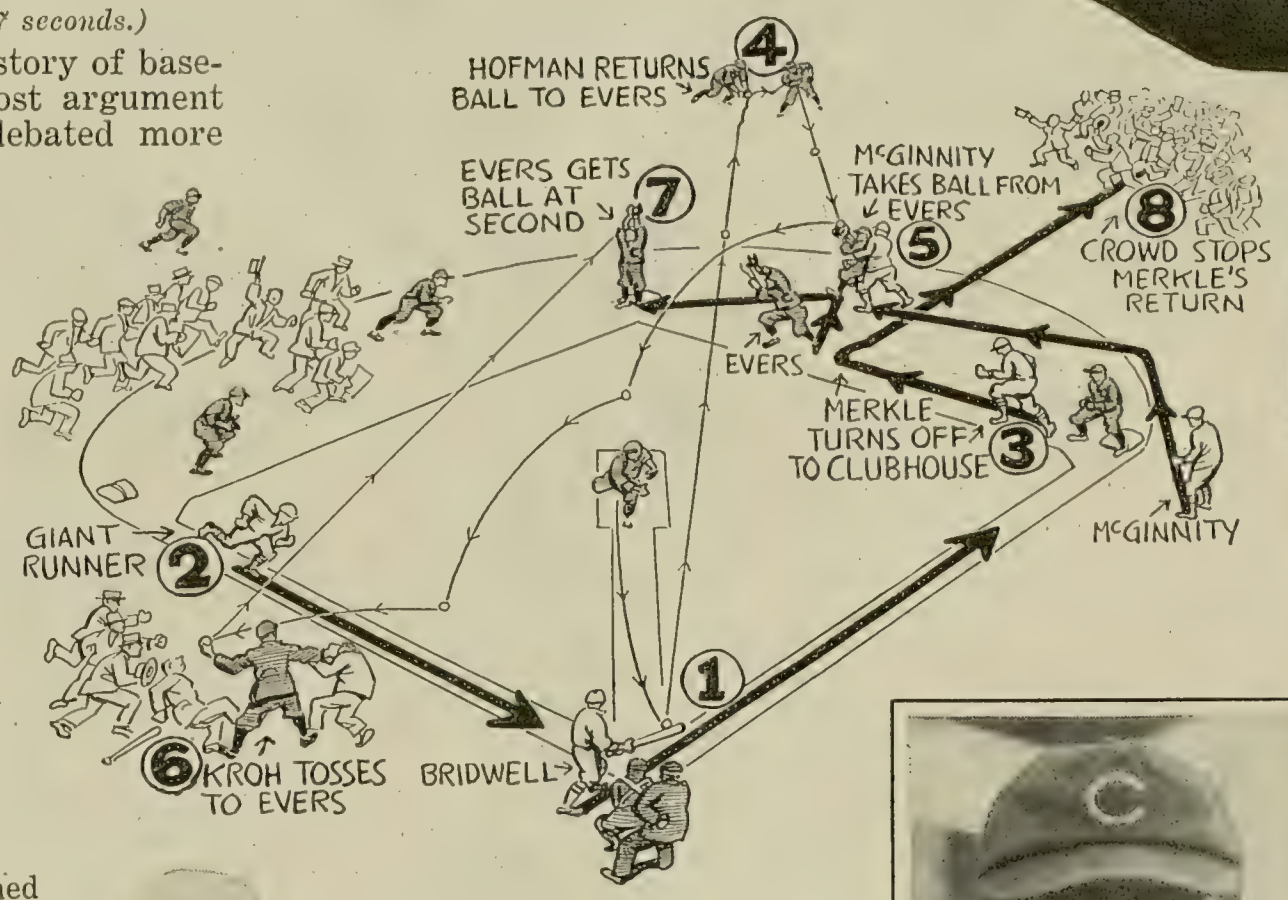
Hank had turned away when the runner crossed the plate. He was taking a drink of water when Evers reached him. He retorted that he had not seen Beck fail to touch second.

That evening in the hotel C. Webb Murphy, Evers, and I were talking. Evers remarked: "That game isn't over yet. Beck was forced out."

None of us seriously thought anything would come of the play, but Murphy said:

"That will make a good story. I'll protest the game."

We laughed, but Murphy wrote a telegram to Harry C. Pulliam, president of the National League, formally protesting Pittsburgh's victory. I changed the report of the game and included the story of the protest. Later in the evening I met O'Day and told him of Murphy's protest.



Brown Bros. photos

Hank O'Day, who rendered the verdict that decided a championship; and (above at left) a diagram of the remarkable mix-up that resulted when Bridwell (1) singled, and Merkle (3), seeing the winning run heading home from third base, turned when halfway to second and forgot to complete the play by touching the keystone sack. The numerals indicate the sequence of events.

Johnny Evers, scrappy second sacker of the Cubs. He completed the play that caused the riot.

Catcher Johnny Kling of the Cubs.

Fred Merkle (at left), the Giants' first baseman who forgot to touch second base.

He was mad, and said he had not seen Beck fail to touch second. Had he done so, O'Day declared, he would have been compelled to call Beck out, since the play was not complete until Beck touched second base.

Murphy's protest, of course, counted as nothing, for O'Day had not seen the play. Nevertheless the protest was later to help win the championship.

Less than two weeks later the Chicago team reached the Polo Grounds with only a fighting chance of retaining their championship.

They had been five and a half games behind the Giants, seemingly hopelessly out of the race. Then two defeats in one day at the hands of Cincinnati started a Giant panic, for Chicago, using substitute pitchers, won two games on the same day. Pittsburgh, too, was coming with a rush.

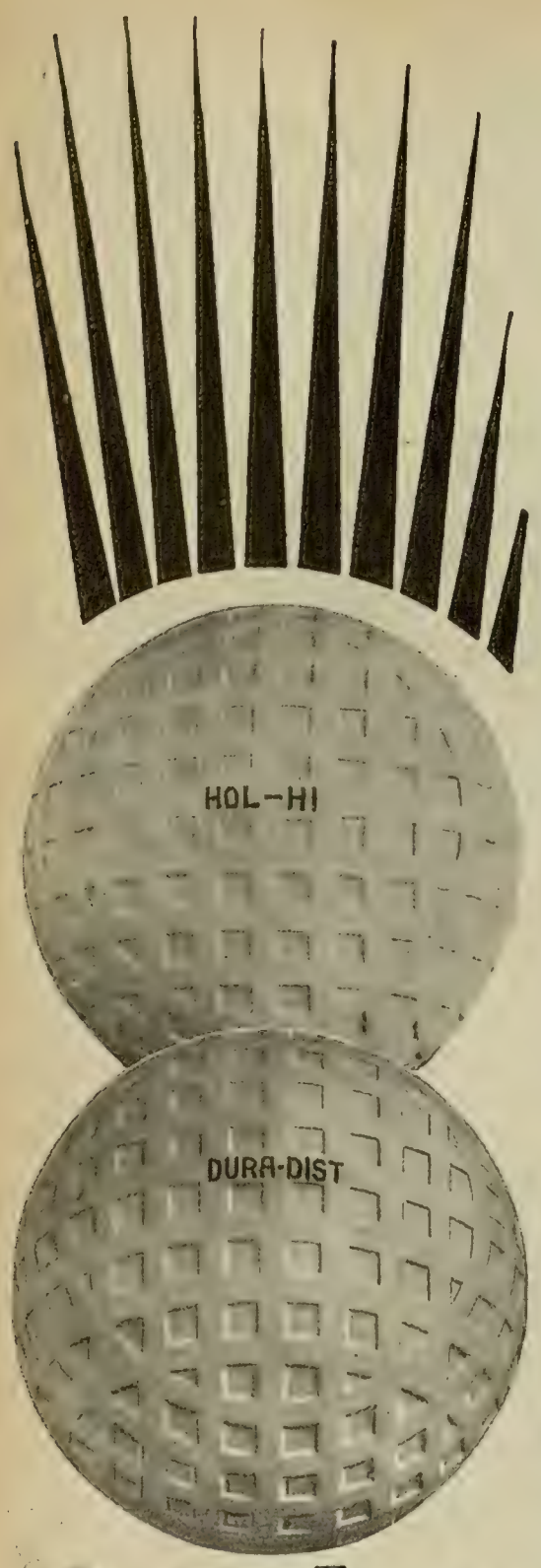
The series was desperately fought, and when the teams faced each other on September 23, a defeat for Chicago meant destruction of the last hope. Victory meant the pennant for the Giants.

A MORE desperately fought game never has been played. The teams fought, wrangled, battled on every play; at times were at the point of blows. With two Giants out in the last of the ninth inning, a runner on third, Fred Merkle on first, and Al Bridwell at bat, the climax came.

Bridwell was not considered a dangerous hitter. The Giants had been jockeying on the bases, hoping to draw a throw from Kling to second base. They knew Kling would not throw.

Merkle was playing far off first, when Bridwell, catching a fast ball squarely with his bat, drove it on a line between Evers and second base. Evers ran, leaped despair-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



A Color for *every* Condition of the Course

The new Oriole-Orange, Canary-Yellow, and Flaming-Flamingo give you a range of colors which rivet the eye to the ball under every playing condition. Play one of these Wilson golf balls and you will be amazed how easy it is to follow the first rule of golf; namely, "keep your eye on the ball." Color improves your shots and means fewer lost golf balls.

But remember that while color has focused attention upon the Hol-Hi and Dura-Dist, quality has backed it up with real performance. Color alone could not explain the tremendous hit these splendid balls have made with the golfing public.

HOL-HI—the toughest distance ball ever made. $1 each, $10.75 per doz. DURA-DIST—guaranteed for 72 holes of excellent performance, 75c each, $9 per doz. They are also available in white.

ASK YOUR PRO OR DEALER

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
New York - Chicago - San Francisco

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

ingly—and saw the ball go on.

The runner from third sprinted to the plate. Bridwell tore to first.

Merkle ran two-thirds of the way down to second base, stopped, saw the runner had crossed the plate, and, changing course, raced for the clubhouse.

The crowd already was pouring from stands and bleachers, swarming down on to the field to cheer the "new champions."

The moment Merkle turned from the base line the Cubs saw the situation—the same that had arisen in Pittsburgh.

Hofman, in center field, sprinted across, grabbed the rolling ball, and hurled it back to the infield. Evers was after the ball. It got past him and rolled on.

Joe McGinnity, the "Iron Man" pitcher of the Giants, who had been coaching at first base, had seen Merkle's fatal blunder. He ran into the field and rushed at Evers. The ball was tossed to Evers just as McGinnity tackled him. McGinnity tore the ball from his hands and, while they fought, threw it into the crowd sweeping on to the diamond.

IN an instant a free-for-all battle was in progress. Half a dozen players and a score of spectators were fighting, milling around between second base and shortstop. Someone had overtaken Merkle and turned him back. He was fighting his way through the crowd, trying to reach second base.

Floyd Kroh, a Chicago pitcher who was not in the game, had run into the field swinging his fists. He knocked down three spectators, grabbed the ball, and threw it to Evers, who, battered and beaten, clung to it and held it up on the base.

Merkle was then within fifteen feet of the bag and was stopped by the crowd.

Bob Emslie, who was umpiring on the bases, claimed he dodged when the ball was hit and then lost the play when the crowd swarmed around him.

But Hank O'Day, the grim veteran of 5,000 games, had not. He remembered Pittsburgh and Murphy's protest. He saw the runner cross the plate.

Smiling sardonically, he walked down the field beyond the pitcher's box, saw Evers get the ball at second base, and saw Merkle leave the line. He waved Merkle out.

O'Day walked through the crowd and started to dust off the plate. There was no chance. The crowd swept umpires, players, and all off the field.

O'Day and Emslie, jostled and battered, were pushed clear off the field and through the stands to their dressing room. I found them there when the riot began to subside.

"Hah!" said Hank, with his joyless laugh. "Maybe Murphy will protest that one. I wasn't getting a drink that time."

THE play created the greatest sensation ever known in baseball. Every effort was made to award the victory and the pennant to New York. O'Day was pleaded with to say he had not seen the play.

"Hah!" said Hank. "But I did see it."

So much pressure was brought on President Pulliam to force him to give the disputed game to the Giants that his health broke—and the widespread criticism and abuse he suffered contributed to his suicide the next summer.

The dispute over the play became more and more bitter. The officials of the league met in Cincinnati to settle the argument. They barred Murphy from voting because, though a director, he was an interested party. They barred Dreyfuss of Pittsburgh from voting because he had stated his opinion that Chicago won the game under the rules. They allowed Ebbets of Brooklyn—who had openly stated he would vote for New York right or wrong—to vote, and they awarded the game to New York.

WHEN their decision had been typewritten, Garry Herrmann brought it from the conference room to give to the reporters.

Three reporters declared their papers would not stand for such a decision, whereupon Herrmann gathered up the decisions he had given out and returned to the conference.

A little later, the directors voted that one game should be played in New York.

The constitution of the league said that, in case of a tie in the pennant race, three games should be played, one on each grounds and one on neutral grounds.

The directors of the league, however, decided that this was unfair to New York, as the Giants had only one pitcher, Christy Mathewson, who had a chance to beat the Cubs.

By overriding their own constitution, they settled the matter with the ruling that a single game would be sufficient.

But the great Matty—usually invincible when the crisis was most grave—proved unequal to the task of settling the dispute to the satisfaction of the Giants' rooters.

The Cubs defeated him in a bitterly fought game on the Polo Grounds on October 8, after efforts had been made to bribe the umpires, and—although they were attacked by a hostile crowd and some of them, particularly Pitcher Pfeister and First Baseman Chance, were severely beaten after they won—they went into the World's Series against Detroit two days later and won.

They were a great team.

THE END

Brown Bros. photos

The quick thinking Hofman, the Cubs' center fielder who noted Merkle's oversight and shot the ball to Evers. At left, Bridwell, the Giant shortstop whose surprise single precipitated all the trouble.

THE BOX SCORE

September 23, 1908

NEW YORK	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Herzog, 2b.	1	1	1	1	0
Bresnahan, c.	0	0	10	0	0
Donlin, rf.	0	1	2	0	0
Seymour, cf.	0	1	1	0	0
Devlin, 3b.	0	2	0	2	0
McCormick, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Merkle, 1b.	0	1	10	1	0
Bridwell, ss.	0	1	2	3	0
Mathewson, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Total	1	7	27	9	0

CHICAGO	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hayden, rf.	0	0	1	0	1
Evers, 2b.	0	1	3	7	0
Schulte, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Chance, 1b.	0	1	11	1	0
Steinfeldt, 3b.	0	0	0	1	1
Hofman, cf.	0	1	2	0	0
Tinker, ss.	1	1	8	6	2
Kling, c.	0	1	1	1	0
Pfeister, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Total	1	5	27	16	4

NEW YORK	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1
CHICAGO	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1

Home run—Tinker. Sacrifice hits—Bresnahan and Steinfeldt. Left on bases—New York 5, Chicago 3. Double plays—Tinker to Chance; Evers to Chance; Mathewson to Bridwell to Merkle. First on errors—New York 2. Struck out—By Mathewson 9. Hit by pitched ball—By Pfeister 1. Bases on balls—Off Pfeister 2. Umpires—O'Day and Emslie.

Lullaby

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"HOW high can a human's temperature rise?" Lil asked Sandy as she dabbed some ice on her wrists. "This heat's dreadful. It may kill the baby. The books say his first summer—"

"It may be his first summer, but something tells me it'll be his papa's last," Sandy butted in. "This dump's like a furnace. Tomorrow I'll buy a tent and take it out to our lot in Pine Grove. They've planted trees there and it's probably cool."

He made fancy designs in melting ice on his own wrists. Then he crawled out on the fire escape among wilting plants in pots, a pie tin of birdseed which Lil replenished daily, and some fancy couch cushions.

This week's cover picture.

"You oughta see the heat lightning!" he called. "It looks like rockets shootin' off. Perhaps we should show the baby?"

"He'll wake up and yell soon enough," his wife yawned. "I can see the lightning right here in the mirror. It's backwards, but it's just as pretty."

Rattling street noises. Every sound re-echoed in the resounding court of the apartment house. The radio upstairs suffered with dance saxophonia. The radio downstairs was smitten with banjoitis. And their own was broadcasting an 11:30 after-dinner speech of a St. Louis club celebrating Wyoming's thirty-eighth anniversary of its admittance to the Union!

"Ump-ump-ump! Tha-tha-tha! Pft-pft-pft!" That was the baby waking up from a Dreamland of Self-Filling Milk Bottles to a hot July night in his parents' oppressive flat. Up shot one little red fist. Out shot the other tightly clenched one. Up kicked one hot foot. The other perspired in its too snug bootee.

"Good-by, thoughts of sleep," Lil sighed, rushing to the crib.

"Waaa-waaa-WAAAAAAAAAAA!" ("I want water!")

"He just wants some water," Sandy said. "I know his lingo. All he can say is 'Waa,' but every meaning's in the accent." And he grabbed up a bottle of lukewarm water.

The baby scratched his nose, ran a fist around under his so-called eyebrow, and fell asleep. Parents' Paradise!

Peace. Gradual extinction of radios.

"If the baby's prickly heat spreads up his legs," Lil told Sandy, who was forgetting the heat with a detective yarn, "I'll take him to the doctor. Perhaps I'd better take him anyway."

"Better make an appointment," Sandy suggested, flopping into bed. "Then, if the spots go away, break it; that'll be cheaper than going, anyway. It's either the hot weather or nerves."

"I look like an old hag," Lil was saying, peering into a tiny vanity mirror. "It's the heat. I wish you could get a month's leave of absence, so we could rent a house boat on some river. They're real cute. It'd be healthy for the baby. Good night, dear!"

"Good night?" her husband asked. "Did you say *good* night? It's one A. M. and hot as—well, you know."

"I think today's Ma's birthday," Lil murmured as she gradually and thankfully dropped to sleep. "Wake up if the baby cries."

The idea of having to buy a present for his mother-in-law didn't enthuse Sandy. The familiar if-the-baby-cries slogan gave him a pain in the neck. He felt like writing a helpful book of warnings to bachelors. And he wondered poignantly what he would have done had the stork brought twins.

Click! He snapped out the light. A timid breeze got up enough courage to move the curtains a fraction of an inch. The street noises had exhausted themselves. Silence. Sleep.

"Waaa-waaa-ya-ya-ya! AAAAAAAAH!" ("I wanna be picked up!")

Sandy came to like a jack-in-the-box. He grabbed up a bug light so as not to wake Lil. He flashed it between the crib bars like *Jimmy Valentine*. Enormous black shadows on the walls. The bright glare gave the baby the fright of its five-week-long life.

"WAAH—"

"Shut up—I mean, hush up!" Sandy whispered, having promised Lil never to say shut up to their crib protégé. And he closed the door into the bedroom. "Now-now-now, close your little mouth and papa will rock you?" he suggested. "It's a hot night and all the neighbors want to sleep."

"WAAH—"

"Singing a song? Well, not so loud, kid. Now, papa'll sing with you—a nice lullaby!"

And his nasal Rock-a-bye, Baby, floated out over the fire escape and trespassed into many a restless neighbor's window!

(Next week's cover adventure: Sandy Gets a Raise!)

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

—*if* ever you've watched it rise beneath your lather brush—*super mild, thick, rich!*

—*if* ever you've watched your razor blade glide through it—*quick, close!*

—*if* ever you've sensed a skin smooth, glowing, supple, *Fit,* when a Williams shave is over . . .

—*then* you know what the drug clerk means when he says, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change, *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Finish with a splash of Aqua Velva. Made for after-shaving. It will keep the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it. *Find out!*

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Can.

Those RUSSIANS *Again*

Here's a New Mélange of Whiskers, Overcoats, and Revolution

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes 12 seconds.)

THE Romanoffs are doing as many falls for the motion pictures as the gay Dooleys used to do for the varieties. Their newest topple comes in Tempest, which stars John Barrymore, the former first *Hamlet* of Broadway and now the Great Profile of Hollywood.

So far the big master minds of the screen capital have been able to evolve only one revolutionary plot.

A simple peasant loves a beautiful royal princess and the collapse of government makes them equal. Cecil De Mille launched the idea with The Volga Boatman.

While the subtitles describe the Great God Barrymore as a humble oaf of a sergeant who aspires to an officer's commission, you can never believe in John as a son of the people. Not even when hordes of Hollywood extras, dressed up as blue blood officers of the Czar, sneer and snub him for hundreds of celluloid feet.

Does Barrymore, or rather *Sergeant Ivan Markov*, get the haughty princess? Don't be silly. They run away—across the Austrian border—accompanied by *Ivan's* pal, a comedy sergeant played by our old friend, Louis Wolheim, the immortal *Captain Flagg* of What Price Glory.

Maybe you can believe in Tempest. Maybe you can believe anything. To me, the whole story, along with the acting, is phony. The revolution gets badly involved, jumping somehow from Nicholas to Lenin over intermediate tribulations, and turns out to be a sort of duplicate of the French Commune wrapped up in whiskers and overcoats.

Barrymore is a dapper sergeant, although the rôle is a strange mixture of bounder and opportunist. *Ivan* never really does anything. Late in the story they lock *Ivan* up in solitary confinement, and Jack, of course, contributes his usual *Jeykll-Hyde* hallucination scene.

The princess discloses the first American appearance of Camilla Horn, who was the lovely *Marguerite* opposite Emil Jannings in Faust. In a rôle which practically consists of displaying varying degrees in hauteur, she indicates real possibilities.

Miss Horn is just twenty and she was born at Frankfort on the Main, her father being a minor German official. She landed in pictures at the UFA studios near Berlin by doubling for certain stars. To be strictly accurate, she partially doubled, for her legs were shot in place of those possessed by the more hefty stars. Thus F. W. Murnau, then directing at UFA, saw her and, oddly enough, gave her the rôle of the modest *Marguerite*.

Camilla Horn has a husband in Germany, although her press agent doesn't mention him. She is now visiting him in Berlin. Miss Horn "luffs" Hollywood, chews gum, but balks at cigarettes, is described as being eternally hungry, and wears her unbobbed golden hair in an old fashioned twirl at the back of her neck. She is one of the two or three reigning idols of Hollywood within the sacred inner circle of the film colony, if you must know.

All sorts of tribulations pursued the making of Tempest. It had three directors in turn: Vlachetslav Tourjansky, Lewis Milestone, and finally Sam Taylor. And two leading women preceded Miss Horn.

Camilla Horn and John Barrymore in Tempest.

Charles Farrell as the prince in a harem scene from Fazil.

In fact, work around the picture was about as unhealthy as the red tribunal it pictures.

Hollywood's 1928 Indiscretion

IT is hard to tell how Fazil, billed as "hotter than Sahara," came to emerge from the William Fox studios, where only nice old gray haired mothers get close-ups.

Fazil is distinctly not the thing to take little Willie to see.

For one thing, Fazil has a hero (an Arab, it is true) with a private harem. Up to now the screen has been strictly monogamous. This harem is like a glimpse back stage at one of the old bathing girl comedy lots.

Fazil is another East-is-East-and-West-is-West yarn. A beautiful Parisienne marries a sheik and then she grows bored. *Prince Fazil* attends too many conferences at a distant oasis. There is what Hollywood calls an artistic ending. *Fazil* and his *Fabienne* die in each other's arms, the scenarist having given up the East versus West problem.

I shouldn't be surprised if Fazil made a lot of money—if the censors let it circulate widely. There are boudoir shots of Greta Nissen—who remains my favorite screen charmer—that I expect will send reformers frothing after their scissors.

The lovely blonde Norse Nissen is an eyeful as *Fabienne*, but Charlie Farrell, poor lad, may arouse your titters as a hard, ruthless sheik of the desert.

The rôle fairly screams for a Valentino.

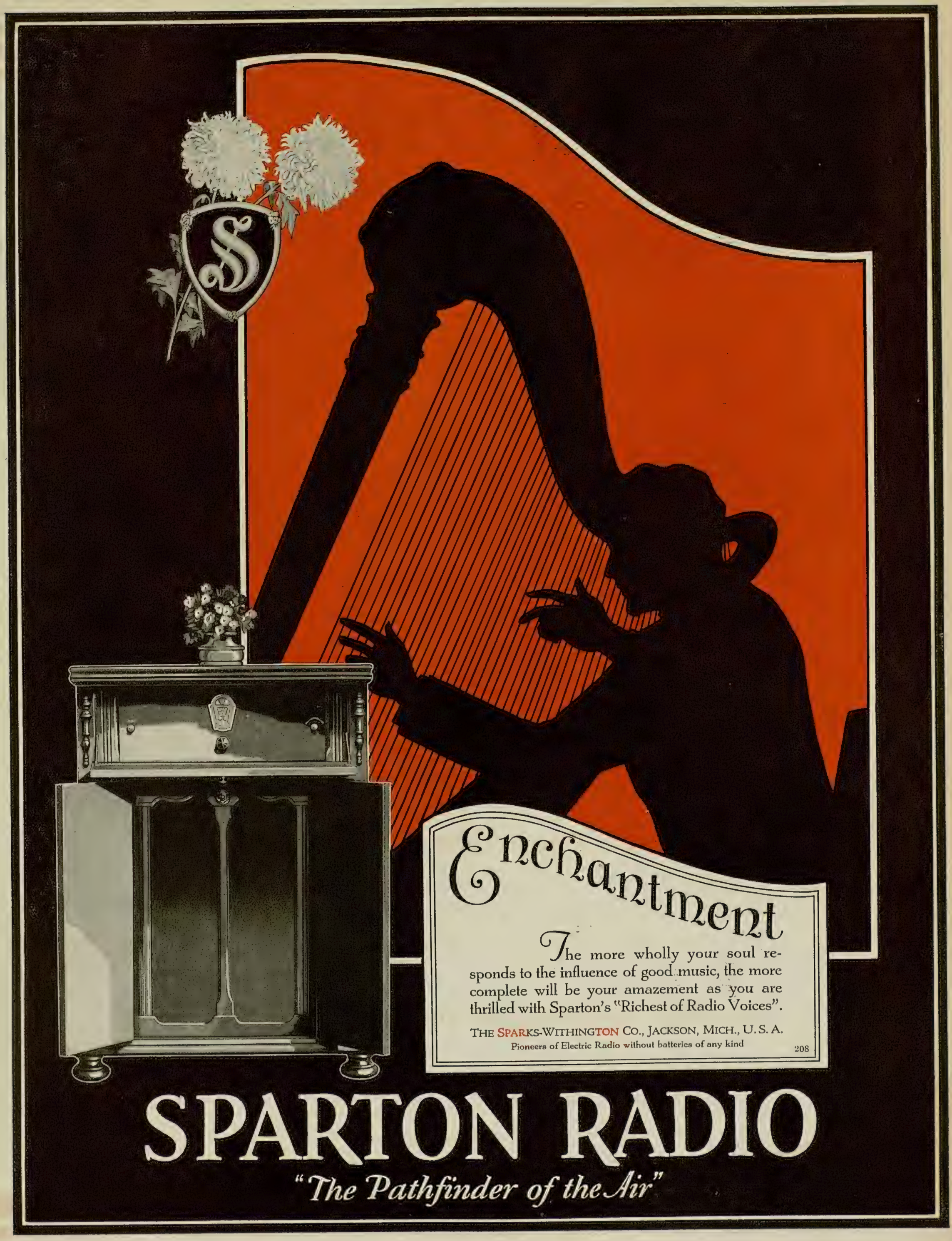
Still, something probably should be said for Fazil. The old *Police Gazette* is not what it used to be, the décolleté Mack Sennett farces have grown refined, and burlesque shows play family matinées these days.

Now and then Hollywood momentarily tosses restraint to the winds.

Fazil is Hollywood's 1928 indiscretion.

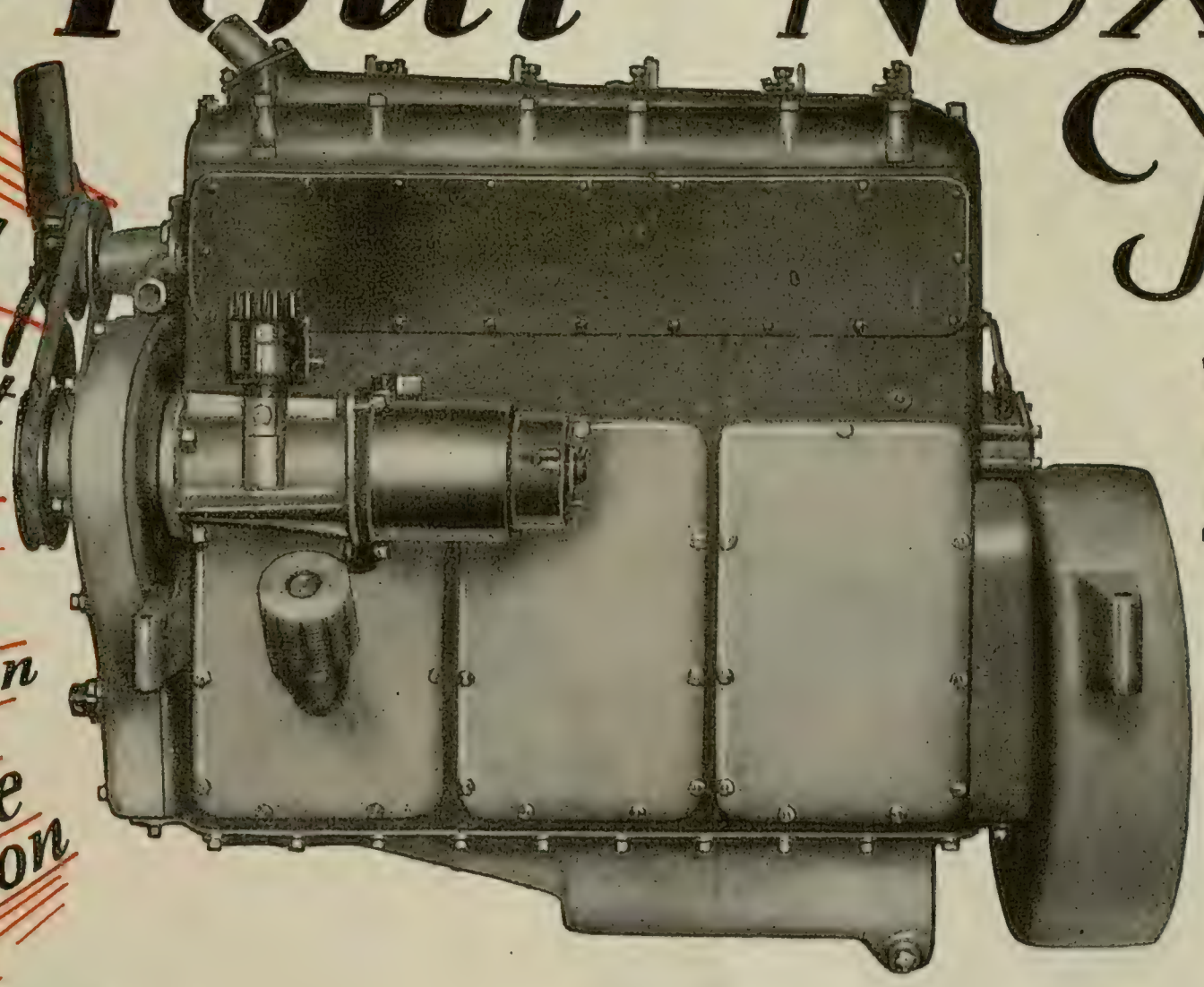
Do you know that—

The Swamp is to be the title of the film starring Gloria Swanson, which will be directed by Eric von Stroheim? . . . There is talk of Gloria doing Lulu Belle? . . . Alma Rubens has been chosen to play *Julie* in Universal's filming of Show Boat? . . . Ronald Colman is not to play *Sydney Carton*, after all? . . . Plans for him to film A Tale of Two Cities are off?


Enchantment
The more wholly your soul responds to the influence of good music, the more complete will be your amazement as you are thrilled with Sparton's "Richest of Radio Voices".
THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICH., U. S. A.
Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind
208
SPARTON RADIO
"The Pathfinder of the Air"

In Your Next Th... L...

less fuel
no vibration
25% less weight
slow motor-speed
faster acceleration
complete Combustion
no carbon monoxide
utilized high Compression
more power
accessible
no carbon



THE triumphant march of Progress will not be denied ... nor will the calm, reasoning voice of Science be stilled. Scrapping the obsolete without compunction ... ever ready to adopt the proved new ... the world dominance of America is mainly due to the onward sweep toward greater efficiency.

Today sees American industrial projects covering the entire world. In mechanical development, this Country is far ahead of others. So it is but natural for us to look for still greater improvements.

Now, in an era of machinery, comes a startling announcement of first importance to engineers, manufacturers and consumers alike. *The Powell Power Principle* [*the Powell Lever-Motor*] *is a definitely-proved, scientific fact!*

What the Powell Lever-Motor Means to You

We Americans are interested in all developments that promise the greater efficiency toward which we strive. It is not necessary that we consider the *purchase* of a car, truck, tractor, airplane, marine vessel or industrial motorized unit. Primarily we are interested in the *What*, *Why* and *How*. In our own judgment we will decide whether to purchase or not!

What is the Powell Lever-Motor? Briefly, it is a motor that utilizes the Powell Power Principle . . . a method of employing a lever (interposed between piston and crankshaft) in such a manner as to obtain TWICE the piston pressure at the crankshaft.

What is thus accomplished? The various advantages are listed alongside the illustration of a Powell Lever-Motor, shown above.

Why the Powell Lever-Motor? To correct the ills chronically present in the conventional motor of today.

How am I benefitted? Every advantage of the Powell Lever-Motor points to economy, both of first cost and upkeep (operation). Disadvantages peculiar to the conventional type motor of today are unknown to the Powell power plant.

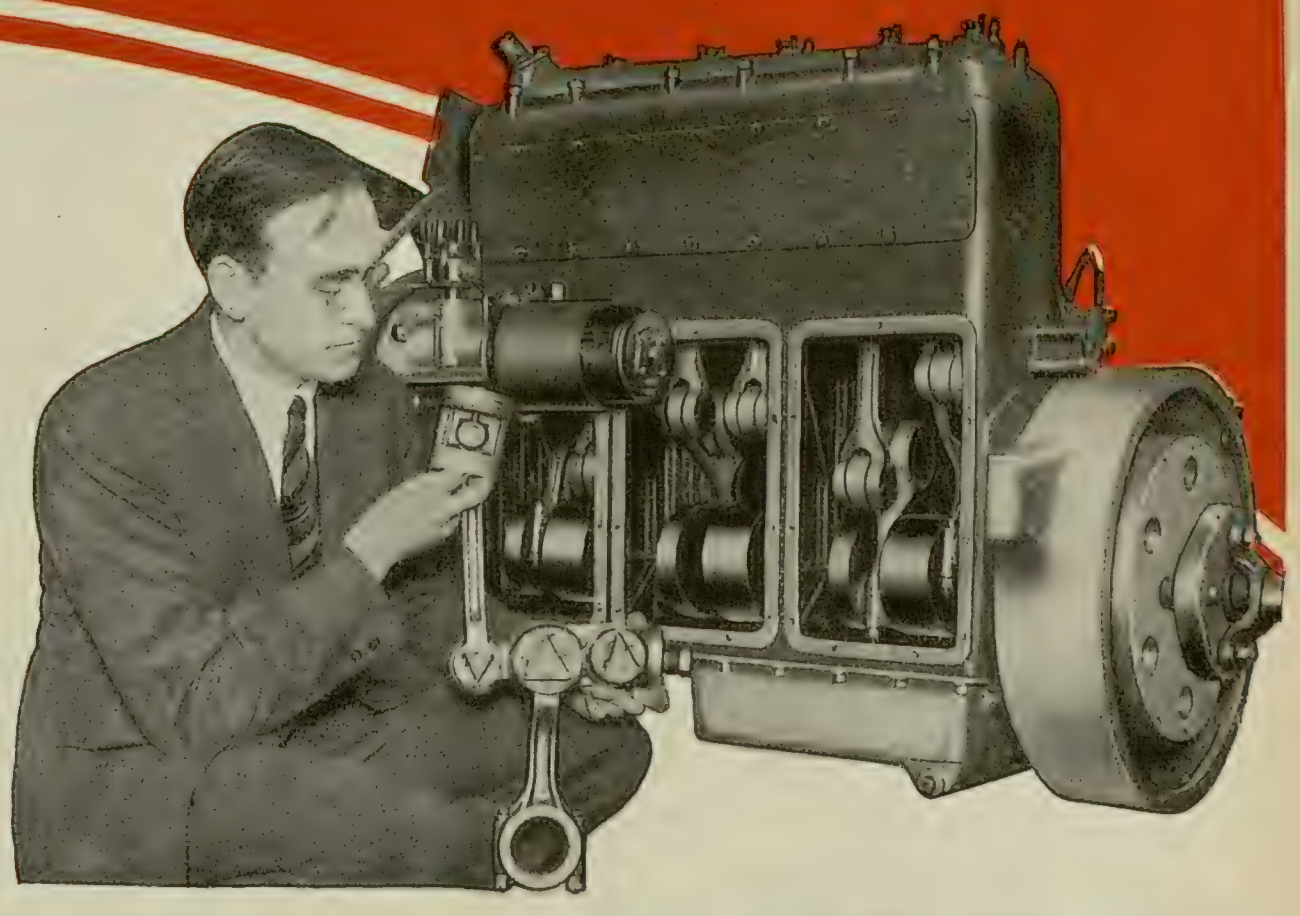
The One Real Advance in Motors—Radically New

Since the first internal combustion motor was used in a self-propelled vehicle, there have been many refinements. But there has been, to the time when the Powell Lever-Motor was announced, no major change in motor design . . . no outstanding departure from conventional practice.

The Powell Lever-Motor offers a waiting public the motor of the future *now!* Rare as the horse on city streets, so will come the time when the conventional type motor is a relic.

Manufacturers will knowingly adopt one of two courses. Either their products will be powered with the Powell Lever-Motor, else they will stave off certain defeat for a time by endeavoring to convince the motorwise public that conventional motors or variations thereof are "just as good."

Car-Powell ver-Motor

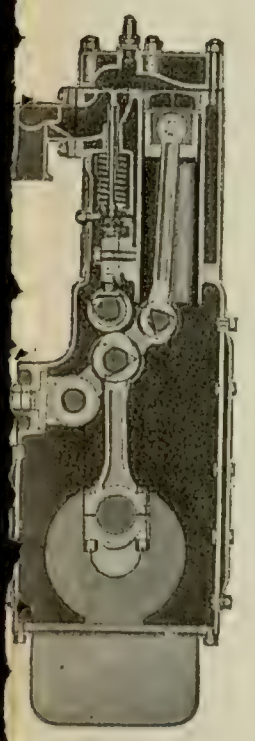


True Economy and Greater All Around Performance

In every phase, the Powell Lever-Motor is a superior power plant. Applied to the passenger car, to the commercial vehicle, pleasure-boat or other craft, the airplane, bus or tractor . . . all become superior in performance.

Not only economical on first cost, due to smaller parts and consequent lesser weight, but also decidedly economical to run and to maintain running, the Powell Lever-Motor is the ultimate in inexpensiveness.

Less deadweight to drive—more miles per gallon—greater road speed at slower motor speed—fewer oil changes—greater flexibility in traffic—an immediate accessibility that means lower repair bills—these are but a few of the many features characteristic of the Powell Lever-Motor.



The Powell Power Principle A New and Mighty Power

To the left is shown a pictorial phantom view of one cylinder of the Powell Lever-Motor. No engineering knowledge is necessary to realize what is accomplished by the lever, interposed between piston rod and crankshaft. As the spark fires the fuel, each pound of pressure on the piston is transmitted to the crankshaft—not as one pound or less, but as *two pounds!* Think of that in terms of added power. And recall that it takes much less fuel than your present car uses to achieve this remarkable result!

There, in a nutshell, is the theory of the Powell Power Principle (Powell Lever-Motor) that has made engineer after engineer exclaim, "Why wasn't it done sooner!"

Advantages Hitherto Unknown Exclusive Features

As the modern skyscraper overshadows the little dwelling of yesteryear, so does the Powell Lever-Motor surpass the conventional type.

Tests that could not be met by the latest motors now in use are passed by the Powell Lever-Motor with an ease that makes all the more impressive the fact that, at last, perfection has been achieved.

In every single operation there is a wide margin of superiority apparent in the Powell Lever-Motor equipped unit. Not in one or two minor details—but in *all*. And these advantages are of the kind that can never be attained by any motor not using the Powell Power Principle, the very heart of this new-century idea.

In Your Next Car

You will soon be able to view a car in the less-than-a-Thousand class equipped with the Powell Lever-Motor. This car will be announced before the end of the present season.

Those who wish "first call" on this new car would do well to write us at once, that their names may be placed on our Waiting List. This will be non-obligatory—yet will enable us to serve prospective purchasers with what dispatch such a waiting list connotes.

A book, telling in greater detail, of the Powell Lever-Motor, may be had for the asking. Please state your interest . . . whether manufacturer, seller or prospective owner.

ALL basic patents covering the Powell Lever-Motor are owned and controlled by the A. L. Powell Power Company, Inc., of Montana, whose business offices and laboratories are at the address given below. Inquiries are invited from any persons interested.

LEVER MOTOR

THE A.L. POWELL POWER COMPANY
INCORPORATED

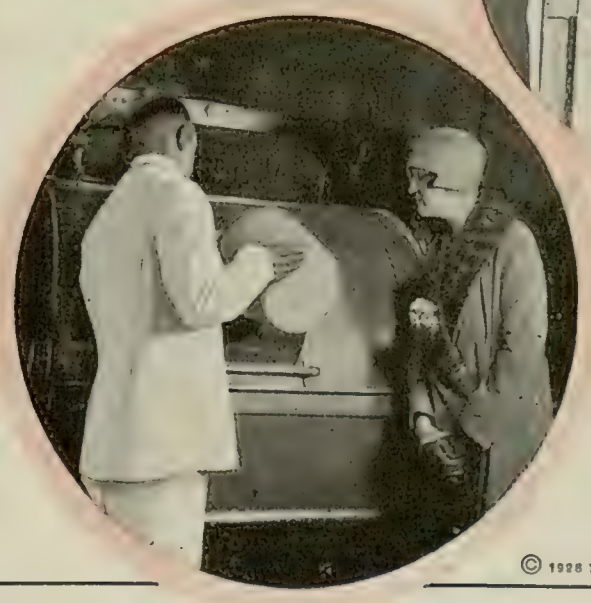
Business Offices and Laboratories:

246-248 Lake Street, Oak Park, Illinois, U.S.A.

Laundry-washed clothes are cleaner

FEW THINGS in the management of a home are more important than the absolute cleanliness of the table linens, the sheets, the towels, the clothing, and especially the underthings your children wear ⚜ Laundry-washed clothes are cleaner . . . . in fact, the U. S. Government is authority for the statement that it is by following modern laundry methods one is sure clothing is actually clean ⚜ There is nothing mysterious about the success of the modern laundry in washing clothes *cleaner* ⚜ Gentle baths in warm suds of pure soap and filtered rainsoft water of scientifically determined temperature, followed by many rinses remove every particle of dirt ⚜ *Visit a modern laundry* ⚜ Then you will see for yourself why millions of home managers depend on the sterilizing process of the modern laundry for gratifying relief from irksome, washday toil . . . . . ⚜

The LAUNDRY *does it best*



ABOVE—*The protecting hand of science establishes every laundry washing formula with prescription-like exactness.* LEFT—*Preparing the purifying, sterilizing bath as prescribed by Science.*

Keeping Faith with American Women

THE modern laundries which stand as sponsors for this series of informative advertisements belong to a great group of progressive institutions. Not only is this group endeavoring to tell you the illuminating facts about modern laundry service, but each modern laundry is earnestly striving to keep its methods on a level with the high standards and ideals reflected in these advertisements.

© 1928 M. A. C.

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Money for Nothing

Mr. Carmody moved away, pondering deeply.

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

In Which It Is Demonstrated that Corpulence and Crime Don't Mix

A Serial by P. G. Wodehouse

(Reading time: 21 minutes 15 seconds.)

JOHN CARROLL had one deep desire: to marry Patricia Wyvern.

This was natural enough. She was charming, and they had both lived for years in the sleepy English village of Rudge-in-the-Vale—Pat with her father, Colonel Wyvern, and John with his uncle, Lester Carmody, squire of Rudge Hall.

But John's pursuit of Pat turned into an obstacle race with Fate. A wabbly old tree was the first hurdle. When experts were on the point of blasting it out, Lester Carmody and Colonel Wyvern found themselves on the edge of the danger zone. Mr. Carmody quickly thrust his friend between himself and the coming explosion. The result was a smashed friendship.

Pat was away. John, worried about the effect of this quarrel on her, dashed off to London to meet her and to propose. Ill luck took his light-hearted cousin Hugo Carmody to London, too. Hugo's business there was to break to Ronnie Fish the news that Mr. Carmody refused to advance money for the Hot Spot, a night club Ronnie wanted to start.

Hugo had even followed his heavy Uncle Lester to Healthward Ho, where a certain Dr. Twist straightened fat gentlemen's curves. But he couldn't extract the sum.

The meeting place for Pat, John, and Hugo—a night club called the Mustard Spoon—was Hugo's choice. He turned up there with a Mr. and "Miss" Molloy, and explained them as a rich American father and daughter. His next cheerful move was practically to propose to Pat in John's name. Pat was furious.

The peak of the evening's misfortunes was a raid. The police took over the Mustard Spoon, and John escaped—not with Pat, but with "Miss" Molloy. This was twice black for John, for Hugo got Ronnie and the Molloys invited to Rudge. The Americans, though no one knew it, were husband and wife, and both smooth crooks. They were bent on selling Mr. Carmody home-made oil stock. But Mr. Carmody himself preferred the rôle of salesman.

PART FIVE

THERE is no anguish like the anguish of the man who is trying to extract cash from a fellow human being and suddenly finds the fellow human being trying to extract it from him. Mr. Carmody laughed a bitter laugh.

"Do you imagine," he said, "that I have money to spare for speculative investments?"

"Speculative?" Mr. Molloy seemed to suspect his ears of playing tricks. "Silver River spec—?"

"By the time I've finished paying the bills for the expenses of this infernal estate I consider myself lucky if I've got a few hundred that I can call my own."

There was a pause.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Molloy in a thin voice.

STRICTLY speaking, it was not. Before succeeding to his present position of head of the family and squire of Rudge Hall, Lester Carmody had contrived to put away in gilt-edged securities a very nice sum indeed, the fruit of his labors in the world of business. But it was his whim to regard himself as a struggling pauper.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOURJOIS
PARIS · · · FRANCE

Putting your Best FACE Forward!

EVERY woman has a thousand faces—but in her wisdom she knows that only one does justice to her individual personality. Light-hearted, laughing—confident of her secret, irresistible charm—she knows when she puts her best face forward.

She knows, too, that powder is half the battle—that it must blend softly, unobtrusively, with her skin—that it must adhere clingingly under all conditions—that its odor must be intriguing.

Multitudes of women, including stage stars and society favorites, have made Java their personal face powder—not because it costs only 50c, but because it embodies the qualities that the most exacting women demand.

A Tint for Every Type

BOURJOIS, Inc. New York and Paris

50¢

Peaches* Powder and Peaches-and-Cream* Powder, so extremely popular with the vital outdoor girl of today, are also priced at 50c

JAVA*
FACE POWDER
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[MONEY FOR NOTHING Continued from page thirty-nine]

"But all this"—Mr. Molloy indicated with a wave of his hand the smiling gardens, the rolling park, and the opulent looking trees reflected in the waters of the moat—"surely this means a barrel of money?"

"Everything that comes in goes out again in expenses. There's no end to my expenses. Farmers in England today sit up at night trying to think of new claims they can make against a landlord."

There was another pause.

"That's bad," said Mr. Molloy thoughtfully. "Yes, sir, that's bad."

HIS commiseration was not all for Mr. Carmody. In fact, very little of it was. Most of it was reserved for himself. It began to look, he realized, as though in coming to this stately home of England he had been simply wasting valuable time.

It was not as if he enjoyed staying at country houses in a purely æsthetic spirit. On the contrary, a place like Rudge Hall afflicted his town-bred nerves. Being in it seemed to him like living in the first-act set of an old-fashioned comic opera. He always felt that at any moment a band of villagers and retainers might dance out and start a drinking chorus.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Molloy; "that must grind you a good deal."

"What must?"

It was not Mr. Carmody who had spoken, but his guest's attractive young wife, who, having returned from the village, had come up from the direction of the rose garden.

From afar she had observed her husband spreading his hands in broad, persuasive gestures, and from her knowledge of him had gathered that he had embarked on one of those high-pressure sales talks of his which did so much to keep the wolf from the door. Then she had seen a shadow fall athwart his fine face; and, scenting a hitch in the negotiations, had hurried up to lend wifely assistance.

"What must grind him?" she asked.

Mr. Molloy kept nothing from his bride.

"I was offering our host, here, a block of those Silver River shares—"

"Oh, you aren't going to sell Silver Rivers!" cried Mrs. Molloy in pretty concern. "Why, you've always told me they're the biggest thing you've got."

"So they are. But—"

"Oh, well," said Dolly, with a charming smile, "seeing it's Mr. Carmody. I wouldn't mind Mr. Carmody having them."

"Nor would I," said Mr. Molloy sincerely. "But he can't afford to buy."

"What!"

"You tell her," said Mr. Molloy.

Mr. Carmody told her. He was never averse to speaking of the unfortunate position in which the modern owner of English land found himself.

"Well, I don't get it," said Dolly, shaking her head. "You call yourself a poor man. How can you be poor, when that gallery place you showed us round yesterday is jammed full of pictures worth a fortune an inch, and tapestries, and all those gold coins?"

"Heirlooms."

"How's that?"

"They're heirlooms," said Mr. Carmody bitterly.

He always felt bitter when he thought of the Rudge Hall heirlooms. He looked upon them as a mean joke played on him by a gang of sardonic ancestors.

To a man who, lacking both reverence for family traditions and appreciation of the beautiful in art, comes into possession of an ancient house and its contents, there must always be something painfully ironical about heirlooms. To such a man they are simply so much potential wealth which is being allowed to lie idle, doing no good to anybody.

Mr. Carmody had always had that feeling very strongly.

Unlike the majority of heirs, he had not been trained from boyhood to revere the home of his ancestors and to look forward to its possession as a sacred trust. He had been the second son of a second son, and his chance of ever succeeding to the property was at the outset so remote that he had seldom given it a thought.

He had gone into business at an early age; and when, in middle life, a series of accidents made him squire of Rudge Hall, he had brought with him to the place a practical eye and the commercial outlook. The result was that when he walked in the picture gallery and thought how much solid cash he could get for this Velasquez or that Gainsborough, if only he were given a free hand, the iron entered into Lester Carmody's soul.

"They're heirlooms," he said. "I can't sell them."

"How come? They're yours, aren't they?"

"No," said Mr. Carmody. "They belong to the estate."

ON Mr. Molloy, as he listened to his host's lengthy exposition of the laws governing heirlooms, there descended a deepening cloud of gloom. You couldn't, it appeared, dispose of the darned things without the consent of trustees; while, even if the trustees gave their consent, they collared the money and invested it on behalf of the estate.

And Mr. Molloy, though ordinarily a man of sanguine temperament, could not bring himself to believe that a hard-boiled bunch of trustees, most of them probably lawyers with tight lips and suspicious minds, would ever have the sporting spirit to take a flutter in Silver Rivers.

"Hell!" said Mr. Molloy, with a good deal of feeling.

Dolly linked her arm in his with a pretty gesture of affectionate solicitude.

"Poor old pop!" she said. "He's all broken up about this."

Mr. Carmody regarded his guest sourly.

"What's he got to worry about?" he asked with a certain resentment.

"Why, pop was sort of hoping he'd be able to buy all this stuff," said Dolly. "He was telling me only this morning that, if you felt

like selling, he would write you out his check for whatever you wanted without thinking twice."

Moodily scanning his wife's face during Mr. Carmody's lecture on heirloom law, Mr. Molloy had observed it suddenly light up in a manner which suggested that some pleasing thought was passing through her always agile brain. But, presented now in words, this thought left him decidedly cold. He could not see any sense in it.

"For the love of Pete!" began Mr. Molloy.

His bride had promised to love, honor, and obey him, but she had never said anything about taking any notice of him when he tried to butt in on her moments of inspiration. She ignored the interruption.

"You see," she said, "pop collects old junk—I mean antiques and all like that. Over in America he's got a great big museum place full of stuff. He's going to present it to the nation when he hands in his dinner pail. Aren't you, pop?"

It became apparent to Mr. Molloy that at the back of his wife's mind there floated some idea at which, handicapped by his masculine slowness of wit, he could not guess. It was plain to him, however, that she expected him to do his bit, so he did it.

"You betcher," he said.

"How much would you say all that stuff in your museum was worth, pop?"

MR. MOLLOY was still groping in outer darkness, but he persevered.

"Oo," he said. "Worth? Call it a million—two millions—three, maybe."

"You see," explained Dolly, "the place is so full up, he doesn't really know what he's got. But Pierpont Morgan offered you a million for the pictures alone, didn't he?"

Now that figures had crept into the conversation, Mr. Molloy was feeling more at his ease. He liked figures.

"You're thinking of Jake Shubert, honey," he said. "It was the tapestries that Pierp wanted. And it wasn't a million: it was seven hundred thousand. I laughed in his face. I asked him if he thought he was trying to buy cheese sandwiches at the delicatessen store or something. Pierp was sore."

Mr. Molloy shook his head regretfully, and you could see he was thinking that it was too bad that his little joke should have caused a coolness between himself and an old friend.

"But, great guns!" he went on, in defense of his attitude. "Seven hundred thousand! Did he think I wanted carfare?"

Mr. Carmody's always rather protuberant eyes had been bulging farther and farther out of their sockets all through this exchange of remarks, and now they reached the farthest point possible and stayed there. His breath was coming in little gasps and his fingers twitched convulsively. He was suffering the extreme of agony.

It was all very well for a man like Mr. Molloy to speak sneeringly of seven hundred thousand dollars.

To most people—and Mr. Carmody was one of them—seven hundred thousand dollars is quite a nice little sum. Mr. Molloy, if he saw seven hundred thousand dollars lying in the gutter, might not think it worth his while to stoop and pick it up; but Mr. Carmody could not imitate that proud detachment.

The thought that he had as his guest at Rudge a man who combined with a bottomless purse a taste for antiquities, and that only the imbecile laws relating to heirlooms prevented them consummating a deal, racked him from head to foot.

"How much would you have given Mr. Carmody for all those pictures and things he showed us yesterday?" asked Dolly, twisting the knife in the wound.

Mr. Molloy spread his hands carelessly.

"Two hundred thousand—three—we wouldn't have quarreled about the price. But what's the use of talking? He can't sell 'em."

"Why can't he?"

"Great Scott!" said Hugo. "What on earth are you doing up there?"

"Well, how can he?"

"I'll tell you how. Fake a burglary."

"What!"

"Sure. Have the things stolen and slipped over to you without anybody knowing, and then you hand him your check for two hundred thousand or whatever it is, and you're happy and he's happy and everybody's happy. And, what's more, I guess all this stuff is insured, isn't it? Well, then, Mr. Carmody can stick to the insurance money, and he's that much up, besides whatever he gets from you."

THERE was a silence. Dolly had said her say, and Mr. Molloy felt for the moment incapable of speech. That he had not been mistaken in supposing that his wife had a scheme at the back of her head was now plain; but, as outlined, it took his breath away.

Considered purely as a scheme, he had not a word to say against it. It was commercially sound and did credit to the ingenuity of one whom he had always regarded as the slickest thinker of her sex. But it was not the sort of scheme, he considered, which ought to have emanated from the presumably innocent and unspotted daughter of a substantial oil millionaire. It was calculated, he felt, to create in their host's mind doubts and misgivings as to the sort of people he was entertaining.

He need have had no such apprehension. It was not righteous disapproval that was holding Mr. Carmody dumb.

It has been laid down by an acute thinker that there is a subtle connection between felony and fat. Almost all embezzlers, for instance, says this authority, are fat men. Whether this is or is not true, the fact remains that the sensational criminality of the suggestion just made to him awoke no horror in Mr. Carmody's ample bosom. He was startled, as any man might be who had this sort of idea sprung suddenly on him in his own garden; but he was not shocked.

A youth and middle age spent on the London Stock Exchange had left Lester Carmody singularly broad-minded. He had to a remarkable degree that spacious charity which allows a man to look indulgently on any financial project, however fishy, provided he can see a bit in it for himself.

"IT'S money for nothing," urged Dolly, misinterpreting his silence. "The stuff isn't doing any good just lying around the way it is now. And it isn't as if it didn't really belong to you. All what you were saying awhile back about the law is simple mashed potatoes. The things belong to the house, and the house belongs to you—so where's the harm in your selling them? Who's supposed to get them after you?"

Mr. Carmody withdrew his gaze from the middle distance.

"Eh? Oh. My nephew Hugo."

"Well, you aren't worrying about him?"

Mr. Carmody was not. What he was worrying about was the practicability of the thing. Could it, he was asking himself, be put safely through without the risk, so distasteful to a man of sensibility, of landing him for a lengthy term of years in a prison cell? It was on this aspect of the matter that he now touched.

"It wouldn't be safe," he said, and few men since the world began have ever spoken more wistfully. "We would be found out."

"Not a chance. Who would find out? Who's going to say anything? You're not. I'm not. Pop's not."

"You bet your life pop's not," assented Mr. Molloy.

Mr. Carmody gazed out over the waters of the moat. His brain, quickened by the stimulating prospect of money for nothing, detected another doubtful point.

"Who would take the things?"

"You mean get them out of the house?"

"Exactly. Somebody would have to take them. It would be necessary to create the appearance of an actual burglary."

"Well, there'll be an actual burglary."

"But whom could we trust in such a vital matter?"

"That's all right. Pop's got a friend, an-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE
DUNLOP
MAXPAR

made by
DUNLOP

That explains why so many thousands of golfers are finding that the Maxpar stands first among 75c balls.

75¢
DUNLOP

MAXPAR

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page forty-one]

other millionaire like himself, who would put this thing through just for the fun of it, to oblige pop. You could trust him."

"Who?" asked Mr. Molloy, plainly surprised that any friend of his could be trusted.

"Chimp," said Dolly briefly.

"Oh, Chimp," said Mr. Molloy, his face clearing. "Yes, Chimp would do it."

"Who," asked Mr. Carmody, "is Chimp?"

"A good friend of mine. You wouldn't know him."

MR. CARMODY scratched at the gravel with his shoe, and for a long minute there was silence in the garden. Mr. Molloy looked at Mrs. Molloy. Mrs. Molloy looked at Mr. Molloy. Mr. Molloy closed his left eye for a fractional instant, and in response Mrs. Molloy permitted her right eyelid to quiver.

But, perceiving that this was one of the occasions on which a strong man wishes to be left alone to commune with his soul, they forbore to break in upon Mr. Carmody's reverie with jarring speech.

"Well, I'll think it over," said Mr. Carmody.

"At-a-boy!" said Mr. Molloy.

"Sure. You take a nice walk around the block all by yourself," advised Mrs. Molloy, "and then come back and issue a bulletin."

Mr. Carmody moved away, pondering deeply, and Mr. Molloy turned to his wife.

"What made you think of Chimp?" he asked doubtfully.

"Well, he's the only guy on this side that we really know. We can't pick and choose same as if we were in New York."

Mr. Molloy eyed the moat with a thoughtful frown.

"Well, I'll tell you, honey. I'm not so darned sure that I sort of kind of like bringing Chimp into a thing like this. You know what he is—as slippery as an eel that's been rubbed all over with axle grease. He might double-cross us."

"Not if we double-crossed him first."

"But could we?"

"Sure we could. And, anyway, it's Chimp or no one. This isn't the sort of affair you can just go out into the street and pick up the first man you run into. It's a job where you've got to have somebody you've worked with before."

"All right, baby, if you say so. You always were the brains of the firm. If you think it's kayo, then it's all right by me and no more to be said. Cheese it! Here's his nibs back again."

Mr. Carmody was coming up the gravel path, his air that of a man who has made a great decision.

He had evidently been following a train of thought, for he began abruptly at the point to which it had led him.

"There's only one thing," he said. "I don't like the idea of bringing in this friend of yours. He may be all right or he may not. You say you can trust him; but it seems to me the fewer people who know about this business, the better."

These were Mr. Molloy's sentiments also. He would vastly have preferred to keep it a nice, cozy affair among the three of them. But it was no part of his policy to ignore obvious difficulties.

"I'd like that, too," he said. "I don't want to call in Chimp any more than you do. But there's this thing of getting the stuff out of the house."

"What you were saying just now," Mrs. Molloy reminded Mr. Carmody. "It's got to look like an outside job, what I mean."

"As it's called," said Mr. Molloy hastily. "She's always reading these detective stories," he explained. "That's where she picks up these expressions. Outside job, ha, ha! But she's dead right, at that. You said yourself it would be necessary to create the appearance of an actual burglary. If we don't get Chimp, who is going to take the stuff?"

"I am."

"Eh?"

"I am," repeated Mr. Carmody stoutly. "I have been thinking the whole matter out, and it will be perfectly simple. I shall get up very early tomorrow morning, and enter the picture gallery through the window by means of a ladder. This will deceive the police into supposing the theft to have been the work of a professional burglar."

Mr. Molloy was regarding him with affectionate admiration.

"I never knew you were such a hot sketch!" said Mr. Molloy. "You certainly are one smooth citizen. Looks to me as if you'd done this sort of thing before."

"Wear gloves," advised Mrs. Molloy.

"What she means," said Mr. Molloy, again speaking with a certain nervous haste, "is that the first thing the bulls—as the expression is—they always call the police bulls in these detective stories—the first thing the police look for is finger prints. The fellows in the book always wear gloves."

"A very sensible precaution," said Mr. Carmody, now thoroughly in the spirit of the thing. "I am glad you mentioned it. I shall make a point of doing so."

II

THE picture gallery of Rudge Hall, the receptacle of what Mrs. Soapy Molloy had called "the antiques and all like that," was situated on the second floor of that historic edifice. To Mr. Carmody, at 5:30 on the following morning, as he propped against the broad sill of the window facing the moat a ladder which he had discovered in one of the barns, it looked much higher. He felt, as he gazed upward, like an inexpert *Jack* about to mount the longest bean stalk on record.

Even as a boy, Lester Carmody had never been a great climber.

While his young companions, reckless of risk to life and limb, had swarmed to the top of apple trees, Mr. Carmody had preferred to roam about on solid ground, hunting in the grass for windfalls. He had always hated heights, and this morning found him more prejudiced against them than ever.

It says much for crime as a wholesome influence in a man's life that the lure of the nefarious job which he had undertaken should have induced him eventually, after much hesitation, to set foot on the ladder's lowest rung. Nothing but a single-minded desire to do down an innocent insurance company could have lent him the necessary courage.

Mind having triumphed over matter to this extent, Mr. Carmody found the going easier. Carefully refraining from looking down, he went doggedly upward. Only the sound of his somewhat stertorous breathing broke the hushed stillness of the summer morning.

AS far as the weather was concerned, it was the start of a perfect day. But Mr. Carmody paid no attention to the sunbeams creeping over the dewy grass; nor, when the quiet was broken by the first piping of birds, did he pause to listen. He had not, he considered, time for that sort of thing.

He was to have ample leisure later; but of this he was not aware.

He continued to climb, using the extreme of caution—a method which, while it helped to ease his mind, necessarily rendered progress slow.

Before long he was suffering from a feeling that he had been climbing this ladder all his life. The thing seemed to have no end. He was now, he felt, at such a distance from the earth that he wondered the air was not more rarefied, and it appeared incredible to him that he should not long since have reached the window sill.

Looking up at this point—a thing he had not dared to do before—he found that steady perseverance had brought about its usual result. The sill was only a few inches above his head, and with the realization of this fact there came to him something that was almost a careless jauntiness.

He quickened his pace and, treading heavily on an upper rung, snapped it in two as if it had been matchwood.

When this accident occurred, he had been on a level with the sill and just about to step warily on to it. The effect of the breaking of the rung was to make him execute this movement at about fifteen times the speed which he had contemplated.

There was a moment in which the whole universe seemed to dissolve, and then he was on the sill, his fingers clinging with a passionate grip to a small piece of lead piping that protruded from the wall, and his legs swinging dizzily over the abyss. The ladder, urged outward

"They're heirlooms," said Mr. Carmody bitterly.

To Mr. Carmody the spectacle of this bloated bird was the last straw.

by his last frenzied kick, tottered for an instant, then fell to the ground.

The events just described, though it seemed longer to the principal actor in them, had occupied perhaps six seconds. They left Mr. Carmody in a world that jumped and swam before his eyes, feeling as though somebody had extracted his heart and replaced it with some kind of lively firework.

This substitute, whatever it was, appeared to be fizzing and leaping inside his chest, and its gyrations interfered with his breathing.

For some minutes his only conscious thought was that he felt extremely ill. Then, becoming by slow degrees more composed, he was enabled to examine the situation.

It was not a pleasant one. At first it had been agreeable enough simply to allow his mind to dwell on the fact that he was alive and in one piece. But now, probing beneath this mere surface aspect of the matter, he perceived that, taking the most conservative estimate, he must acknowledge himself to be in a peculiarly awkward position.

The hour was about a quarter to six. He was thirty feet or so above the ground. And, though reason told him that the window sill on which he sat was thoroughly solid and quite capable of bearing a much heavier weight, he could not rid himself of the feeling that at any moment it might give way and precipitate him into the depths.

OF course, looked at in the proper spirit, his predicament had all sorts of compensations. The medical profession is agreed that there is nothing better for the health than the fresh air of the early morning, and this he was in a position to drink into his lungs in unlimited quantities. Furthermore, nobody could have been more admirably situated than he to compile notes for one of those country life articles which are so popular with the readers of daily papers.

"As I sit on my second-floor window sill and gaze about me," Mr. Carmody ought to have been saying to himself, "I see Dame Nature busy about her morning tasks. Everything in my peaceful garden is growing and blowing.

"Here I note that most gemlike of all annuals, the African nemesia, with its brilliant ruby and turquoise tints; there the lovely tangle of blue, purple, and red formed by the blending shades of delphiniums, Canterbury bells, and the popular geum. Birds, too, are chanting everywhere their morning anthems. I see the jay *(Garrulus glandarius rufitergum)*, the *Corvus monedula spermologus*, or jackdaw, the sparrow (better known, perhaps, to some of my readers as *Prunella modularis occidentalis)*, and many others."

But Mr. Carmody's reflections did not run on these lines. It was with a gloomy and hostile eye that he regarded the grass, the trees, the flowers, the birds, and the dew that lay like snow upon the turf. And, of all these, it was possibly the birds that he disliked most.

They were an appalling crowd—noisy, fussy, and bustling about with a sort of overdone heartiness that seemed to Mr. Carmody affected and offensive. They got on his nerves and stayed there.

And outstanding among the rest in general lack of charm was a certain Dartford warbler *(Melizophilus undatus dartfordiensis)* which, instead of staying in Dartford, where it belonged, had come all the way up to Worcestershire simply, it appeared, for the purpose of adding to his discomfort.

This creature, flaunting a red waistcoat which might have been all right for a frosty day in winter, but on a summer morning seemed intolerably loud, and struck the jarring note of a Fair Isle sweater in the Royal Inclosure at Ascot, arrived at five minutes past 6, and, sitting down on the edge of Mr. Carmody's window sill, looked long and earnestly at that unfortunate man, with its head cocked on one side.

"This can't be real," said the Dartford warbler in a low voice.

It then flew away and did some rough work among the insects under a bush. At 6:10 it returned.

"It is real," it soliloquized. "But, if real, what is it?"

Pondering this problem, it returned to its meal, and Mr. Carmody was left for some considerable time to his meditations. It may have been about twenty-five minutes to 7 when a voice at his elbow aroused him once more. The Dartford warbler was back again, its eye now a little glazed and wearing the replete look of the bird that has done itself well at the breakfast table.

"And why?" mused the Dartford warbler, resuming at the point where he had left off.

To Mr. Carmody, conscious now of a devouring hunger, the spectacle of this bloated bird was the last straw. He struck out at it in a spasm of irritation and nearly overbalanced.

The warbler uttered a shrill exclamation of terror and disappeared, looking like an absconding bookmaker. Mr. Carmody huddled back against the window, palpitating. And more time passed.

It was at half-past 7, when he was beginning to feel that he had not tasted food since boyhood, that there sounded from somewhere below on his right a shrill whistling.

He looked cautiously down. It gave him acute vertigo to do so, but he braved this in his desire to see.

Since his vigil began he had heard much whistling. In addition to the *Garrulus glandarius rufitergum* and the *Corvus monedula spermologus*, he had been privileged for the last hour or so to listen to a never ceasing concert featuring such artists as the *Dryobates major anglicus*, the *Sturnus vulgaris*, the *Emberiza cirlus*, and the *Muscicapa striata*, or spotted flycatcher; and, a moment before, he would have said that in the matter of whistling he had had all he wanted.

But this latest outburst sounded human. It stirred in his bosom something approaching hope.

SO Mr. Carmody, craning his neck, waited; and presently round the corner of the house, a towel about his shoulders suggesting that he was on his way to take an early morning dip in the moat, came his nephew Hugo.

Mr. Carmody, as this chronicle has shown, had never entertained for Hugo quite that warmth of affection which one likes to see in an uncle toward his nearest of kin. But at the present moment he could not have appreciated him more if he had been a millionaire anxious to put up capital for a new golf course in the park.

"Hoy!" he cried, much as the beleaguered garrison of Lucknow must have done to the advance guard of the relieving Highlanders. "Hoy!"

Hugo stopped. He looked to his right, then to his left, then in front of him, and then, turning, behind him. It was a spectacle that chilled in an instant the new sensation of kindliness which his uncle had been feeling toward him.

"Hoy!" cried Mr. Carmody. "Hugo! Confound the boy! Hugo!"

For the first time, the other looked up. Perceiving Mr. Carmody in his aerie, he stood rigid, gazing with opened mouth. He might have been posing for a statue of Young Man Startled by Snake in Path While About to Bathe.

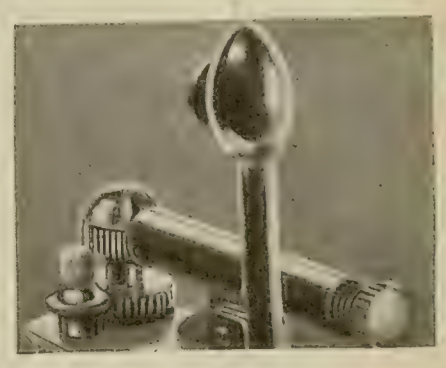
"Great Scott!" said Hugo, looking to his uncle's prejudiced eye exactly like the Dartford warbler. "What on earth are you doing up there?"

Watch Mr. Carmody try to hit on an explanation that explains! But the episode of the window sill was nothing to the burglarious plot that followed. You'll find it in next week's installment.

Simon *says*, "Thumbs down!"

THUMBS down on lighters with uncovered sparking wheels that scratch and smudge! Keep your thumb clean and unscarred by using a Firefly Lighter with the permanently covered sparking wheel.

Only on a lighter made by Clark will you find this safe clean feature.



The Firefly has a gas-tight cap which prevents the escape of vapor or of fluid. Therefore it will give three times as many lights as another lighter of the same size without the patented cap.

But the best thing about a Firefly is that it *always works* if you keep it supplied with the proper flint and fluid.

In the shops where Fireflys are sold you will find some of platinum finish or gold finish. Others are leather-covered—real leather. There are specialty finishes too. In the price range, from $4.50 up, is a gift-price suitable for anyone.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER

ALWAYS WORKS

Their active bodies revel in every minute of summer. Be ready for sunburn.

Before you know it

The Sun's Red Brush

has marked them

ELFIN, mischievous children —the water and the sand vie for their dimpled feet, the sun kisses them into glorious health.

But Mr. Sun is a double-dealer. Be ready for sunburn!

Tender little skins suffer terribly from sunburn. Check it at the first sign. Apply Unguentine freely. The smart is soothed, the scorched skin heals. This famous surgical dressing neutralizes the toxic poisons that form in burned tissues—that can cause days of deathly illness.

No need for nights of agony, joyless days. Be sure today you've a tube of Unguentine in your outing kit. Apply it before exposure, too, and defy the fiercest beams. You tan quickly and evenly, but avoid painful burn.

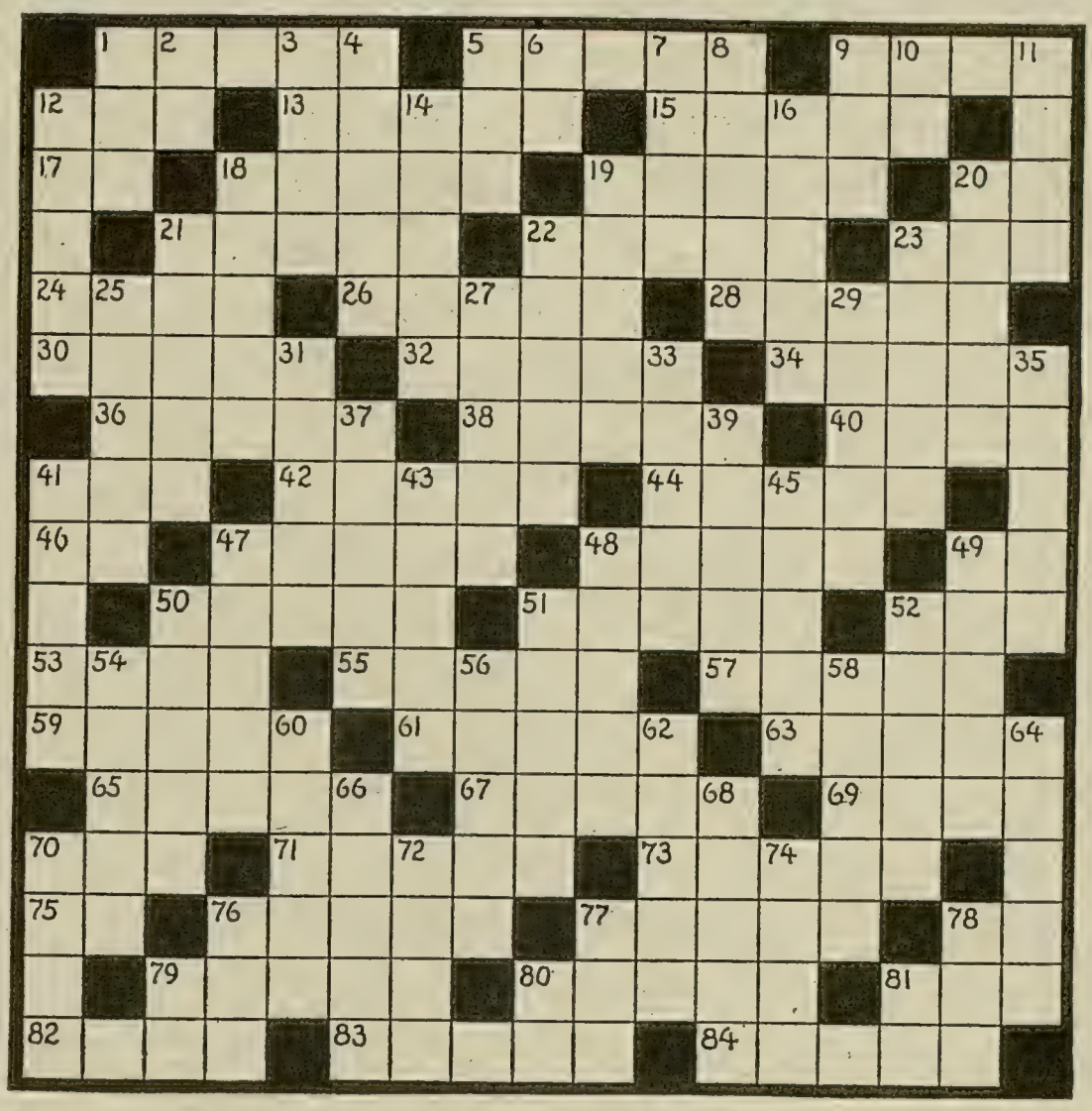
At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine

Soothe sunburn with this famous dressing

TRIPLE BLACKS PUZZLE

This interesting pattern of blacks in threes contains 108 words, only one-sixth of which include fewer than five letters. Note the close interlocking at all points in the design.

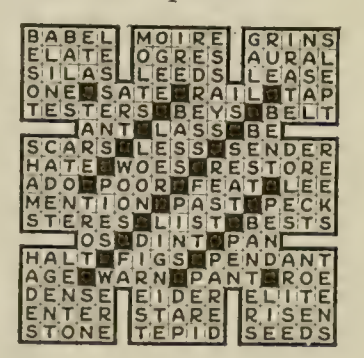


HORIZONTAL

1 Halts
5 Clothes
9 Points
12 Compensation for services
13 Aquatic mammal
15 Prevaricators
17 Note of the scale
18 Fast
19 Insigne
20 Not
21 A color
22 Tabulated statement
23 Greek god of flocks and pastures
24 Underdone
26 Looks intently
28 Finished
30 Cornered (colloquial)
32 Commonplace
34 Characteristic
36 A French wine
38 Fat
40 Blunders
41 To steep
42 An aspect
44 Turned outward
46 Alleged force
47 Silly creatures
48 Broom made of twigs
49 Else
50 Methods
51 Render dull or stupid
52 Pronoun
53 Disfigure
55 Pertaining to penalties
57 Resembling a wall
59 Carried
61 Probes
63 Locations
65 Plateaus
67 Stinging insects
69 Native of ancient Media
70 Couch
71 Post of a stairway
73 South American mountain range
75 While
76 Series of steps
77 Large plants
78 Exist
79 To bombard
80 Country bumpkin
81 Conflict
82 Protection for a hoof
83 Repose
84 Allude

VERTICAL

1 Billow
2 Symbol for tellurium
3 Polander
4 Precipitous
5 Procure
6 Measure of area
7 Tattle
8 Move sidewise
9 Exist
10 Form of to be
11 Early
12 Philander
14 Dogma
16 Representative
18 Emancipated
19 Sew loosely
20 Point opposite the zenith
21 Welcome
22 Group of families
23 American arctic explorer
25 Equipped with weapons
27 Irregular, as if worn away
29 Reverie
31 Drugged
33 A letter of the alphabet (plural)
35 Autocrats
37 Chirp
39 Famous English race course
41 Perch
43 Items of one's belongings
45 Water lily
47 Pierces
48 Girdles
49 Lubricated
50 Matched
51 Trivial
52 Abhors
54 Arrives
56 Fresher
58 Compositions in verse
60 Italian poet
62 Small particle of fire
64 Drainage system
66 Sea mammals
68 Scoff
70 Containers
72 Testament
74 Cancel
76 Pronoun
77 Summit
78 Heavy rod
79 Thus
80 You
81 Pronoun



Answer to last week's puzzle

Rids Your Feet of Aches and Pains

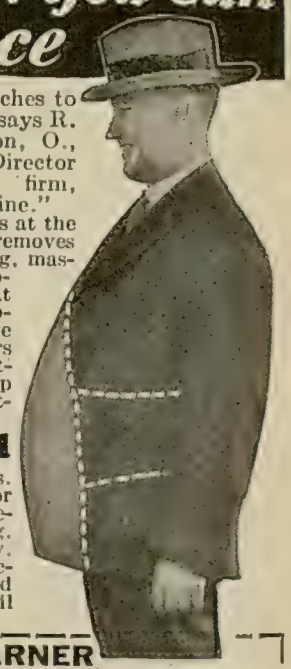
If your feet distress you after working, standing, hiking, golfing, or dancing, you can get immediate relief by massaging them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm. In a few minutes they will be so completely revived and refreshed that you can use them hours longer with perfect comfort.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is delightfully soothing, cooling, healing. It stimulates the skin, casts off impurities, keeps the muscles and tissues healthy. Reduces swollen feet and ankles. Relieves corns, callouses and bunions; dispels foot odors.

At all drug, shoe and department stores—35c per jar

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

Too Fat? You Can Reduce



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the *cause* of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

LANDON & WARNER
Dept. 7-N, 332 S. La Salle St., Chicago
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.
Name.....
Address.....

L. I. Henrick says: "It is easy to make money anywhere with Process Products

and the business winning co-operation that Process gives to Process salesmen."

Mr. Henrick is making a notable record in successful salesmanship in Los Angeles, as is proved by the amounts earned by him in single days during different seasons.

A November Day $96.00
A February Day $45.00
An April Day $58.00

We want ambitious men and women who are looking for an opportunity to make this kind of money, as representatives in every town to take orders for our nationally known lines of individually Monogramed Business and Personal Christmas Greeting Cards, Commercial and Social Stationery, Announcements, etc. We pay liberal commission in cash every day, also liberal monthly bonus to producers. Apply at once, writing me personally.

Manager Dept. J
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

HOT DOG!

A Survey of a Great American Institution

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 13 minutes 49 seconds.)

It's the Yankee-Doodle hot ki-oodle,
Cooking canine, parboiled poodle—
Hot dog! Hot dog!
The newest passion, this hot ration;
It's the mustard, it's the fashion.
Hot dog! Hot dog!

PASS over the hot doggerel, if you will, while the boy passes among you with his red hots.

"Get 'em while they're hot, folks, red hot! A dime a bark, madam, and not a growl in a carload!"

Forgive the hot doggerel if you can, and consider the hot doggies.

They spoil not, neither do they skin—yet Solomon in all his groceries never knew their bite. They are all bull and six or seven inches long. Millions of them perish every day, yet do they increase and multiply.

They're hot when they're sold,
And you don't have to skin 'em.
They're hot when they're cold,
'Cause of spices within 'em.

Benjamin Franklin Goldstein is responsible for all this boloney ballyhoo.

We were having dinner at the Congress Hotel in Chicago. Congressman Frank Reid was there, too, and Tom Hill, city clerk of New Orleans, and my brother Jim. We were dining amicably. The fountain plashed in the next room, and the goldfish played "It"—a little game that did not come from Hollywood. The service was all right. My steak was good. There wasn't a thing in the world to grouch about. And then Benny made that crack.

"This country's going to the dogs," he said—"hot dogs!"

Then and there the canine controversy started. Jim's remark about giving a hot dog a bad name had a lot to do with it. We called over Mr. Spiegel, the *maître d'hôtel*, and asked him to state his views of meat and meat eaters of the present day. Mr. Spiegel, who has spent forty years or more catering to the hungry of the world, sided at once with Benny.

"The American man has no time to live," he said. "He has no time to eat—not during business hours, anyway. Where he used to sit down to a good thick steak at noon—after tossing four or five highballs down his gullet—he now runs out and grabs a ham sandwich, or a hamburger, or a hot dog, or a corned beef on rye—a piece of pie, and a cup of coffee."

"And the hot dog's responsible for that?" I asked.

"Partly. A man knows that if he hasn't eaten enough lunch he can get a hot dog or a hamburger that will tide him over until dinner. I know it is true, because we don't sell so much heavy stuff as we used to. That steak you're eating now—we used to sell it for seventy-five cents and make a profit on it. But we don't make a cent out of it now, even at two fifty."

THEY spoil not, neither do they skin—yet Solomon in all his groceries never knew their bite.

Picture by G. PATRICK NELSON

SOMEBODY overturned a glass of water when the price of the steak was mentioned—I forget who was paying the check—and there came a little silence. Mr. Spiegel took advantage of it to say that people seemed to be getting away from meat altogether. I didn't believe that.

I knew that nearly everybody was eating hot dog and hamburger sandwiches. I had seen them in baseball parks and football fields, around arenas where champions fought or ran, in almost any crowd, in almost any company. I had even seen them at my favorite gas filling station.

I remembered a revival meeting I once had to attend. It was held in a prize fight stadium, and you could buy hot dogs with your hot dogmas and hamburgers with your hymnals as you went in the door.

I remembered the crowds outside the jail in Baltimore the night they hanged Richard Whittemore. I remembered the man with the dog wagon and the red hot business he did while the crowd waited for the word that Whittemore was gone.

I supposed that maybe a million hot dogs were sold every year in this land of the free and the brave. But I wasn't ready to swallow the idea that they were supplanting other meats to any great extent. I determined to find out, however—for my own satisfaction.

I spent days in Chicago and New York asking restaurant proprietors, managers, chefs, and waiters various questions about meat. I was convinced that our meat habits are changing. I could see new sandwich shops everywhere, new fish and sea food houses, new hot dog and hamburger wagons. Even the drug stores were sandwiching.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOT DOG!
Continued from page forty-five]

I questioned J. P. Harding, who runs six restaurants in Chicago. He feeds approximately 18,000 people a day. What does he feed them? Mostly sandwiches. Ham, hamburger, roast beef, and corned beef sandwiches. He always has 150,000 pounds of corned beef in pickle.

"Sandwiches by day," said Mr. Harding; "but it's pigs' hocks and cabbage at night, or corned beef and cabbage. Boiled stuff. Few vegetables. People coming to me seek only bread and meat and coffee."

I went to Andy Bolheimer, who buys 1,200 pounds of sirloin every morning, and 2,000 hams a week, for the fifty John R. Thompson restaurants in Chicago.

"The sirloin is for stew," he said, "and the ham for sandwiches. But our best sellers are sausages and hamburger."

Another official of the Thompson organization told me that men are eating more salads than ever before, and that women are eating less meat, "except when a man invites them to dinner."

The proprietor of a little New York restaurant in Forty-ninth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, told me that "everybody is eating chicken these days, chicken and vegetable dinners."

"I used to manage a cafeteria at New York University," this man admitted. "At first we used to serve the students hot meat dishes at noon. Now the boys and girls can't get anything but sandwiches, salads, fruits, cereals, pie, and coffee."

"How come?" I asked.

"Why, they had to change the diet because students used to fall asleep in classrooms after eating our nice hot lunches. We had to give them something that would fill their tummies but keep them awake."

Which may explain why the business man altered his diet, too.

I STILL like to think of the days when pork chops were in favor, even at breakfast and at noon. And the steak—more power to its onions.

But I can't go on in that strain. Steaks and chops still lure me as they did of yore. And there must be millions of others like me.

But we were talking of frankfurters, as they are still so quaintly called by the manufacturers.

Having learned that my guess as to a million hot dogs being consumed every year was conservative, to say the worst, I determined, if possible, to get accurate figures.

I went to Harry M. Stevens, and his son Frank, and the boys who sell the hot dogs in New York's baseball parks.

"How many hot dogs are eaten in America every year?" I asked.

Mr. Stevens threw up his hands and sputtered—like a red hot on one of his own griddles.

"Your guess ought to be better than mine," I explained.

"I wouldn't dare to guess," he said. He handed me a book. It was The Science of Keeping Young. It was written by Alfred W. McCann, the author of The Science of Eating. Mr. Stevens turned to page 138 and let me read what Mr. McCann had to say about hot dogs:

> There is no little consolation in the fact that the frankfurters, popularly yclept "hot dogs," sold at the Polo Grounds, the Yankee Stadium, and Ebbets Field are manufactured under conditions wholly unlike those that used to prevail in New York and Brooklyn. It is true that we still have some bologna makers who are far from what they ought to be, but it is also true that the well known brands of frankfurters now being sold in the metropolis are produced under conditions of decency, from wholesome meat.

"From what wholesome meat are they made?" I asked Mr. Stevens.

It was like asking him the secrets of his lodge.

I looked again in the book. There was nothing about it there. I was about to close the volume when I saw a chapter heading: The Romance of Sinapis.

"Hot stuff!" I thought.

But it wasn't a love story at all. It seems that Sinapis is nothing but mustard, and the chapter was devoted entirely to praise of this hot dog dressing. It has everything your stomach needs, Mr. McCann says. For instance:

Brown Bros. photos

A hot dog vender serving his country on New York's East Side.

> Certain it is that many a bacchanalian excess would end disastrously if it were not for the mustard consumed, apparently as a seasoning, but in reality as a life saver.

I got Mr. McCann on the telephone. I asked him what hot dogs were made of.

"Mostly of beef," he said, "with cornstarch or barley or potato flour for a binder. The government allows the maker to use cereal binders, provided he states publicly that such binder is used. However, there are some frankfurters that are free from binders. Some frankfurters are made of the best meat obtainable; others are made from scraps."

"How many hot dogs are made and eaten during the year?"

MR. McCANN didn't know. So I called up Otto Stahl's, one of more than 100 places in New York where hot dogs are bred and reared.

I learned that about 1,250,000 are sold during the season in New York's three ball parks, and that in one of the hundreds of places in Coney Island nearly 3,000,000 are sold in a season.

"What's the average production of your plant?"

"Our total sausage average is about 125,000 to 150,000 pounds a week. We make more frankfurters than anything else in the summer, but fewer of them in the winter. Our record day, last July, we made 26,000 pounds."

Twenty-six thousand pounds in one day. Figure seven dogs to a pound. That's 182,000 dogs. Figure about seven inches to the dog—and you get about twenty miles of them.

Twenty miles of hot dogs from just one of more than 100 plants in New York! About 2,000 miles. And how many miles of red hots were made the same day in Chicago, San Francisco, Kansas City, Butte, and where not else?

Approximately 18,200,000 frankfurters were made in New York alone for the Fourth of July trade. If the rest of the nation made only five times that many, that would be 91,000,000. Add New York's total and you have 109,200,000. For just one day! That gives you more than 12,000 miles. The figures aren't precise, of course. But they'll do for general accuracy.

I went up to Otto Stahl's and watched them make hot dogs—though I almost got thrown out on my ear when I mentioned dogs. They don't like that term. They prefer "all hots" or "red hots," or even "frankfurters."

"Most people think we use stray canines in our mixtures," one of the officials said. "We use bulls. Bull meat is as good as cow meat—but it isn't so fat.

"We can't use cow meat because it doesn't mix with water, and we have to use water to keep the mixture moist and luscious. We chop up one hundred bulls a week here. We use every part of the critters except the hide, feet, and horns, and the other inedible portions.

"We add a little pork, some spices, some salt. And then we stuff the mixture into casings—and there you are."

The mixture is put through a grinder first—just like hamburger. Then it goes into another machine that chops it very fine while whirling it at great speed. Next, the mixture is put in the machine that shoots it into the casings.

These casings are made of the intestines of sheep. They come in three or four yard lengths. The open end is placed over the mouth of the gun on the machine. A man pulls a lever, and the casing fills—just as a hose fills with water.

Other men tie this casing at every seventh inch or thereabouts.

The string of hot dogs is then hung on a "tree"—a steel tree with many branches—and placed in the smoke rooms. The smoke of hickory wood and hardwood sawdust turns the dogs to the right color. And then they are taken out and given a shower bath.

Harry M. Stevens, who sells the hot dogs in New York's baseball parks.

Government inspectors are present at all times, and not a dog gets out of the kennels without the approval of your Uncle Sam.

Stahl's is one of the houses using no binder at all, and it is one of the houses which contemplates using the new casing.

This is a fabric base invention. It is made of a cotton or wool substance so treated that it resembles molasses. It is poured through pipes that really are molds, chilled, and dried. After it has covered and molded the meat, it is ripped off and thrown away—being inedible. And there you have the skinned hot dog. It saves you the trouble of peeling it.

"Incidentally," one of the dog keepers told me, "nobody needs to peel off the casing. It is just as good to eat as the rest of the frankfurter."

WELL, what with all the thousands of miles of hot dogs that come and go during the year, and what with the changing diet that it has caused, is the meat consumption in the United States waning or is it not?

Many people have quit eating meat altogether, saying it causes gout, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and, worst of all, obesity. "Warning—dangerous curves ahead."

Many have given up meat because they are opposed to the killing and eating of animals on sentimental, religious, or so-called hygienic grounds. A woman chased my little boy down the street recently to see what he was eating. It was only an animal cracker, and she was relieved.

"Sonny, never eat filthy animals—except in that form," she said.

But—are we eating less meat? I went to the United States Department of Agriculture for the answer. I learned that last year the average American ate 142.8 pounds of meat.

Of this total 63.4 pounds were beef, 65.7 pounds pork, 8.2 pounds veal, and 5.5 pounds mutton and lamb.

That is only eight-tenths of a pound less than he ate in 1925.

In 1907 the average American ate 159.1 pounds of meat—including one-tenth of a pound of goat. From that year the per capita meat consumption of the United States diminished, year by year, until the war. It was at its lowest during 1917—the year America entered the war—and those who stayed at home enjoyed plenty of meatless days. But it is climbing again, as the chart below will show.

PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF DRESSED MEAT (IN POUNDS)
1907-1925

Kind	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915
Beef	77.5	71.5	75.4	71.1	67.7	61.1	60.6	58.4	54.5
Veal	7.4	7.0	7.5	7.4	7.0	7.0	5.0	4.4	4.3
Mutton and lamb	6.4	6.3	6.6	6.4	7.8	8.1	7.5	7.4	6.3
Pork	67.7	70.0	60.1	57.1	64.5	61.8	63.0	62.3	59.5
Goat	0.1	0.1	0.2	0.2	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.2	0.2
Total meat	159.1	154.9	149.8	142.2	147.1	138.1	136.2	132.7	124.8

Kind	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925
Beef	56.0	59.5	63.0	61.6	63.1	56.9	60.4	61.3	61.5	62.1
Veal	5.3	6.5	7.4	7.7	7.6	7.0	7.3	7.8	8.2	8.7
Mutton and lamb	6.1	4.6	4.7	5.8	5.5	5.9	5.0	5.2	5.2	5.2
Pork	60.1	49.3	54.8	54.8	60.5	63.5	66.1	74.7	74.7	67.6
Goat	0.2	0.2	0.2	0.1	0.1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Total meat	127.7	120.1	130.1	130.0	136.8	133.3	138.8	149.0	149.6	143.6

You will notice that the quantities of goat meat eaten in the United States in recent years were so little that they weren't mentioned. The same applies to horse meat, though during 1924, 1925, and 1926 an average of 26,170 horses were slaughtered for food. Last year 45,651 horses were turned into food—and shipped abroad.

We eat plenty of meat, but we are not the meat eating champions of the world. No, no! The honors go to the Argentines. The government figures on the per capita consumption of meat in various countries place Australia, New Zealand, and Canada ahead of us, too—in that order.

These four countries that eat more meat per capita than we do are, curiously, countries of sparse population. But all are countries with large surpluses of cattle and sheep, countries where meat is cheap. The Argentines are the beef eaters, the Germans the pork champions, although the Canadians eat more pork products—such as sausage—than the Germans, while Argentine leads Britain by a nose in the Mutton and Lamb Sweepstakes.

THERE are some sixty kinds of sausage, intended for all kinds of people and all kinds of meals. They are all relatively low in price and high in food value.

You might divide them into two classes: the "dry," which are both smoked and unsmoked; and the "domestic," such as hot dogs, pork sausages, liver sausages, bologna, headcheese, etc. Some you are more or less familiar with, such as cervelat, summer, salami, Thüringen. Others, such as Mettwurst and Gothaer and Mortadella, you may never have heard of.

Anyway, I did learn that meat is good to eat, and does not cause any diseases, and does not make you fat.

I learned that canned salmon is a prophylactic for goiter; that oysters are a preventive of scurvy, and a sure and rapid cure; that livers of Lake Michigan fish can heal rickets; and that pork is especially good for you when eaten with eggs or bread. Hence the ham sandwich and the "ham and—"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Child Logic

Having had the uses of her grandmother's glasses explained, Janet asked: "And do you hear better with your earrings on, Granny?"—Caroline Hilton, 510 E. Columbia St., Litchfield, Ill.

* * *

Fame's Tinsel Trappings

Two of my little cousins were attending a school in which the brightest pupils were awarded stars for their work. One had quite a collection of stars, while the other was unable to obtain any. Their grandmother, upon paying a visit to their home, said:

"Betty Louis, why don't you study hard and get some gold stars like Helen has? It makes grandma feel bad to hear that you are so lazy."

Betty Louis said:

"Don't worry, grandma; they are only paper."—Dorothy A. Nourse, 243 Lawrence St., Hartford, Conn.

A vacation that lasts the rest of your life

HOW would you like to quit work some day and start out on a vacation for the rest of your life?

How would you like to pack your trunk, cash a good-sized check at the bank, pick up a traveler's map and decide which part of the world you would like to visit *first?*

Or perhaps you would prefer to settle down in a cozy cottage in the mountains or by the sea—a comfortable place where you can spend the rest of your days just doing the things you've always wanted to do "when you had time."

Sounds attractive, doesn't it! No more work. No more worries. Nothing but good times ahead, and of course, with all expenses paid.

The money question

But where is the money coming from? Who is going to pay your expenses?

The answer is simple. All you have to do is to rearrange your present financial life slightly and the money question will take care of itself.

All you have to do is follow a simple but definite plan, and by the time you are ready to retire and take that vacation the money will be waiting for you.

This plan was devised by financial experts. It has been tried out by thousands of men and women. It is backed by a 100 million dollar Life Insurance Company. It is safe as a Government Bond.

The minute you make your first deposit on this plan, its benefits begin. Your most important money worries disappear. You look forward to a comfortable future. You know that you need only follow the plan to be taken care of financially.

And if you should become permanently disabled and unable to make further payments on your investment, there would be no need for worry. Your payments would be *made for you* out of a special fund laid aside for that purpose.

This Free Book explains it

A 24-page, illustrated booklet, called "How to Get the Things You Want," explains the plan in detail. It tells not only how you can retire with an income when you are 65, but how you can leave your home free of debt—how you can send your children to college—how you can create an estate—how you can make sure your income will go on even though you should become totally disabled—how you can leave an income for your family.

The financial plan outlined in this book is so clear and so simple that it can be understood at a glance. It is so sound, so sensible, so logical that the minute you read about it you will realize that it works. Send for your copy of the free book today. There is no obligation.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. . . . First Policy Issued 1851

HERE are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1 RETIRE with an income when you are 65.
2 LEAVE your home free of debt.
3 SEND your children to college.
4 CREATE an estate.
5 MAKE sure your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6 LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
360 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book, "HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

NAME ..... DATE OF BIRTH .....
BUSINESS ADDRESS .....
HOME ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

Bald Men Look!

FREE

One Full Ampoule of my amazing hair fluid which I discovered myself and which grew hair on my head. This ampoule is absolutely free. Don't send any money. There is No, C. O. D. No Charge whatsoever. All I want is an opportunity to show you how easily I grew hair on my own and hundreds of other men's heads.

Here is How I Looked When I was Bald

I was just as bald as this photo shows—But I grew my own hair with my wonderful fluid. I can grow your hair, too.

Bald Men Grow Hair QUICK!

What I accomplished on my own head and on other heads I can do for you, provided you are under 45 years of age and loss of hair was not caused by burns or scars. Anyhow, I must succeed or you pay nothing. No apparatus. My home treatment is simple, quick, inexpensive.

WRITE FOR FREE AMPOULE!

Write today. I will send you immediately, one full ampoule of my marvelous fluid which I discovered, of which I hold the secret and which grew my own hair on my own bald head. Besides the Free Ampoule of Fluid, I will send photographs, names and addresses of men and women who successfully used my Wonder Fluid for Dandruff, Falling Hair and particularly for Baldness. Write for free Ampoule.

VREELAND— B176 Euclid - Windsor Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

BIKE
Athletic Supporters

Cool, Comfortable, Economical Protection and Perfect Freedom. Your satisfaction guaranteed

No. 55—50c—Sizes large, small or medium. Double seams stand strain. Smoother and softer—won't slip or chafe.

No. 77—$1.00—Fine quality. Soft, all-elastic mesh front. Cool. V-seam gives extra stretch. Large, small, medium sizes.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us

Bike Web Mfg. Co., Department H
4121 N. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

The best support for all athletic sport BIKE

SKIN IRRITATIONS

ZEMO Liquid quickly relieves irritating, itching skin and scalp troubles. The safe, sure way to keep skin clear and free from Blemishes and Skin Troubles. Excellent for after shaving. Druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

BALDNESS

CAN BE AVOIDED
With Lucky Tiger, just like skin eruptions can be corrected with Whyte-Fox. Both sold under Money-Back Guarantee. Barbers or druggists
LUCKY TIGER

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

Try the New
Cuticura Shaving Stick
Freely Lathering
Medicinal and Emollient

What About

FRECKLES?

By EILEEN BOURNE

In July beware of freckles
When engaged in outdoor fun
And the teasing old Sol heckles.
In July beware of freckles
Ere the long day's sport's begun!
I'm afraid you'll rue those speckles.
In July beware of freckles
When engaged in outdoor fun.

THIS impassioned octagon of a verse is prompted by your own antagonism to facial sun spots, not by mine. It always seems to me that a little peppering of brown gold across the nose gives a cute, saucy look of health which adds a spice of youthful attractiveness to anybody under sixty. But apparently I share this predilection only with fiction writers of the other sex. I foresee that just as soon as autumn comes, every beauty counselor will be besieged by a million variations of the same question: "How can I get rid of my freckles?"

Therefore I'm going to repeat a few hints on prevention. Not that I have much hope of being followed. But, at least, if you're too careless and indolent to take these suggestions, you'll have nobody to blame but yourself.

And, oh, by the way, do you know what a freckle is? It is a change in skin coloring due to ultraviolet or actinic light rays.

"These rays," declares one authority, "stimulate the lowest cells of the epidermis and the chromatophores in the upper corium, and they produce more pigmentation in order to protect other skin cells and underlying tissues from the rays." See? Wind, heat, and the quartz mercury lamp also achieve the same decorative scheme.

Now it's clear to you that prevention consists chiefly in skin protection. Of course, a broad brimmed hat, a parasol of purple, and a handkerchief of the same are true friends on the beach or the bleachers because they divert these powerful rays. But one cannot pursue active sports under such chaperonage. Therefore you must give the skin itself a protective covering of some clinging sort. Cold cream should be applied as a thin film over face, arms, and neck. Then either dust powder over these areas or put on a liquid powder.

Anent the latter aid, the prejudice we once entertained against it is no longer justifiable. For, instead of being that ghastly white which it was impossible to blend with any sort of human skin, liquid powder may now be had in several flesh tones. Its advantage is that it does not brush off in the wind and provides a coating for the skin which helps to prevent freckling.

If not altogether waterproof, as is sometimes claimed, liquid powder is, at least, more impervious to dampness and perspiration than dry powder. Of course you must remember that before applying the liquid you must wipe off the cold cream. Don't forget, either, to remove the powder, together with dust and dirt, once or twice a day with cold cream.

If these precautions are taken you will acquire a tan slowly and will probably escape both freckles and a severe sunburn.

However, nothing in this world can be guaranteed when it comes to individual variations. Therefore, if you do freckle in spite of faithful effort to prevent mischief, do not wait until the summer is over before you do anything about it. Lemon juice dabbed on three or four times a day and allowed to dry may serve as sufficient bleach. If not, try the following recipe:

3 drams of lemon juice
2 drams of borax
1 ounce of red rose petals
2 ounces of glycerin
Dissolve in 11 ounces of hot water

PEROXIDE and peroxide cream are also excellent, both as preventives and as remedies for freckles. If you prefer, combine equal parts of peroxide, glycerin, and witch hazel and use the solution as a bleach as often as you need it.

Until the freckles fade and while there is any sunburn to contend with, you'd better not use soap on the affected surface. Cleanse with cold cream and a mild astringent.

Whatever you do, take a towel with you to the beach and dry your face and arms after a swim. Water drops are like tiny lenses through which the sun focuses on the skin with peculiar malice.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

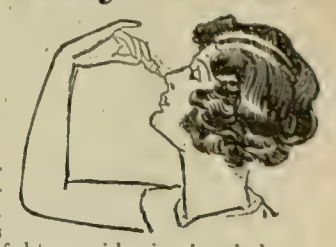
Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)
Street and No.....
City.....State.....100

Sinus Trouble? Why Suffer?

Trial Offer



Sinus trouble is indeed a painful condition and a person afflicted with sinus trouble must be careful to avoid using harsh drugs, thereby greatly irritating a sinus condition.

Those suffering from sinus trouble should wash away the drainage from sinuses and clear out the nasal cavities with the newly perfected preparation, Nozol.

To acquaint you with the effective merits of Nozol, we will send you by parcel post a thirty-day treatment for only $1.00. Mail the coupon below—send no money—you pay the Postman.

Simply insert gently a few drops of NOZOL. Continue the use of NOZOL daily and after a thirty-day trial, if you are not entirely pleased, you may have your money back.

Do not delay the treatment of your sinus infection. Get NOZOL today and enjoy the wonderful relief NOZOL affords, not only for sinus trouble but for head colds, catarrh, hay fever and other nasal troubles.

NOZOL CO., Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Send me special thirty-day treatment.
NAME.....
STREET and NUMBER.....
CITY and STATE.....

The Strangest of Shipwrecks

The baffling predicament of an old sailor who returned to the sea, fulfilled a cherished whim, and became a hero is graphically told in

Quartermaster

An unusual and arresting short story by

PAUL SCHUBERT

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

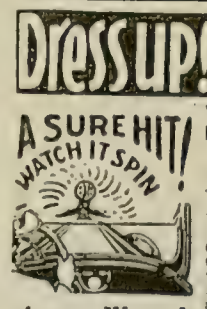
Weekly Pay—Monthly Bonus to Sparetime Workers

No Selling Experience Required Get this book—America's **Greatest Money-Making Opportunity.** A stenographer made over $1000 in lunch hours. Mrs. B. C. Woodward, a housewife, $800 in spare time. C. L. Lee, $52.50 in 2 hours, through the fascinating and profitable **Hertel Plan.**

Investigate—$10.00 Outfit Free

This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Christmas Cards are used by everyone. **Hertel Cards Sell on Sight.** Simply show wonderful samples and take orders. It is the easiest, quickest, surest way of making money on earth. **Weekly pay and monthly bonus checks.** Write *now*. **The John A. Hertel Co., 318 W. Washington St., Dept. 509, Chicago, Ill.**

Dress Up! YOUR CAR $1.90



WINDMILL RAINBOW FLASHER

Just Patented—beautiful light that Spins with the wind. All colors of the rainbow—Red, White and Blue. Red, Green or White for Cowl and Fenders—Nothing like it. Rain and Weatherproof—Self-Lubricating. Anyone can attach this Non-Glare Wonderlight to any Auto, Truck, Cycle, Airplane, Canoe, Radiator, Side-top. Furnished Complete.

SEND NO MONEY—Pay post $1.90 plus a few cents postage when you receive the Flasher. Money Back Guarantee.

Agents Wanted GO LIGHT CO., 78-B Milford Ave., Newark, N.J.

ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERIES

FREE BOOK explains what the mystics of the Rose Cross have done to make men and women in all lands successful in life. "Light of Egypt" mailed to all sincere seekers. Librarian No. 94 AMORC, San Jose, Calif.

Gypsy's Moved In

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 37 seconds.)

We went out for a walk. It wasn't raining. So our par-a-sols didn't get wet.

DEAR WORLD:

Well, the man came to fix the lock on the trunk. It was the Gypsy's trunk. She lost the key. She lost it on the train. Or, maybe she left it back home. She didn't know for sure. There was something in the trunk for me and Mary. The Gypsy told me and Mary we should wait and see what.

The man couldn't move the trunk alone. He said what have you got in here, lady? Gold bricks or flatirons or both? The Gypsy laughed. She said only a few trinkets she'd picked up.

The man said if them's trinkets I'm a wrist watch. How much excess did you have to pay on it, he asked the Gypsy. She said not much and can't you get the lock open? He said of course I can. And he did.

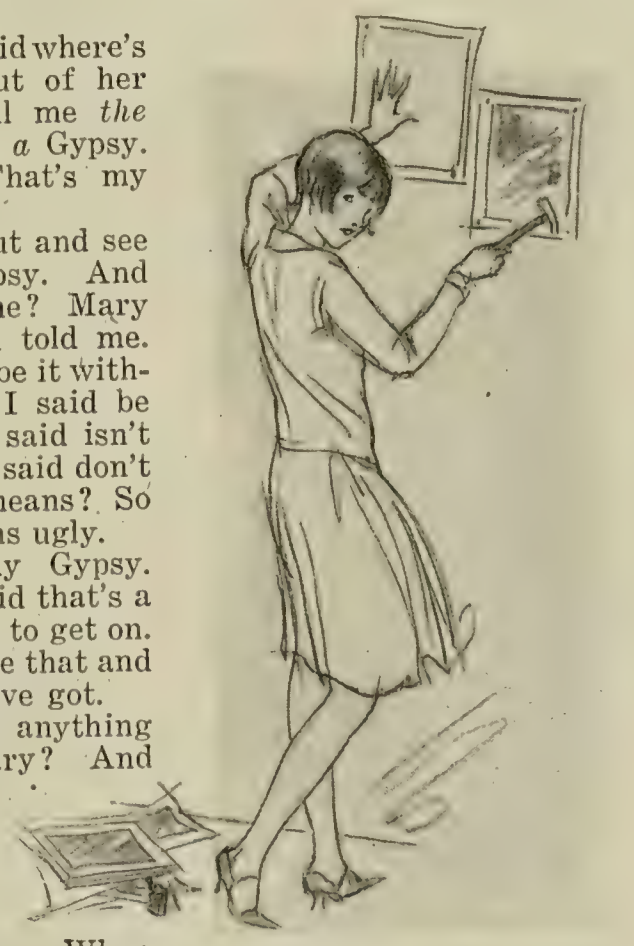
There *was* something in the trunk for me and Mary. Two somethings. The cutest little par-a-sols. Mine is blue. Mary's is green. We didn't wait to see the trinkets the Gypsy picked up here and there. We went out for a walk. It wasn't raining. So our par-a-sols didn't get wet. I don't want any rain to get on mine. I'll wear my old hat when it rains and keep the par-a-sol dry. When we were out walking with our par-a-sols we met the tough boy. He gets chased out of our hall for being tough. He said hey, youse kids, where's your goo-loshes and your raincoats? There was another boy with him. He would get chased out of the hall also for being tough. He said: "Oh, Lady, let me under your umbrell-er. I'll get me new hat wet." He didn't have a hat on at all.

When we came back we said where's the Gypsy? She came out of her room. She said don't call me *the* Gypsy. And don't call me *a* Gypsy. Call me Plain Gypsy. That's my name.

So Mary said come on out and see our new swing, Plain Gypsy. And she said *what* did you call me? Mary said Plain Gypsy like you told me. She said it's bad enough to be it without being called it. And I said be what? She said plain. I said isn't that your name? And she said don't you two know what plain means? So I said No. She said it means ugly.

I said you're not Ugly Gypsy. You're pretty. And she said that's a baby. You and I are going to get on. Just keep on kidding me like that and you can have everything I've got.

So I said have you got anything more in the trunk for Mary? And she said for Mary? And I said no for me. And she said I thought so. But Mom heard me, so we got chased out.



Gypsy was putting pictures up on the wall. There was a big pile on the bed.

We stayed out a long time. When we came back Gypsy was putting pictures up on the wall in her room. There was a big pile on the bed. She said in her room back home she had four hundred of them tacked up. And Mom said what of? She said the-at-rikkle pictures. And Mom said are you going to put them all up here? And she said do you mind?

This side will be all movie stars, she told Mom. And isn't this one too *dee*-vine, she said. Mom said what is it? It's a love scene between John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, she said. I have eighteen of them in love scenes. I have some of John Barrymore. And Dol-o-res del Rio, isn't she just too pos-i-tiv-ily dee-vine in a love scene, she asked Mom. And Mom said what is this, picking a small book off the bed.

"That is my diary," Gypsy told her.

"Oh, you keep a diary," said Mom.

"Yes," she said. "I've kept one for two and a half years, but there isn't anything in it. Only what I wrote about Bud. Oh, if he ever saw what I wrote in there about him! He'd know I wasn't mad at him for not coming to the train to see me off."

"Tell me about Bud," said Mom.

"Well, Bud," said Gypsy, "is ter-RIB-ly conceit-ed. And he is awfully cold. We're both cold. He's not what you'd call handsome. But he is cute. He's such a stunning dresser. You ought to see him in that new light gray suit. He wears the tie I gave him for Christmas. But he's awfully stubborn. And he's ter-rib-ly jealous about Sam and Norm. He's tall and he has brown wavy hair. He wears it parted in the middle. And how he can dance! He shows you a mar-vel-ous time when he takes you out. He's a GOR-geous dish, that boy—"

"A what?" said Mom.

"I mean he's everything a girl could ask for. And he's awfully sar-cas-tic."

"Yes?" said Mom.

"Yes he is," said Gypsy. "Listen to what he says in this last letter:

"My dearest," Gypsy read ("he doesn't say my darling"), "I suppose you have a new flame by now. DO write and tell me about him. I should be SO pleased to hear about him. We all went on a picnic. There was a party of four. I took Adelaide. But I didn't want to go to the picnic. Adelaide got it up. She asked us all. The girls made sandwiches. I was sick the next morning. The sandwiches were all right. I ate too many. But who cares whether I was sick or not? I wouldn't expect you to be inter-est-ed. I might get my vacation earlier. I might get it right away. That is, if you are in New York. If you're not maybe I'll go North or South. Who cares?"

"What did Bud think about your wanting to go on the stage?" Mom asked Gypsy.

"That's what all the fussing was about. He sent me an air mail letter the day after I got here begging me to come back home where girls were safe and men didn't want them to be anything else."

GYPSY'S hair is black. So are her eyes. Her teeth are very white. They're in tight. Not like Mary's. Mary's are loose.

Gypsy dances. She practices all the time. She practices new tricks and new steps. The only thing she wants to do, she says, is to dance on the stage. When Gypsy dances she wears a cos-tume. A cos-tume isn't much. Janey, my doll, wears cos-tumes. She hardly wears anything at all.

Gypsy was asked to dance at a party. She was prac-tic-ing in her costume in the living room. Daddy said to Mom: "Are you going to let that kid out in a cos-tume like that? It ain't safe. Not for Ben Turpin to go out in."

And talking about dancing—just watch what happens to Toni next week.

The Life Story of WALLACE REID

The Tragedy of an American Idol

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Photo by Hoover, Los Angeles

HIS failure to enlist in wartime is given as a primary reason for the breakdown of Wallace Reid's morale.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 27 seconds.)

THE author has told in preceding installments of the unprecedented rise of Wallace Reid to success as a motion picture star after he had tried in vain to be a director, a writer, or anything but an actor. Also, of his marriage to Dorothy Davenport, and the temptations that came to him with fame. She now recounts, with the knowledge of an intimate friend, the things that led to the tragic end of his career.

PART FOUR (*Conclusion*)

WALLACE REID'S connection with the World War was a soul problem of which few people knew.

On the face of things, in the eyes of the man in the street, even according to the judgment of the fervent patriot, Wally Reid's war record is not subject to attack from any source or angle.

In the boy's own eyes that record was stamped indelibly with the black "S" of slacker.

He himself felt that he had failed, that his manhood was smirched, that he had fallen below his own standard and the standard of the Reid family.

All that was American in him responded to the thoughts and feelings that swept this country into war in 1917. The thrill of the red, white, and blue was in his blood—bred there by generations of men who had helped to make it what it was and to keep its glory untarnished.

All that was boy in his heart heard the call of the great adventure—war. All that was dramatic in him reacted to uniforms, bands, battle tales, and the chance for service and heroism.

All that was idealistic in him responded to Woodrow Wilson's call to make the "world safe for democracy."

He was twenty-five. He stood six feet one, and he weighed 190 pounds. He was a crack shot. His physical condition was good. He had been to military school and knew the drill and regulations. Kipling was his favorite author and *Mulvaney* his favorite character.

Can you doubt that he wanted to get into the thick of it?

In 1919 he gave me a picture of himself in the uniform of a British lieutenant—taken when he played the English boy in the prologue of Joan the Woman—and across it he scrawled, "Just a so-and-so who never got into uniform except when he put on his grease paint."

That is the keynote. The thing had gone deep.

No one thing so fatally undermined Wally's self-respect as his failure to join the A. E. F.

If he had gone, the thing that happened to him would never have happened. He might not have come back from Château-Thierry, but had he gone to France and returned safely he could have weathered anything.

Once again fate switched the rails of his destiny. Once again outside facts and circumstances and people controlled his decision to his own undoing. However, it is but just to say that probably none of them dreamed for an instant of the effect of all this upon the boy.

HERE are the facts:

The Reids had a very small baby when America decided to get into the big show. Mrs. Reid had been out of pictures for some years, and during the year following Bill's birth her health had not been of the best.

Wally's father and mother were dependent upon him at that time. Hal Reid died but a short time afterward. Bertha Westbrook Reid

had been left, when she and Hal were divorced, with but a small portion of what had once been a good sized fortune.

Dorothy Reid had always kept Mrs. Davenport with her, and after the arrival of her son felt more and more the need of her mother's help in the confused and difficult life which she faced as the wife of a great star and matinée idol.

All of which put Wallace Reid pretty well down on the list of deferred classifications, as far as the draft was concerned.

Furthermore, as far as he himself was concerned, he had saved no money to meet such obligations. Wally had been getting a big salary for only a short time and it had never occurred to him to put any of it away.

In spite of this, he wanted to enlist, and he said so. The opposition from all quarters was intense, and reasonably so.

His drawing power at the box office had just hit its peak. To understand his importance to the organization with which he was connected it would be necessary to go into involved financial details and long explanations of the selling end of motion pictures. I think we can get at it by simply saying that Wallace Reid was for years the "whip" of the Paramount program.

His pictures were sure-fire money makers, and exhibitors were taking some much less desirable films only in order to get the Reid pictures.

Much of the early prosperity and success of the Paramount organization was built upon Wallace Reid.

Naturally, they opposed his enlisting, voluntarily and without need and over obstacles, in an army where he might be killed or disfigured. To them, it meant the loss of millions of dollars and the removal of that corner stone upon which they were building their future plans.

THEY brought to bear upon him every sort of pressure in the form of sane and reasonable argument. In the army he would be just one more man, just another gun, just another stopgap.

There were plenty of men willing and ready, without obligations to either family or business associates. Let them go first. If the time came when men in deferred classifications were needed, that would be a different proposition.

Also, the world needed amusement as it had never needed it before. He was filling that need. And he could be of much more use to the cause in drives, in benefits, in keeping up the morale of the nation than he could by carrying a single gun against the Germans.

The war fervor is over. We know a good deal more now about the war than we did then. The viewpoint of Wally's company and his family seems to us in the cool light of today the only sane and normal one.

There are many reasons why it is impossible to tell of some of the fine work Wally did behind the scenes of the war. This is and must continue to be part of the unwritten history which belongs to every war.

Many of the details I do not know myself, but I do know that Wallace Reid served the Secret Service of his government and was of exceptional value to it all through the days of fighting.

Also, he raised large sums of money, both for organizations helping the boys at the front and for the Liberty Loans. He opened his home to the disabled veterans after the Armistice, and gave liberally of his money and his time and his talents before its signing.

Nevertheless, at any cost to himself and others, he should have gone to France.

A man who has not the training or the judgment or the power to reconcile his ideals to the world he must live in can be mortally wounded by other things than bullets. In this matter, Wally fell into the gap between a high idealism and a reasonable, practical necessity. He spent too much of himself in remorse—about this and other things.

Wally yielded, for he stood alone. In fact, he kept to himself his own desires and dreams, for

Wallace Reid with his wife, Dorothy Davenport, and his son, Bill, during his happiest days of success.

fear he might burden those who needed him with the sight of his bitter disappointment. But he hated himself.

He was, in his own opinion, just a low-lived slacker. Those who did not enlist he despised. And he was one of them! Nice company! As far as he could see, he just wasn't worth a damn.

I do not think he was ever criticized to any extent for not donning khaki. But he believed that everybody else thought the same things he was thinking. He winced every time he passed a man in uniform.

HIS confidence in himself faded to zero. What did it matter what he did? You couldn't get any lower than being a white-livered cur who stayed home and acted in front of a camera when every *man* was risking his life at Château-Thierry or Vimy Ridge.

The shattering of the idealist took a long step forward.

There was, when you stop to consider it, a vast significance in something seemingly trivial that happened about this time. That was Wally's change from the violin to the saxophone as his favorite musical instrument.

His love of the violin had been a deep and sacred thing. He had given to it his very best, expressing his inner dreams, satisfying his love of beauty, touching the stars through its divine voice. On quiet evenings, which grew fewer and fewer as life went on and the merry-go-round whirled faster and faster, he would play for hours, with Dorothy accompanying him.

Those hours had always brought them very close, renewed their devotion to each other. To the wife they were like oases in a desert.

But the violin was no favorite with the gay, joy seeking, hilarious young folks—and all Hollywood was unbelievably young in those days. Success and gold belonged to youth—who pressed about Wally. The saxophone was their instrument.

It took Wally about two weeks to master it. Like everything else he did, he did it superlatively well. He made a collection of saxophones, little ones and big ones, gold ones and silver ones. He could go into a café and make the rounds of any good jazz orchestra and play every instrument, including the drums, better than the performers—and he often did. But he rarely touched his violin after that.

IN the summer of 1921 Wallace Reid went to New York to make a picture from Du Maurier's great novel, Peter Ibbetson—the picture called Forever. He had been back but once since his first departure for Hollywood, and then only for a brief visit to introduce his wife and son to his mother.

He did not want to go in 1921.

He had been, for the first time in his life, rather desperately ill. His nerves, of which he himself was totally unconscious, but which nevertheless lay very near the surface, were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now!...Sold All Summer!

PRIOR to perfection of the revolutionary new process employed in packaging Almond Roca, we refused to make shipments during hot weather months. This remarkable candy—conceded America's finest confection—is much too delicate to cope with torrid climatic conditions—a handicap successfully combated by the new process. A dealer now need handle Almond Roca, in the new package, with the care customarily awarded conventional candy, and the party to whom you present it will receive it in perfect condition. Since the amazing success of this exquisite confection has inspired so many imitators, it is well to remember there is but ONE genuine Almond Roca. The package price remains a dollar and a half—money back if you know another confection its equal. Never sold in bulk.

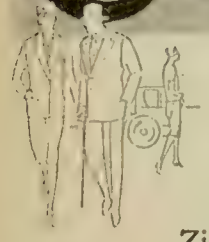
If no near-at-hand dealer has it, we will ship direct, prepaid. BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

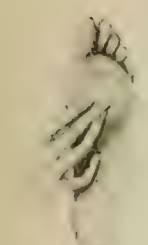
NOW!—In Process Packed Packages

Corns



Relief in one minute

No waiting—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn pain the minute you apply them. It's the world's fastest, safest, surest way. Does away with harsh liquids and caustic plasters that expose the toes to acid burn. By this method you *remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes.



Callouses

Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have revolutionized the treatment of corns, and brought grateful relief to millions. Physicians recommend and use them in their practice. Zino-pads are thin, protective, healing. Special sizes for callouses and bunions. Buy a box today. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores, 35c.

For free samples and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page fifty-one

strung to the breaking point by the continual rebellion within himself over the life he was leading. His physical condition was beginning to show the result of the terrific pace at which he was living and working. He never took any care of himself—drove himself to the last ounce of energy always.

About that time the dentist found it necessary to pull nine of his teeth at one time, and the shock to his system and the nervous irritation following it told on him.

Besides, he loved his home more than any other man I have ever known—really loved it. It was part of him. They could follow him into it, but very few persons could drag him out of it. That home influence—the companionship of his devoted, humorous, understanding wife and the presence of the son who was growing up a pal—had kept him normal under stress, or at least had kept him from going "hay wire."

On a picture which now hangs over his widow's desk, and which is dated just a little while before his departure for the East, he wrote, "To our Mama, Wally's and Bill's, with all my devoted love, Your Wally-Boy."

That was how he felt about it. And at the last moment Dorothy could not go with him to New York. Bill had had a hard siege of whooping cough and it didn't seem safe to take him East into the summer heat. Nor could his mother leave him.

SO Wally went alone. He did not love New York at best. After California and the easy, informal, outdoor life he had become accustomed to, he dreaded the rush of the city. And he knew, perhaps, that he would be swamped by attentions, by people, by demands of all kinds.

In New York he had nothing that he wanted and everything he didn't want; none of the things that were good for him and all the things that were bad.

He happened to dislike both the director and the co-star of the picture with the peculiar intensity of a man who dislikes very few people. In consequence, they didn't like him; and Wally resembled many other sensitive people in that he put his worst foot forward with anyone who didn't happen to like him. He was, in the last analysis, one of those peculiar, chameleon souls that take character from the expectations of those about them.

The weather in New York—it was the July of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight—was insufferably hot and humid, and Wally was used to the desert heat and cold nights of California.

Also, he had to have his hair marcelled every day! And that enraged him out of all measure. He was overpowered once more by the nature of his profession, the futility of his work, the unmanly quality of the things which he was doing.

Privacy was something of which he knew no more than the now proverbial goldfish. Old friends, new friends, members of the organization, newspaper reporters, gushing admirers, celebrities who counted him one of the inner circle, women of all kinds, ranks, and degrees of beauty and intelligence, moved in upon him.

As a result of all this, he had a bad case of insomnia, when night after night he tossed in the sticky, dripping heat without closing his eyes until dawn, and then had to get up and start working at 9.

International photo

Wallace Reid adopted the saxophone in his last years, after having played the violin all his life.

I saw him the day he left for that trip. He stopped by my house on his way to the station to say good-by to me and to my small daughter, Elaine, who was his special pet.

I remember that he started matchmaking when she and Bill were in their cradles—she was only a year and a half younger—and decided that he and Dorothy and I would one day be mutual grandparents. Elaine and her "Uncle Wally" would spend long hours on the floor operating a set of mechanical animals he had bought for her, and I could never make up my mind which one of them enjoyed it more.

On that day he looked ill and unhappy. A premonition of danger and disaster hung over him.

"I wish I hadn't agreed to go," he said.

But, for all that he was thin and a little drawn, his eyes were the same steady, clear eyes into which you could look and find the truth about anything. He was going "on the wagon," he said, for the whole trip.

WHEN he came back a few months later, I went with Dorothy to meet him at the train.

The change in him appalled me. It was like meeting a stranger or seeing a dear friend through a thick veil. Dorothy had sensed the thing, naturally, much more quickly and deeply than I had.

A little white mask seemed to have slipped over her radiant face.

It is not necessary to go into details. I do not know them, anyway. I doubt if Dorothy Reid herself knows them—only this:

A doctor in New York had given Wally some "sleeping powders" to help him conquer the "white nights." He had come to depend upon them.

There was in Wally a deep strain of the experimentalist. He would try anything once. His curiosity about every phase of life was enormous, and he suffered from that common delusion that he, at least, could do anything and not be touched by it.

Many things gave evidence of this trait. In the basement of his home he had a fully equipped chemical laboratory. When you missed him from parties, you were pretty certain to find him down there, messing around with all kinds of stuff. New inventions and discoveries of which he read always interested him enormously and he liked to investigate them.

THE great interest in medicine which had possessed him as a boy never left him. He had a natural bent for it, as he had for so many things. When the troupe was on location in the high Sierras, he once set four broken fingers for one of the prop boys and did a perfect job, according to the Hollywood surgeon who examined the hand when they returned.

One night a party of us were returning from San Pedro, where we had dined on the house boat of a banker. It was almost dawn as we swept along the boulevard, with Wally at the wheel. Now and again we passed market trucks and wagons piled high with fruit and vegetables.

When we had almost reached the city limits, we came upon a bad automobile smash-up. A fast driven roadster had upset one of the produce carts. A woman had been badly injured.

It wasn't a pretty sight, but Wally was out and into it and, with extraordinary coolness, had the whole situation in hand in two minutes. He did everything that could be done with the contents of his first-aid kit, and then Dorothy drove the car to the receiving hospital, while he held the woman as motionless and comfortable as possible. The doctor at the receiving hospital told us there could be no question that Wally had saved the woman's life.

His knowledge, actually slight but augmented by his uncanny facility, made him think of himself as a doctor. And it gave him an easy familiarity with medicines, a confidence in his ability to handle them, which was exceedingly bad for him.

The change in Wally after that New York trip was apparent to everyone close to him. An indescribable, baffling something surrounded him, which no one could understand. It was as though some malignant fairy had transformed him with one wave of her wand into a distorted image of his former self.

He had soared along at terrific speed, packing together work, play, achievement, hobbies to the *n*th degree, burning the candle at both ends, managing somehow to do twice as much as anyone else did—all in a few years. And suddenly he had crashed.

The gradual decline of the next few months, the crumbling of the physical man, the dimming of the things in him that were so wonderful and so lovable, were enough to make the angels weep.

HE worked—worked, as he had always done, faithfully and consistently, when he could hardly walk on the set. His eyes went back on him in a final, terrible case of Klieg eye caused by working under the powerful lights; but still he carried on.

He played his part, but the old lovable, irresistible smile, that had won its way around the universe, was a shadow of itself. Sometimes a terrific effort would lift him back for a moment to the boy of yesterday, the boy the whole world loved.

P. & A. photo

Wally giving New York the laugh on his last visit, which marked the beginning of the end of his life.

But the flame was gone. The shining light within, which had reached out and touched hearts, didn't burn any more.

I do not think that he himself realized the change. He hardly knew what was happening. An enemy from without had taken possession of him, blurred his vision, eaten into his soul, numbed his mind. He was going through the motions of living, but the boy Wally was held fast in the grip of something that above all things paralyzed his consciousness of himself.

THE Indianapolis road race of 1922 brought things out from under cover, precipitated the climax.

The realization of the actual nature of the trouble mounted to a certainty, and his family, his real friends, his business superiors—the only ones then who actually knew—stood still for a time, poised in horror and bewilderment. It is proof of the love and respect in which they held him that there was no condemnation—nothing but a pity that tore every heart.

Not Wally! Not the Boy!

There again the charm of the man did him a fatal injustice. For, as a matter of fact, we had all known, deep down in our hearts. But we had shuddered back from connecting it with the bright and shining things that Wally represented to us; from the horror of facing him with it, of seeing that proud and gay and loving spirit bowed before us.

Yet, if the thing had been faced sooner it might have had a different end. A victim of a malady more terrible than any mere disease of the flesh, our old instinct to make things easy for him allowed us to stand back and let him face alone a problem which he wasn't even capable of recognizing, a problem whose most deadly weapon is that it makes an ally of its prey.

Wally's determination to drive in the Indianapolis race forced our hands, drove us into the open.

He had decided to drive his great English speed demon, the Sunbeam, in the Decoration Day races. He was a licensed racing driver. The honor was one he valued highly. He counted Roscoe Sarles and Jimmy Murphy among his closet pals.

The thing became an obsession

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

No-Rip
BLUE STITCH
ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR
Made of a finer woven, more durable fabric
$1.00
GUARANTEE—
"A new suit Free if it rips anywhere"

The Original "Visibly Reinforced" {Blue Stitch} Underwear

For Men of Action—

Underwear *Rip-Proofed* At Every Strain Point

Every weak point in ordinary underwear is a strong point in No-Rip. Marshall Field & Company's resources and production economies give you all this extra quality—true "Field Quality" in No-Rip Athletic Underwear for $1 per garment.

A Friendly Warning No-Rip has been so successful that it is widely imitated with inferior products. *Be sure to look for the No-Rip Blue Label.*

Buy it at your local Men's Wear or Department Stores

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
CHICAGO *Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributers* NEW YORK

Points of Superiority
Back, armholes and crotch rip-proofed with blue stitching.
Elastic webbing *doubled* at points of greatest strain.
Crotch curve-cut like well-tailored trousers.
Comfortable U-shaped neck.
Models for "Stouts," "Slims," "Regulars"

NO OTHER PIN KEEPS HAIR SO TRIM

Use Prim once and you will realize why 20 million have been sold. The only pin with the double crimp—holds hair more firmly, waves last longer. Rounded ends—smooth finish, protects hair. Colors for brunettes and blondes. Leaflet of hair styles using Prim attached to each card. 6 on a card 10c, 15 for 25c. At Dept., Notion, 10c Stores and Beauty Parlors.
L. F. Grammes & Sons, Inc., Allentown, Pa.

Invisible
Holds Hair firmly in place

FOR BOBBED HAIR — PRIM — FOR GROWING HAIR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE BEST PIN

NO NEED to leave your home town when planning to buy jewelry. Continental Jewelry, fully guaranteed and fashioned in good taste, has been displayed since 1900 in general stores and other places where people do their everyday buying. It is modern without being faddish. Ask your druggist or general merchant about Continental Jewelry.

Continental Jewelry
Euclid Avenue • Cleveland, Ohio

GAINS 15 POUNDS IN 6 WEEKS

Former Skinny Woman Proud of Her Figure Now

There is nothing so good, so quick, so sure as McCoy's Tablets for putting on pounds of needed flesh on skinny, scrawny men and women. So what's the sense of going around with great hollows in your cheeks, sunken chest and with limbs like toothpicks, looking old and haggard when in just a short time you can gain an attractive figure and round out your face?
McCoy takes all the risk. Read this ironclad guarantee: If after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or Two One Dollar Boxes any thin underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded.
The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for

McCOY'S TABLETS
at any drug store in America

Women!

Relieve cramps with old remedy

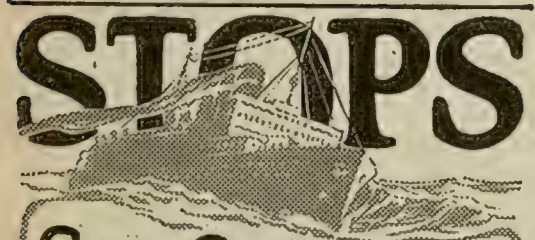
Women themselves discovered this new and helpful use for an old product. They tell us that the cramps experienced by many girls may be relieved through the use of Chamberlain's Colic Remedy. For 57 years, this remedy has been a household remedy for quick relief of intestinal disorders. Probably many women have already discovered this remedy's ability to relieve the periodical cramps peculiar to women—especially after catching cold.
If you are one of those who suffer from these cramps, get a bottle of this proven remedy at once. It insures you against the usual agony, discomfort and loss of poise. If you feel an attack approaching, just take a few drops in sweetened water and secure immediate relief
Simple? . . . . Yes, but effective and safe.
All druggists know Chamberlain's Colic Remedy and its reliability. You need have no hesitancy in asking for it. If you wish to try it, we'll send you a trial size bottle free. Send for it today. Have it ready. Chamberlain Laboratories, 572 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

I've got a good memory

For mishaps, I mean. I remember the night I fell down the basement stairs. And then topped that with a very personal encounter with the door of a jam-closet. A flashlight guides every journey below for me now. It's an Eveready. I want the best after *that* night!

And I keep it in tip-top working trim with Eveready Batteries. I've found you can't beat them. Always on the job and sticking to it longer. Ready—Eveready—that's the way I want my flashlight, inside and out. I have the flashlight habit for good now. I've got a good memory.

STOPS



SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

LEARN STENOGRAPHY AT HOME

30 EASY LESSONS

Pleasant Study

Small down payment, balance payable $5.00 monthly after you have mastered shorthand and have secured a position

Write for details

American Institute of Stenography
935 Pythian Building, Indianapolis

Thurston's Vitalizing Breather

Relieves Hay Fever and Asthma—Stops Snoring

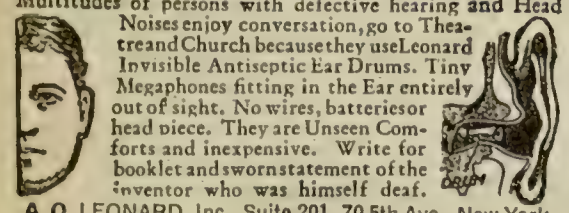
Also relieves Catarrh—Colds in the Head—Sinus Trouble. An ingenious patented device (18 karat gold filled). It opens your nostrils gently and effectively and soothes you to sleep. Lasts a lifetime. **Price $2.00.**

If it is not worth $100.00 to you we will refund your money. Descriptive booklet free.

Howard Thurston Manufacturing Co.
24 Commercial Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 201, 70 5th Ave., New York

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID Continued from page fifty-three]

with him. Arguments were powerless. The threats of the company that such an action would break his contract didn't touch him. The pleas of his friends were unavailing.

Whether or not there was, deep down, a desire to die with his boots on, an almost subconscious hope that this would be a final, grand gesture, no one knows. But his decision to go was the first and only stubborn thing I ever saw about him. He had his mechanics get his car in shape. He set the date of his departure.

HE could not go there to drive. It was worse than suicide, in his weakened mental and physical condition. It might be murder.

Taking upon her slim shoulders the whole burden, as she had so quietly and so courageously shouldered many other burdens, Dorothy Davenport Reid spoke at last.

"You cannot go," she said. "You would endanger the lives of your friends, Wally. And that I know you would never do."

Nor would he. That appeal stopped him. But at last they were face to face with a greater thing than any road race.

I have tried to show you how Wally's feet strayed into this fatal path.

His self-respect had been destroyed by his own inner contempt for his work, by his failure to go into the trenches, by his own falls from grace in the face of overpowering temptations, and by his excessive remorse following them.

His moral fiber had been weakened by the continual onslaught of temptation and the smothering of continual flattery, and the association with people who dragged him down in his own estimation, and by the lack of companions who could uplift and inspire him.

His fear had been lulled to sleep by his own belief in his knowledge of medicine.

His soul strength and character had ceased to grow because of the great ease with which all the glories of the world came to him.

His health had been fatally undermined by overwork and nerve strain, by insomnia and illness.

Under the paralyzing grip of a thing which had come upon him unawares, he was no more himself than you would be under the administration of ether. He acted blindly, and if sometimes he saw himself as he had become, he sank himself again in the fog rather than face himself.

But at last he had to face himself.

No one can know, no one should know, what Dorothy Reid bore in those days. Her first fight was to keep others from knowing. Her big fight was to break the grip of this thing upon the man she loved, whose genius and idealism she knew better than anyone else in the world.

"Our Mama, Wally's and Bill's."

WITH the aid of one or two trusted friends—in her beautiful self-sacrifice she spared Wally's mother that last battle—she forced Wally back, through agonies that were more terrible to her than to him, into clear consciousness.

The urn which holds Wallace Reid's ashes in the Forest Lawn Mausoleum in Hollywood, California.

At last Wally Reid was himself again. The mind that had been clouded, the soul that had cowered out of sight, were functioning once more.

At first he was like a man who had lost his memory, who could not fill the gap of time. For weeks he had been in sanitariums and hospitals, helped day and night by all that science could do to make the break from this disease bearable to human mind and body. Dorothy had never left his bedside, giving everything she had to give in an effort to help him, but yielding not one inch to his mortal enemy, even when Wally joined that enemy against her.

And so the day came when the boy lay spent and broken, but himself; able to look at her with honest eyes which held such love as few women will ever see.

He knew. And his remorse was terrible. His tears—contemplating the wreck of such high hopes and aspirations—kept him company day and night. Of him might it be truly said, "His bread was sorrow and his drink was tears."

But the crucifixion was to come.

Hope had crept into the little room where he lay. After all, he was young—just past thirty. Love—love of those who knew him and love of the world—surrounded him still. He could come back. He could justify that love, which now, in his dark hour, he so greatly prized.

Flashes of the old fighting spirit with which he had been born and had never had a need to use flamed forth. He longed for music and lay listening for hours to the great masterpieces of music on the phonograph that had been moved into his room. Or he asked Dorothy to read such poets as Keats and Mrs. Browning or the comedies of Shakespeare.

NEVER, in many ways, had he risen to the heights of vision and the desire for fine things which he showed in those days when his worn body lay helpless upon a couch of pain.

Then the blow fell.

He wasn't getting better. He was getting steadily worse—fatally worse. The ravages were not healing. They were increasing and slowly doing him to death.

But one thing would save his life. A return to the old bondage, for a time at least; a medically directed, careful, moderate return. His system could not bear the sudden release.

He faced it bravely: death or a return to the thing that had destroyed him, that had almost killed his spirit, that had burned his soul.

He looked, as always in moments of stress and trial, to his wife.

But this time she shook her head. That was too much to ask—that she, who loved him so, make such a choice.

All she could do was to kneel beside him, holding his thin hands in her strong, comforting ones, and abide by his decision.

And so his last and great decision was the first which he made alone.

It was great, as the boy was essentially and fundamentally great.

"I'll go out clean," he said. "I'd rather my body died than to go back to the thing that almost killed me. At least, I'm myself now. I'll—go out clean."

And then he said to her a thing which Dorothy Reid may wear all her life as a crown and which will serve her always as a consolation.

"I believe in God now," he said. "No one but God could have made the love you've given me. I'm not afraid."

So he signed his own death warrant. So he made his choice.

He went out—clean and unafraid.

And that clean and fearless and self-chosen death gives him a right to occupy the place in our memories which he occupied in our hearts for so many years.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

Soliloquy from Macbeth

By

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

TOMORROW, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Choice *of* Words *is* Important *in*

WORD GOLF

LAY out WORD GOLF holes as a golf architect plans those of a regular course—*i.e.*, with a view to making them difficult enough to be interesting, but not so sporty that only the most expert player can negotiate them. Employ none but words of reasonably familiar usage and remember that obsolete and foreign language words are definitely barred. Avoid them as you would a sand trap.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every original hole that it prints, but there are no awards for solutions.

Mail contributions—as many as you wish—to
WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Here Are This Week's Prize Holes

JACK DARNELL
Atlantic City, N. J.

S	N	A	P
C	L	A	W

MRS. D. F. SHELTON
Scottsboro, Ala.

B	I	R	D
N	E	S	T

E. S. WALKER
Tacoma, Wash.

V	O	L	T
W	A	T	T

MRS. J. F. CLARY
Electra, Tex.

M	O	T	H
F	U	R	S

MRS. ETTA COONEY
Milwaukee, Wis.

S	C	O	U	R
S	H	I	N	E

ELOY MANGUERO
Silver City, N. M.

B	R	A	N
O	A	T	S

Did you shoot a birdie on last week's HEAD—FOOT hole? Here's the play in five strokes instead of six: HEAD—HEAT—MEAT—MOAT—MOOT—FOOT.

Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

GRIN	BULB	BETTOR	CASE	HEAD	SNOW
GRIT	BULL	BETTER	CARE	HEAT	SLOW
GAIT	PULL	BITTER	CURE	MEAT	SLOT
WAIT	POLL	TITTER	CURS	MOAT	SLIT
WART	POLE	TINTER	FURS	BOAT	SKIT
PART	POSE	WINTER	FURY	BOOT	SKIS
PORT	POSY	WINNER	JURY	FOOT	
POUT					

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy.)

1—For whom is the month of July named?
2—What is a chantey?
3—What American city was destroyed in 1889 by a flood caused by a broken dam?
4—What is astrology?
5—What is pyrotechnics?
6—What cities are represented by baseball teams in the American Association?
7—What is known as the Creole State?
8—What is a nuance?
9—What steamship formerly was named the Vaterland?
10—What does *modus operandi* mean?
11—Where is England's Unknown Soldier buried?
12—What are calipers?
13—What is dead reckoning?
14—What two republics occupy the island of Haiti?
15—What American naval vessel left port during the World War and never has been heard from?
16—What are the withers of a horse?
17—What are the ratlines on a ship?
18—What scientist of ancient times discovered the principle of the lever?
19—What is the name for the point opposite to the zenith?
20—What is a farrier?

How about a VACATION *that* PAYS?

BE HONEST, now. Do you always get your money's worth out of your vacation?

Here is a business girl who admits frankly that she never used to feel her vacation had paid.

"I pretended I'd had the finest kind of time, of course. But secretly I was miserable a lot of the time. It was an effort to keep up with the rest of the crowd, and be a good sport. The change of water and climate always upset me, too, and threw me off schedule.

Last year this girl went to a vacation camp. "What do I need in the way of equipment?" she asked the other girls. They listed off the items. "And be sure to bring along a bottle of Nujol," one of them added.

"They ought to have headed the list with Nujol," she said later. "Believe me, that bottle of Nujol did more to make me enjoy my vacation than anything else. I only wish I'd begun taking it long before, so I'd have been more fit at the start."

When you go on your vacation this year, be sure Nujol goes along, too. This pure substance helps your system function normally and naturally under all conditions. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal.

Whatever your summer plans, you'll enjoy them more if you form the Nujol habit now. Buy a bottle today. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey).

Certainly worth a try, isn't it? For Nujol can't possibly upset you (it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs).

The War on Fat

Look about you—Note its results

For 20 years medical men have been conducting a scientific war on fat. They have been using a factor which science discovered. A certain gland food which greatly affects nutrition. They found in this gland denciency a great cause of obesity.

A great American laboratory, years ago, embodied this factor in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Now anyone can see, in any circle, how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

Users have told friends about it, and the use has grown. People are now using some 5,000,000 tablets monthly. And the joys they bring in new beauty and health are enormous.

Now fat reduction does not require abnormal exercise or diet, though moderation helps. People combat the cause. They take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal, then desist.

Users know the reasons for results. A book in each box gives the complete Marmola formula. And fully explains how the fat loss comes in a normal and helpful way.

Don't wait longer, when so many have for 20 years enjoyed the results of Marmola. It may mean more to you than anything else you know. Go start today and let the results tell you how long to continue. You will be amazed and delighted.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

VOX POP

Memories

CHICAGO, ILL.—I went to the room of an old friend of mine to chat awhile. I found him bent over a table, his head buried in his arms.

He looked up as I came in and I noticed his eyes were red from weeping.

"What's the trouble, Frank?" I asked.

"Look, George," said he. "My boy was a fireman."

In front of him was a copy of LIBERTY of June 16, and he had been reading "The Smell of Smoke," by Karl W. Detzer.

His son lost his life at a fire. I admit I choked a little myself when I read that story.—*G. B. H.*

We Believed Him

CHICAGO, ILL.—Now, now, now! As a writer of "true" articles A. Roy Brown is a good fictionist.

So he was chasing a German, was

he, when his plane turned upside down? And he hung by his belt, out of the machine, and his plane went crazy, sideslipping and diving, but he climbed right back again and found the German still right in front of him, ready to be shot down!

Next, "Brownie" will be telling us that a gun was invented to shoot bottles of ice cold champagne up to the fliers, and that all they had to do, when they were thirsty, was to reach out from their planes and grab a bottle as it went by.—*D. G. M.*

"It's a Boy!"

TRENTON, TENN.—A good word for Leslie Thrasher! His "It's a Boy!" cover, introducing *Sandy, Jr.*, was *great.*

I felt like walking the floor with it.—*H. D.*

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—God bless Leslie Thrasher! Long may his hand move and his brain work to give us the sweet story of *Sandy* and *Lil*—and now the baby.—*Nanette E. Richard.*

SEATTLE, WASH. — Why didn't "Les" Thrasher give that new born baby teeth? That's all it lacked of being a year old baby.—*A Reader.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It gives me great pleasure to announce that the day your weekly with the cover design, "It's a Boy!" came on the stands, my wife presented me with our first baby, and it *was* a boy.—*Walter E. Britton.*

CONGRESS HEIGHTS, D. C.—Whoever designed that "It's a Boy!" cover ought to be ashamed of himself.

Why, instead of having a dear sweet baby, they have made something that looks like a little old man, dressed in a baby blanket!

The couple are too cute and pretty to have such a baby. You must have gotten the babies mixed at the hospital.—*M. S. Newcomb.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your "It's a Boy!" cover was a wow—and the coat of arms a knockout. "Original" is too mild!—*Rose Goldstein.*

Somebody Had to Win It

OMAHA, NEB.—Well, it's settled now, isn't it? By "Private J. J. Tunney, Marine," by Norman S. Hall. The marines won the war. Suppose the nurses will win it in the next issue. Fair enough.

Boy—there's promotion! Thirty days or so in and around Brest—and now he's a first lieutenant!

But you forgot to mention his citations. He surely must have a few of them, after all that service and those hardships—as instructor. Nice picture: Tunney with bayonet and face all set. Taken where? Some park or summer resort? Hot stuff! —*A. L. Franklin.*

How Can You Tell?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Viña Delmar is *too* absurd! That permanent wave she wears on her *n* is enough for me. I'm *sure* it's a horsefeather.—*Innocence—a Broad.*

Candy from a Baby

INDEPENDENCE, MO.—A little boy that lives next to me earns a nickel

every week from his mother. He closes his eyes and grits his teeth when he passes a candy shop, then makes a bee line for the nearest magazine stand and—LIBERTY!—V. *M. (A Liberty Convert.)*

Mr. Doherty Strikes Home

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Little did Edward Doherty, the author of your story entitled "Gas," know that somewhere in this country of ours there existed a situation identical with the one described in his story.

The writer of this letter, on reaching home one day, was informed by his bride of less than a month that she was in love with a married man, and that as soon as this married man could get his divorce she was going to go to him.

If there is such a place in the hereafter as hell I am willing to go there, and I think I will find eternal peace there, after what I have passed through.

But with all that has happened I love my Bettie, and for her future happiness I advised her that whenever she is ready to go to her Fred I am willing to let her go.

This story hit home so true that I could not help telling you of it.—*Just a Subscriber.*

It Wasn't Unlawful

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Have just finished reading "The Execution Picture of Mrs. Snyder," by Sidney Sutherland.

Under what cloak can you justify using six pages of your magazine in glorifying this unlawful act, as told by the autobiographic hero? Why not continue with similar articles wherein the breaking of the prohibition law, for example, is glorified and made to appear clever?—*Richard Rossman.*

What Conspiracy?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Anent Mr. Sidney Sutherland's article, "The Execution Picture of Mrs. Snyder":

I do not think you have justified yourself, Mr. Sidney Sutherland (as "accessory to the crime"), nor your young man, Tom, who was willing to do the dirty work.

You reminded me just exactly of Adam when he told God that Eve was to blame for the apple business. It was Tom who actually took the picture, we admit, but nobody heard of you refusing to be a party to the conspiracy.

"'Twas Eve—she done it."—*N. S. T.*

So Long, Mary

PORTAGE, WIS.—When I read some of those letters in Vox Pop it disgusts me, especially the letter over the signature of Mary Martion.

She said it is common knowledge that Al Smith was carried on the train drunk after his wife's funeral. I ask you, do you call that knowledge?

If there were a hundred and twenty million more back fence broadcasters like her in this country, I wonder if it could be called a glorious country.

I am a Protestant, but such rumors as these bring votes Mr. Smith's way. Why mix religion and politics? Vote for the *man.* I doubt if we have a perfect candidate on the lists of aspirants to the Presidency. Remember, Andrew Jackson took the oath of office slightly intox—well, you say it. —*Willard K. Baker.*

WARSAW, N. Y.—It sure is a good thing for this Mary Martion that she lives in a place large enough so she can't be found easily. She'd have a wonderful time proving that stuff about Al being drunk.

If she were a man someone would knock her so hard she'd bounce for a week.—*Another "Mick."*

The Corset Situation—

YONKERS, N. Y.—Hey! Give me some information about that corset bearing creature, J. H. Randolph, who wrote to Vox Pop extolling the comforts of corsets for men. Can he cook? If so, give me his address and I'll take him home.—*Billy Mechanic.*

Seems to Be Getting—

STAMFORD, CONN.—The prevailing idea that men who wear corsets are sissies is all wrong. As a matter of fact, the most manly men have, in the past, been corset wearing men. I refer to European army men.

I have worn corsets—long, stiffly boned, and tightly laced—ever since, as a boy, I was sent to a fashionable school in Vienna. All the pupils were required to wear corsets.

Thinking it unmanly to wear them, I protested vigorously. But two servants held my wrists while a third laced me tightly into a pair of stays. To my surprise, I found the sensation of being laced delightful. I am now seventy and have always been in splendid health.

A protruding stomach should be more of a disgrace on a man than a pair of corsets.—*Arthur O. Cabot.*

—Seriouser and Seriouser

SHERIDAN, WYO.—I am quiet and mild by nature, but my eyes flashed in anger and I shouted when I read J. H. Randolph's Vox Pop letter. How can any *man* be so brazen as to admit that he wears a *corset?*

May Randy's lip stick ever be kiss proof.—*Geo. Downer.*

All's Well If His End's Well

ATLANTA, GA.—My stenographer was busy writing a letter, and a little

LIBERTY salesman walked right into her office and called out: "LIBERTY today!" And she wrote those two words down, right in the center of an otherwise nice letter, therefore she had to rewrite the whole thing.

Did she buy a LIBERTY? Well—the boy was complaining of his rear works when he entered my office next door.

Then—I bought two LIBERTYS and left one on her desk!—*T. P. G.*

Well, Now, You See . . .

CHICAGO, ILL.—Clinton Dangerfield almost qualifies as a nature fakir. She talks of "the great racing mare, Lady New Luck," and says she was "Man o' War's get."

The events of the story took place in 1912. As Man o' War was foaled in 1917, that strains my credulity quite a bit.

Yours for Bigger and Better Bunk. —*J. Frederick Meagher.*

DIAMONDS IN MAIN STREET

DIAMONDS to right of you. Diamonds to left of you. Red Diamonds on both sides of Main Street. They're a healthful sign. For they mark those better fountains where Borden's Malted Milk is served.

A tall creamy glass of Borden's is the perfect hot weather lunch. Puts new life into the most jaded spirits. Gives new energy to slowed-up bodies and brains. Refreshes wilted appetites. Brings back the sparkle of youth to those who are feeling dull and old.

It's the full-cream country milk in Borden's, with its life-giving vitamins. It's the sweet nutty wheat. It's the pungent malt that takes the strain from your digestion. It's all these combined that make Borden's Malted Milk so abundant in health.

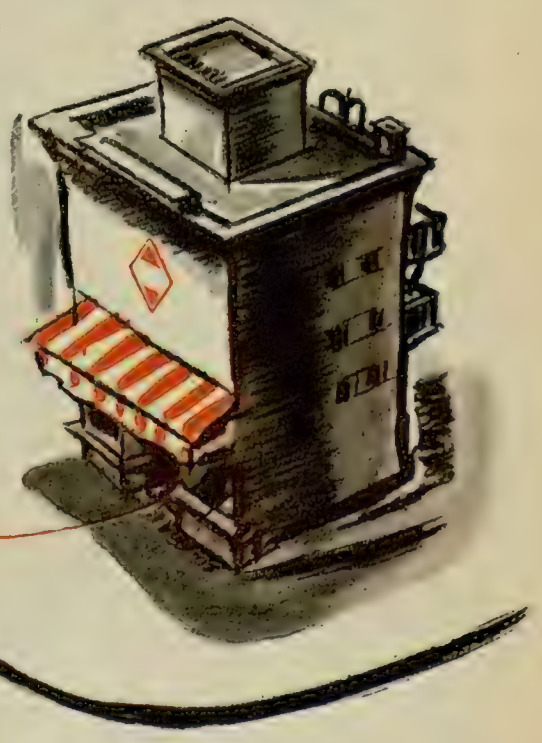
Join the younger generation in their daily Borden's Malted Milk. With your favorite sandwich or a crisp, cool salad.

Wherever you see the red Diamond sign—in a window, behind the fountain—you'll get Borden's. With the unmistakable quality that has distinguished *all* Borden products for 71 years. Find the Diamond nearest you.

◆ ◆ ◆

DIAMONDS FOR DEALERS

Get our complete Diamond Sign outfit. Free. Write The Borden Company, 510 Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., or The Borden Company, Ltd., Montreal, Can.



If you enjoy Borden's Malted Milk at the fountain, buy it for home use, too. Natural flavor or Sweet Chocolate Flavor. Convenient sized packages.

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

Look for this Diamond Sign. It identifies fountains serving Borden's Malted Milk.

Kellogg's

PEP

BRAN FLAKES

The glorious flavor of "PEP" and the health-ful roughage of BRAN

The PEP Gang of the Movies!

"Our Gang"

Thousands delight in the antics of Hal Roach's "Our Gang." The dullest night they are good for a lot of laughs. Such bubbling spirits —such romping fun — such pep, it's literally catching!

A BOWL of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes is the high-spot of breakfast. You've never tasted anything quite like this delightful cereal from Battle Creek. Practically a perfect food, served with milk or cream.

It's a wonderful treat. Combines the distinctive flavor of PEP, the valuable food elements of whole wheat, and enough bran to make it mildly laxative. Only Kellogg could have blended so much goodness and nourishment into these crisp, crunchy, tasty bran flakes.

Try Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. You couldn't give the family anything more healthful. For breakfast, lunch, the children's evening meal!

Look for the name Kellogg on the red-and-green package. At your grocer's.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company, world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, *Corn Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, and Kaffee Hag—"real coffee minus caffeine." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.*

IMPORTANT

Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN — *another Kellogg product— is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*

BEANS

By ETHEL SOMERS

MODERN markets provide string and wax beans most of the year. Therefore it is especially desirable that one have an extensive repertoire for their cookery. Beans are, however, most delightful and succulent at this season.

All vegetables, beans especially, should be cooked in the shortest time possible until just tender. The best method is to steam in a very small quantity of water, tightly covered, or to cook waterless. If the beans are not overcooked, the color will in no wise suffer because they have been cooked covered.

If the bean pods look fresh and juicy it is certain that their flavor will prove pleasant and mild. A fresh pod, when broken, snaps easily and sharply.

In using beans from your own garden, it often happens that some of them will become well filled out before picking. The pods of such beans are too tough to cook and so they should be removed and the beans cooked in very little water, with the same seasonings as buttered unshelled beans. One quart of green or wax beans will furnish a generous serving for four persons.

Pickled String Beans

2 quarts cut beans (about 4 quarts as purchased)
1 ounce mustard seed
1 ounce cloves
1 cup sugar
2 red peppers, sliced
Vinegar to cover
2 teaspoons salt

CLEAN, string, and cut fresh green or wax beans. Either crosswise or lengthwise cutting is effective. Cook in salted water until tender (1 teaspoon to 1 quart). Drain and pack into jars (a mixture of half and half cooked celery and cooked beans may be used if preferred). Measure out enough vinegar to cover. Heat the vinegar, sliced pepper, sugar, and spices (tied in bags) to boiling and pour over the beans. Seal and set aside to cool. Keep at least one month before using.

Canned String Beans

SELECT fresh, firm, crisp beans. Wash thoroughly. Blanch by placing the beans in a cheesecloth square or bag and plunging into boiling water 5 to 10 minutes, according to whether the beans are young or full grown.

Cold dip as soon as the vegetables are removed from the blanching water. To do this, plunge quickly in and out of cold water. Iced water is best. Then drain and pack immediately into clean, hot jars, or sanitary cans that have been thoroughly cleansed by washing, rinsing, and then boiling 5 to 10 minutes in a vat of hot water. Add ½ teaspoon salt for every pint of beans; also ½ teaspoon of sugar if sweetness is desired; and then pour in enough boiling water to fill the jar to within ½ inch of the top.

Paddle the jar with a spatula or split bamboo paddle by running the paddle down to the air bubbles and freeing them. Place a scalded rubber in position and loosely seal the jar. Leave the clamp up on a clamp top jar or loosen the screw top ¼ turn. Process for 60 minutes at 5 pounds pressure, 40 minutes at 10 pounds pressure, or 30 minutes at 20 pounds pressure. This is done by setting the cans of green or waxed beans on a wire rack in the bottom of a pressure cooker. Add 2 or 3 cups of hot water. Close the cooker, leaving the pet cock open until steam appears. Then close it. Let the pressure run up to the desired point. Count the processing from this time on, according to the periods given above. Keep the pressure as nearly constant as possible.

At the end of the processing period, allow the cooker to cool until the gauge registers zero; then, upon opening the pet cock gradually, you will note that no steam escapes. This cooling prevents marked shrinkage of the vegetable within the jar. Remove the jar with tongs. Seal lightly at once, and invert on a folded towel to cool. Wipe off the outside of the jar while hot.

Watch for oozing liquid, which would indicate imperfect sealing. If a leak is found, repack and resterilize the contents. Never try to seal a jar tighter after it is cooled, as this breaks the seal. Store the cooled, tested jars, wrapped or covered with brown paper to prevent fading, in a cool dry place. Let stand open 1 hour before serving, and boil the beans a few minutes.

Blanching provides a final cleaning for the rough surface of string and wax beans.

For structural reasons, vegetables cut or split lengthwise lose less minerals while cooking.

Pickled string beans may be served as a relish or, with French dressing, as a salad.

Buttered Beans

1 quart pod beans, string or wax
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
½ to 1 cup boiling water, unless steamed or cooked waterless
⅛ teaspoon pepper

WASH the beans thoroughly by rubbing under cold water. String and cut into short pieces or split lengthwise. Using a colander or clean cheesecloth square, dip the clean beans into boiling hot water to cover. Pull out quickly and immediately immerse in cold water, the colder the better. This French method of blanching insures a thorough and final cleaning of the rather rough bean surface. Add the least possible amount of boiling water. Cover tightly, and when the mixture is boiling, turn the flame almost out and cook gently until *just* tender—about 35 to 60 minutes, depending upon how young the beans are. Add the salt just before the cooking is completed. When done, remove the cover. Boil away any excess water and season with the butter and pepper. Serve hot.

SAVORY BEANS may be obtained by cooking in broth or consommé rather than in plain water.

Italian Beans

1 quart beans, green or wax, cooked like Buttered Beans
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon flour
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup meat stock or consommé

BEAT the flour into the egg yolk in a small saucepan. Add the lemon juice and meat stock slowly, stirring to prevent lumps. Cook this sauce, stirring as it thickens over a medium flame. Add the hot cooked beans and serve at once. Prolonged cooking may curdle the egg.

Beans with Cheese

1 quart cooked buttered beans
½ cup grated cheese
½ cup cream
Buttered bread crumbs for the top, if desired

PLACE ½ the cooked buttered beans in an oiled casserole. Sprinkle with ½ the grated cheese and ½ the cream, using the remaining ingredients to make a second layer. Spread the buttered crumbs over the top. Place in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until the cheese is melted and the whole well browned. Serve hot.

Bean Salad

BEAN SALAD may be made by using the pickled beans or by marinating plain cooked beans in French dressing 1 hour before serving on chilled lettuce. Variations of this salad may be made by combining the beans with an equal quantity of sliced celery; or half as much chopped shredded onion and green peppers; or cubed tomatoes, with a bit of shredded onion. All of the vegetables, excepting the onion, should be marinated separately and then combined to form the salad.

BEANS are only one of the many vegetables particularly succulent at this time of the year. Ethel Somers includes a number of recipes in the three cookbooks she has written for LIBERTY which suggest many tempting dishes you can easily prepare with the great variety of fresh vegetables now in season. Let Miss Somers give you hints on how to add savor to the dishes you serve in your home. You will find these in the LIBERTY cookbooks. Each book costs only 10¢, but you can get all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D. .....
City ..... State .....
7-14-28

The OUTCAST

A Story of a Fool and a Fawn

By

KENNETH GILBERT

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 24 minutes 37 seconds.)

THE May moon, like some luscious, globe-shaped golden fruit, had appeared to be suspended among the tall conifers; but at last it lifted above them, washing the great valley with mellow light. So strongly did it shine that a pair of rain robins, nested in the bushy depths of a cedar, believed that dawn had come, for the male chirped drowsily to his mate, and was answered. From somewhere in the huddle of buildings at the distant homestead a rooster crowed lustily.

Down by the shallow creek—which patiently wound its way through a maze of devil's-club and vine maple, twisting about hummocks of squaw grass and the rotting boles of ancient windfalls which crisscrossed its course like giant jackstraws—the young black-tailed doe who stood on trembling legs beside her newborn fawn turned until the moon shone full in her face.

Instantly, it seemed then in the gloom, twin lamps were switched on. The doe's eyes glowed like opalescent flame, yet with a curiously cold light, as though she were afraid—a luminescence utterly unlike the hot intensity in the shining orbs of the great hunting felines—the cougar, the lynx, the wildcat.

THE doe's eyes glowed like opalescent flame, yet with a curiously cold light, as though she were afraid.

In truth, she was very much afraid; for the responsibility of motherhood, while new and delightfully bewildering, rested heavily upon her. Gravely she bent her mild gaze on the encroaching thickets, which might easily screen a soft-footed killer; and her nostrils dilated and contracted as she sampled the dank air, redolent with the odor of rotted vegetation and the noisome skunk cabbage, which flaunted its unhealthful green throughout the swamp.

But the air, although heavy, was traced with no hint of danger; and she lowered her head once more, to nuzzle the wet coat of the spotted fawn at her feet. Although a rough caress, it was one flooded with adoration, for certainly this first baby was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

AT the touch of his mother's nose, Mowitsch twitched his long, velvety ears, which had been perked forward in curiosity concerning this strange world in which he found himself, and sought to rise. But although strength was coming swiftly to those spindly legs, they seemed incapable of supporting him at this moment; and, with an impatient whimper, he settled back, his mottlings blending perfectly with the last year's leaves where the doe had cached him.

He was too full fed to stand; but it seemed his right that he should demand more, and the nearness of his mother's body was gently encouraging. She blew her warm breath upon him, inviting him to rise and nurse, and he tried once more, but failed.

Before many days, however, Mowitsch would walk with his mother through the cool, shadowy chancels of the forest, and she would impart woodcraft to him, and such cunning as she knew. She would teach him to browse; to distinguish which green things were edible; and gradually, without his knowing what she was about, she would have him foraging on his own. She would teach him fear.

There would come a time when it seemed that she had cruelly deserted him, although in reality she would merely be hiding in a near-by covert, watching him constantly. Frantically he would search for her; and his hunger for the nourishment which only she could give him would be almost past endurance.

Eventually, however, he would discover that

browsing satisfied him, and he would forget his infantile longing. When this happened, she would miraculously reappear, and together they would wander through the pleasant-smelling summer woods.

Nor would she leave him again—and then, perhaps, forever—until the nights had a hint of bitterness and the first frost splashed broad brush strokes of gold and crimson on the leaves of the birches and aspens. If they met after that, she would probably evade him.

BUT now he was wholly helpless, and so dependent upon her bounty and care that her instinctive mother love rose in a swelling flood of willingness in his service. True, he was scarcely larger than a good-sized rabbit, save that his legs were longer and more gangling; but every soft curve of his body plumbed a new depth of tenderness in her each time she looked at him. Harmlessness shone in his eyes, which had a bluish opacity that would eventually clarify and become limpid dark brown.

And because Nature had created him as the ultimate of innocence among the wild kindred, and desired to perpetuate her handiwork by bringing him safely through this danger period until he could fend for himself, she had bestowed one gift even greater than the cloak of protection thrown around him by his valiant little mother. He had little or no body scent. That is to say, he could lie hidden in a thicket, and a preying lynx or wildcat would pass within six feet of the spot without a single telltale whiff revealing the nearness of the little fawn. His coloring was camouflage, and the killer's eyes, trained to distinguish movement but not form, would not disassociate his outlines from his background.

For that matter, his mother's body scent also was minimized at this time. It was the same protection that is so marvelously extended to brooding grouse and other wild birds with their young. This gift, and an intuitive faculty of implicitly obeying his mother's orders by remaining motionless when she so commanded, were the heritage of Mowitsch; his safeguard.

Yet that gift was the very thing which made him an outcast when the time came.

Having satisfied herself that the fawn was comfortable, the little doe was reminded that she was hungry. A mile down the creek, the stream broadened out in a marsh of almost stagnant waters, where pond lilies flourished, their succulent bulbs embedded in the soft mud. The doe often went there to feed and to drink.

Now she felt the need of both food and water. She pressed her nose against the fawn's neck, seemingly communicating a command to him, and he became immobile. Then, without another look at him, the doe started away.

Five minutes later she came hurrying back, heart pounding in panic, convinced beyond doubt that some enemy had been awaiting only her departure in order to murder her fawn. Her quick eyes scanned the coverts and she blew a shrill blast of defiance.

But no foeman appeared. Mowitsch was in exactly the same position as when she had left him. He had not so much as moved a hair, but was lying with body flattened, long legs doubled under him, head outthrust on the leaves, and ears tucked back. Nor did he move when she stood over him—obedience was born in him—although his blue eyes regarded her curiously.

Her fears stilled at last, the ruff of hairs about her shoulders and along her spine settled again, and the doe vanished in the woods as silently as though she were a wind-blown wisp of vapor. Mowitsch lay patiently motionless. He continued to lie in the same position, even though an hour passed, the moon paled, and the east became salmon-flushed with dawn.

In fact, he had not stirred when Flagg, who had come out from the city to stay overnight at the homestead and fish in the brushy creek, found him there at daybreak.

Flagg was a fairly consistent fisherman, although he was not overly observant, even though he spent most of his week-ends in the woods. It was, therefore, but one chance in a thousand that, having stopped to light his pipe within six feet of where the fawn lay, his eyes should distinguish the form of the little deer.

Even at that, however, he was compelled to look at the spot several seconds before he saw Mowitsch. The fawn saw him without fear but with vast curiosity. It is probable that intuition, rather than keen eyesight, told the man that there was something unnatural about the blob of neutral colors there among the leaves. Or it may have been that Mowitsch, the sensitive lenses of his eyes hurt by the first sunlight he had ever seen, could not forgo a single blink. In any event, Flagg saw him.

AND, because it was the first wild fawn he had ever seen, Flagg's eyes widened with sudden delight. Putting down his fishing rod, he stepped forward quickly—and did a grievous thing. He stroked the fawn's neck, then picked him up and held him in his arms. And in that instant the immaculate scentlessness of the little fawn was defiled with the man smell.

Flagg, of course, was unaware of what he had done. He knew only that Mowitsch was the daintiest, the most trustful and appealing little wild animal he had ever seen. He admired the miniature black hoofs, the absurd little stub tail, the delicate tracery of spots, the luminous, questioning eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

McCASKEY

CASH REGISTERS (ONE WRITING) CREDIT SYSTEMS

McCaskey Men Save Money for Merchants

How, you ask? By showing how to reduce to the simplest, quickest, and most economical system in the world, all the sales records necessary to the efficient operation of any retail store.

With McCaskey Cash Register Systems

They will show you how to cut overhead and speed up service . . . how to make records that keep you posted every day, on every angle of your business—sales by departments, by clerks—cash received and paid out—to whom and what for—payments on account—all printed automatically on a strip before your eyes. Nothing to do at close of day but enter totals in the McCaskey Business Recorder, and there you have the complete financial picture of the day's business.

Then with McCaskey "One-Writing" Credit System

They will show how you can have all information on every charge account ready for instant reference—kept up-to-the-minute *all in one writing*—no posting necessary.

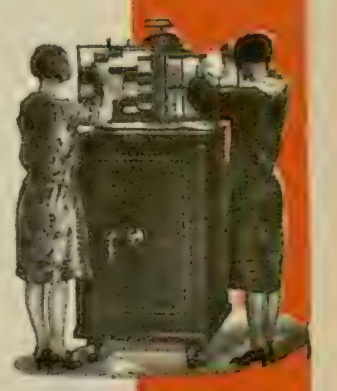
We are ready to show, specifically, how McCaskey Cash Register Systems and McCaskey Credit Systems can save time and money for *you*. Write for information.

THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO., Alliance, Ohio

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Portland, Dallas, Atlanta. Galt, Canada. Watford, England

Cash Register

McCaskey Cash Register System—Automatically prints every sales transaction by clerks, by departments, on the detail strip. Also a complete adding machine.



Credit Systems

McCaskey Credit System keeps credit accounts accurate, and audited up-to-the-minute. Saves time in entering charge sales. Supplied in models to fit any size business.

[THE OUTCAST
Continued from page sixty-one]

He talked to it as he might to a baby, and his thoughts were of possession. Wouldn't his children simply go into ecstasies over this shy little stranger from the forest? But, as quickly as that thought came, it died.

Clearly the fawn was too young to be raised by artificial means. Then again, Flagg was in doubt as to the legal aspects of the matter; the game law protected youngsters such as this. Possibly he could take the fawn back to the city and present it to a zoölogical park, where the keepers might know how to keep it alive; but that would be cruel.

No; it was best that the fawn be left here.

"Poor little cuss!" said the man softly. "You're shivering with cold."

It was true that Mowitsch was trembling; but this came from nervousness at the proximity of a strange creature, who somehow awakened misgiving. It was then that Flagg, in his blundering, kind-hearted way—he wouldn't have harmed a hair of the little captive—made his first error doubly serious.

STRIPPING off his canvas coat—for the sun would soon be high and he wouldn't need it—he wrapped Mowitsch carefully and placed him once more on the ground.

"Right in the same place that mamma left you," he told the youngster. "Won't she be surprised?" And, when it seemed that the fawn's trembling did not cease: "You'll be warm in a jiffy!"

Then Flagg went down to the nearest pool, a hundred yards from where he had found Mowitsch, and became engrossed in his fishing.

His creel half-filled in an hour, and the pool being evidently depopulated of fish, he began working upstream. It was nearly noon, and hunger was gnawing at him, when he remembered his lunch was in the coat he had wrapped around the fawn.

Wondering how the baby deer had fared, he retraced his steps. He found the coat—but no fawn in it. Doubtless the covering had served its purpose well. The mother had come back, found her youngster, and had taken him away. With a creelful of fish, a wonderful morning's sport behind him, and the soothing consciousness of a kind deed performed, Flagg made his way through the woods to the homestead.

He displayed his fish, and described the fight with the biggest one. Then he remembered the fawn, and told the homesteader of how he had befriended the youngster.

Shortly afterward Flagg went away, bound for the city, although he had planned to spend two days here. Despite the limit catch he had made, he seemed strangely downcast and silent, and kept aloof from other men in the smoking car when he got aboard the train at last; which was contrary to his custom, for Flagg was whole-souled geniality itself.

Now and then he caught himself rubbing his ears as though they were burning, or as though he half expected to find them grown embarrassingly long. For the homesteader, who knew much of the minds and manners of the wild kindred and loved them all as neighbors, had remarked at length, in his dry and pointed way, upon the amazing manifestations of "meddlin' fools." He had looked at Flagg as he said it.

So Flagg had gone away, hurt and dispirited, for he was a man of kind heart and good intentions. Back in the city at last, it was only natural that he should neglect to mention finding the fawn. There are incidents which are best forgot, and quickly.

As a matter of fact, Mowitsch had found the

DOWN the fawn went, plunged with a gasp into the chill waters of the creek.

canvas coat warm and comforting, although he liked not the smell of the strange thing. But the command his mother had given him—to lie motionless—overshadowed any immediate impulse he might have had.

He was confident that his mother would return presently. She had not told him so, but he was as trustful as he was patient. He would perish of thirst or starvation, but he would not leave this spot.

THE sun rose and drove the morning chill before it, sucking up the vapors which had settled in the thickets along the creek, and crisping the fuscous leaves where lay the little deer. The sun rays presently searched him out and beat into his eyes, until he closed them to ward off the glare; but he remained motionless otherwise.

The canvas coat, which at first had been gratefully warm, became unbearably hot. Still Mowitsch did not move. Now and then he heard the man crashing about in the brush down by the creek.

Perhaps in his infantile mind there arose doubt as to what had happened to his mother. The truth was that trouble had overtaken her. Venturing too far into the marsh in her search for pond-lily bulbs, she had become bogged in the soft muck.

Chest-deep in the mire, she struggled to free herself; inch by inch she fought to higher ground, but it was pitifully slow progress, and all the while her anxiety deepened. Through her mind raced thoughts of a dozen dire happenings, any one of which might have befallen her fawn; and dread of them made her frantic.

Yet a purpose was served. She was all but exhausted by her efforts, for she was not long-winded at best and she was still weak from travail; and had there been only her own life to fight for she might have given up. But the one determination which held her steadfast was to be with her first-born, who was at the mercy of any passing enemy.

And, perhaps because of the unselfishness of her motive, Fate at last relented, and permitted her to gain a grass hummock and drag herself free. For a long time she lay there gasping, unable to rise. The sun was more than an hour high when she staggered off through the woods, straight for the spot where she had left her little one.

MEANWHILE Mowitsch was having an ordeal of his own. Even when the man had picked him up and petted him, the fawn had not relaxed his pose of rigidity. But now the close-woven coat was all but stifling him in the growing heat, and his tiny pink tongue began to loll. He was desperately hungry, too. But he would not complain; nor would he disobey orders by getting to his feet.

He ventured at last, however, to twist his head about to get more air. The act was an unconscious prompting of his physical self. Mowitsch did not know why he did it, save that it made him feel better. But the movement did not go unnoticed.

A crow who had a nest among the topmost branches of a near-by fir, and who had been pondering the problem of breakfast, saw the fawn's head, and involuntarily uttered a warning *cor! cor!* to his mate on the nest. Then the sooty bird dropped out of the tree to investigate the suspicious circumstance, for his keen eyes had likewise noted the man's coat.

He perched on a lightning-blasted snag perhaps twenty feet above Mowitsch, and began heaping abuse upon the bundled fawn, who might be party to some clever trick employed by Man, the great enemy, to trap or harass all crows. Or perhaps he was jeering at the hapless victim of Man's craft—for the crow had no sympathy with any creature that lacked wisdom or perceptive caution.

The fawn heard him, but could not, of course, understand the import of the vituperative croakings. Tiring of the sport at last, the crow flew away.

By and by a gray jay, a silent meatbird who came in short, dipping flight through the forest, caught sight of the coat and the fawn, and was instantly curious. There was something here which puzzled him. But although the situation vaguely gave promise of food, there was no definite assurance; and the jay, after regarding the bewildered and panting Mowitsch with one vitreous-hard eye and then another, went the way of the crow.

Then, suddenly, the little fawn began wriggling free of the coat. He got clear at last, and struggled to his feet with a babyish bleat of welcome and thankfulness. For Mowitsch knew that his mother had returned!

He could not see her at first; yet intuition was more infallible than eyesight in this case. Somewhere, close by, she was awaiting him. He wabbled forward on untested legs, drawn to her by some mysterious, telepathic bond; and at that instant she stepped from the thicket where she had paused. The fawn stopped suddenly, doubt in his eyes.

This was not the mother he had known. True, she appeared to have the familiar form, but there was something strangely different about her. She was covered with mud; but that should not have deceived him for an instant. It

was her attitude that awoke misgiving in his heart.

For she was regarding him with blazing eyes. Anger and hatred shone in them. Her nostrils dilated and contracted as she recorded the hateful man smell about the fawn; and the rough hairs about her shoulders and along her spine began to erect themselves ominously. This little creature, who looked so much like her baby, unmistakably belonged to Man—perhaps was a bait of some sort.

As Mowitsch, with a protesting bawl which seemed to plead with his mother to recognize him, took another step toward her, she leaped backward with a whistling snort of horror and alarm, and struck at him with her sharp front hoofs.

That she missed killing him outright, then and there, could have been due to nothing less than the workings of a mysterious fate or destiny which apparently governs the lives of the wild folk. Yet the menace of it frightened the fawn, so that he paused, while his mother continued to regard him with growing fury, nerving herself for the attack.

With the man smell hot in her nostrils—everywhere about the place for that matter—she might have vented her ire on the unwitting fawn the next moment if she had not glimpsed the coat lying on the ground.

She shied away from it, snorting fear, the fawn forgotten in the face of this new terror. Almost she expected the thing to leap at her; but it evidently was content to bide its time until she came closer.

SHE drew back farther, suspicion stronger within her; and then the impatient Mowitsch invited death itself. He ran to her and butted her cajolingly in the side.

Instantly the doe reared, terrible in her rage. Her slender legs, with their punishing forehoofs, poised for the death stroke. But, before they came down, Providence intervened.

Down by the creek, Flagg, testing the strength of a fallen log as he started upstream to a new pool, fell with a crash as the thing broke under him.

The doe heard. She knew that it was the man who had made the noise; it could be nothing else. Into her mind leaped the conclusion that, having tolled her to this spot, he was now stalking her. Therefore, instead of beating the fawn to earth, she sprang over him, and raced away.

More puzzled than ever, Mowitsch stared in the direction she had vanished, and bleated plaintively. But she did not return. His hunger now was past all understanding, and he knew that he must overtake her, if possible. Hesitantly he wabbled off through the brush, unconsciously holding a course parallel to that of the creek.

But he did not go far before his legs tired and he sank down. It is possible that he was wrong when he attempted to follow her at all. He should have remained hidden and motionless. As though he reached this conclusion at last, he crawled into a clump of salal, and composed himself to patient waiting.

But after several minutes of it he raised his head and voiced his loneliness and hunger once more—a thin, reedy cry, not unlike that of a newborn child; then settled back once more while he listened.

IN a sunlit glade just beyond where Mowitsch lay, a great blue-bottle fly droned lazily. This winged wanderer was presently joined by several of a smaller species, as the warmth increased: darting, spiraling creatures with horrid red masks and pallid bodies. They were bloodthirsty deer flies, capable of inflicting exceedingly painful bites; and, either by scent or intuition, the whole troop of them eventually found Mowitsch in his lair, and began tormenting him. Though he involuntarily flinched as one of the buzzing fiends would bite him, he did not try to evade them.

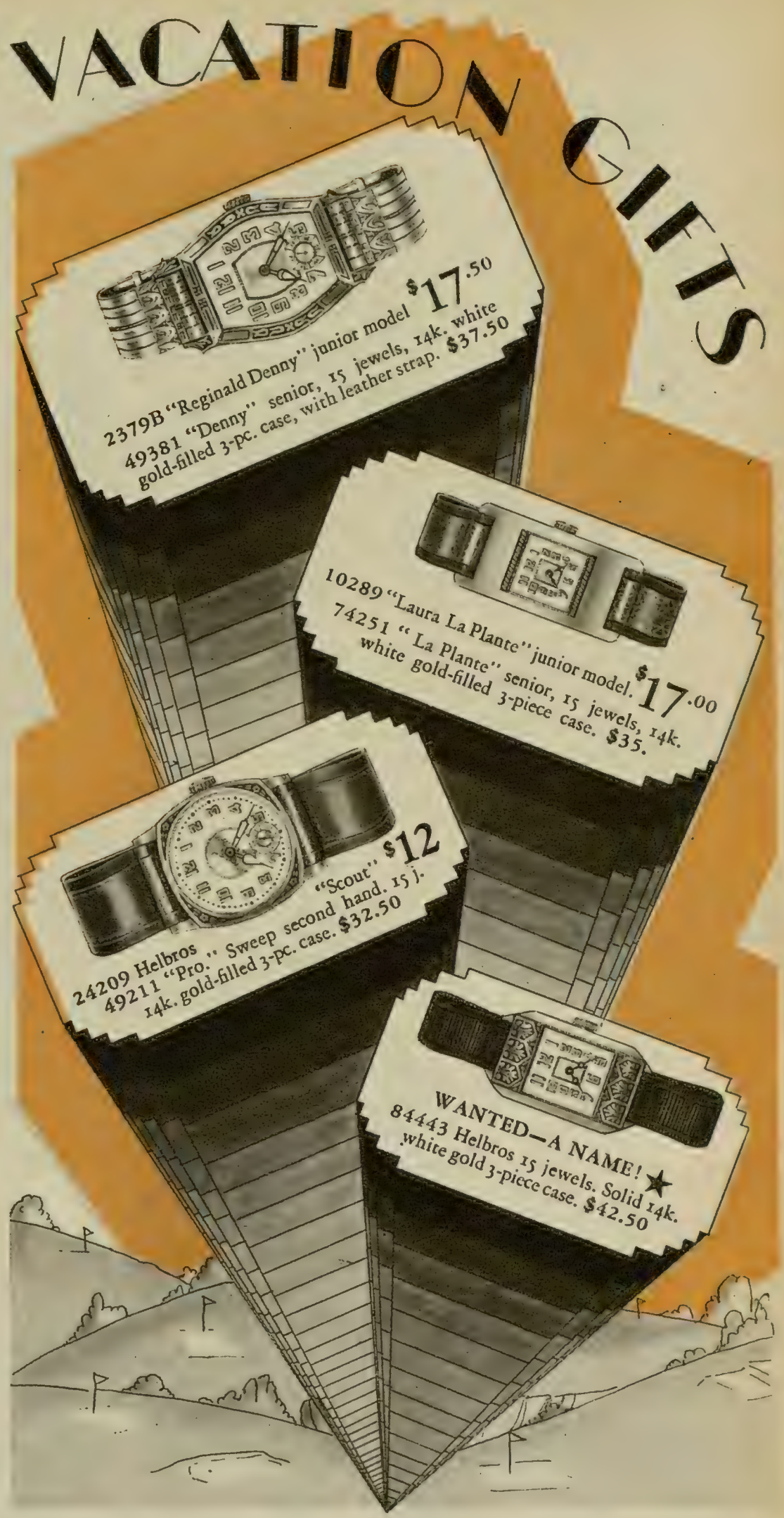
And then, of a sudden, there was a loud and startling *whuff-ff!* close beside him. So abrupt and terrifying it was that he scrambled to his feet, and stood there trembling. Directly there was a loud crashing of brush, as though some bulky animal were tearing off at full speed through the woods. As the sound died away at last, Mowitsch settled back, as motionless as possible, despite the insistent zooming of the deer flies, his cloudy blue eyes confident and untroubled.

The little fawn did not know that he had just escaped death in a new form. That questioning bleat he had given but a short time before had not gone unheard. An old and morose black bear, petulantly digging up the bulbous root of an acrid and pungent Indian turnip, or jack-in-the-pulpit, had correctly interpreted the cry. A fawn was always a tempting meal, but difficult to find. At thought of it, the bear's jaws slavered; and silently and swiftly, for all his size, he moved unerringly in the direction whence the sound had come.

By and by he stopped, as though intuition whispered to him that the fawn was hidden in the salal clump just ahead. First the bear made sure that the doe was not on guard. He could have killed her too, doubtless, but he had found in times gone past that these deer mothers were such reckless and indomitable fighters that he hesitated to face their sharp hoofs. It was evident, however, that this fawn was unguarded for the time being; and the bear moved forward noiselessly, the cushioned pads of his feet breaking no twigs.

Nearer and nearer he came; and then, as he gathered himself for a short, swift charge, his nose caught the dreaded man smell which clung to the fawn.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



A WRIST WATCH—the one kind worth wearing out of doors—a Helbros, the synonym for time-keeping trustworthiness and true beauty of design! In buying a sport watch ask your jeweler for the watch with the patented, extra-long-lived radium numerals—Helbros.

★ THIS WATCH FREE!

One of these Helbros Watches given FREE for the most appropriate name received before Aug. 1, 1928. This extension of the original period of our offer is to give opportunity to more readers to send in names. Use coupon or letter.

Helbros Watch Co., Dept. L-7, 48 West 48th St., New York

HELBROS

"AMERICA'S MOST TALKED-ABOUT WATCH"

I Submit the following name_____

MY NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

ADDRESS OF MY JEWELER_____

[THE OUTCAST
Continued from page sixty-three]

Instantly he pivoted on four legs, and, voicing his alarm, he was in full and ignominious flight, an old bullet wound, received years before, suddenly burning. As he sped on, smashing through brush rather than go around it, his terror increased; so that by the time he was a hundred yards away he was traveling at a gait of which no race horse need be ashamed. Nor did he pause until he had put a good mile between himself and the spot where he was convinced a man was hiding, ready to slay him.

Mowitsch waited on.

At last the fawn became aware of a slight, inoffensive odor which pervaded the atmosphere, and he twitched his nose in perplexity. Now and then he heard a rustle, as of some small animal working among the leaves near by. But he did not move—even when there suddenly appeared before him a curiously long and snaky-bodied little creature with a black-tipped tail.

Mowitsch had never seen that wilderness Apache, the weasel, and knew nothing of the mandate to slay which has seemingly been laid upon this small bravo of the forest glooms, and, for that matter, upon the whole of the *Mustelinæ* clan to which the weasel belongs, and which includes the mink, the marten, the fisher, or pekan, the otter, and the wolverene.

At sight of him the weasel, clad now in its tawny summer coat instead of the immaculate white which it dons in winter, stopped short with a surprised snarl, its sharp muzzle wrinkled warningly until the fighting fangs were exposed, while its reddened eyes glowed like tiny sparks.

The fawn was many times the size of the weasel; yet the latter, born with an insatiable blood lust in place of fear, was accustomed to giving odds. Along its trail of crimes were many dead rabbits and grouse, all bigger than their slender foe; yet they had perished with merciful swiftness when he struck.

Moreover, there was no light of combativeness in the fawn's eyes; it was helplessly inoffensive. And the weasel, having found hunting poor in the swamp, was hot with the killing urge. For the man smell it had no thought at all; in fact, that telltale scent was the thing which had drawn the weasel to the salal thicket. It did, however, glance around briefly to see if the doe was near; then looped its long body nearer its prey.

Before the fawn could understand what was happening, the tiny killer drove like a poniard straight for its victim's throat. Once let its fangs fasten in the great artery which ran close to the fawn's tender skin at that point, and only death or the glutting of its appetite could dislodge the weasel.

YET, even in that hairsplit part of a second, Fate gave the helpless fawn prescience. It flinched involuntarily, and the weasel fell just short, so that the cruel teeth barely punctured the outer skin and instinctively locked. Before the error could be corrected, the panic-stricken fawn leaped to its feet, the grim little slayer dangling from its neck, and, with a bleat of mortal terror, broke through the brush.

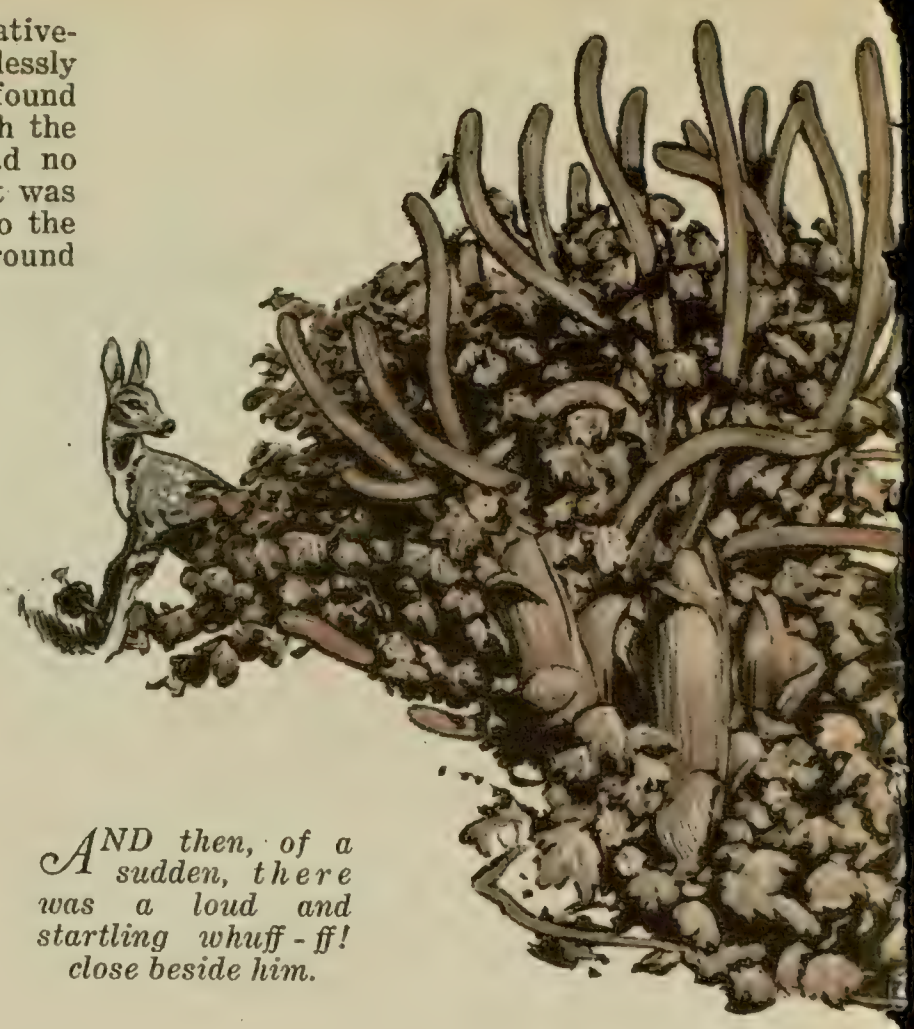
Fear gave strength to the fawn's legs, and it floundered off, shaking its head frantically in an effort to tear loose the horrid thing fastened to it. But with teeth and claws the weasel hung on.

Straight through another salal thicket the fawn ran, stumbling as the ground became mucky. Yet the next instant it was up again and away, bawling its fright.

A clump of devil's-club barred its way, and the fawn sprang aside, to charge through a lush growth of squaw grass. And then the earth seemed to drop from beneath its feet. Down the fawn went, plunged with a gasp into the chill waters of the creek, and came up again, choking. It had landed in the pool where Flagg had caught so many trout.

Instinctively it beat with all four legs in a swimming stroke, for the water here was too deep for it to touch bottom. The weasel itself was submerged in the welter of foam, but still kept its grip while the current caught both of them and hurried them downstream.

Time after time Mowitsch went under; but always he managed to get his head above water



AND then, of a sudden, there was a loud and startling whuff-ff! close beside him.

Made by the Manufacturer of Zonite Liquid Antiseptic

Zonite
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Ointment
A POWERFUL GREASELESS ANTISEPTIC CREAM
ZONITE PRODUCTS
NEW YORK

Zonite Oin

Also for Insect bites
Poison Ivy
Blisters
Cuts and Woun

again, while he threshed mightily with his slender legs.

And of a sudden Mowitsch knew that the weasel had left him. Indeed, the brown cutthroat was in his death agony; for the plunging forehoofs of the little fawn had inadvertently struck him full in the back, tearing loose his grip and probably breaking his spine.

Vainly the weasel floundered on the surface, twisting this way and that, trying to swim, yet unable to do so with its hind quarters paralyzed.

Still the fear-ridden fawn struggled on. Some impulse within bade him keep up the swimming stroke, since that was the only thing which held his head above water as he was swept along.

Now and then he came to a shallow riffle, and he could have turned to dry land; but he held to the stream, only to plunge into deep water again and resume swimming.

He was bravely but weakly negotiating the length of one of these pools when a dark brown thing detached itself from beneath an overhanging root at the edge of the stream and shot toward him. A big mink, industriously working upstream, had seen the struggling Mowitsch, and had decided that Fate had sent along breakfast in the shape of a good-sized rabbit. Bigger and fiercer than his clansman the weasel, this dark-furred haunter of the watercourse was determined to make short work of the hapless fawn. He dived, and struck from beneath.

With a shrill cry of fresh terror, the fawn half lifted itself from the water. The mink had not obtained its favorite death hold as yet—the driving forelegs of the little deer set up an almost impenetrable defense—but the mink was in its favorite element, and could dart and twist here and there under the water with natural ease.

Failing to seize the fawn's throat, the mink came up suddenly and, with a purring snarl, struck at the small victim's back. Both went under in a frenzied lashing of water.

It was then that Mowitsch got his feet on bottom. Chance alone directed his steps. Just ahead was a sand spit, where the stream curved aside, and out on this the two came, the mink striking at Mowitsch continually, like the flashing play of a dark-stained sword blade. Near to exhaustion, some native courage and stamina deep within the fawn yet managed to keep him upright; but now the end could scarcely be more than a matter of seconds.

Then there was a light thudding on the hard-packed sand, and the mink, with a chatter of angered surprise, whirled to face doom itself. Over him loomed a bulky form with blazing eyes, distended nostrils, and ominously erected guard hairs. Squalling defiance, the mink leaped for the safety of the stream. It was a movement so rapid that the eye could hardly follow. Yet before he had gone halfway, Fate overtook him.

From the tail of one eye he saw the doe rear, saw the spear-pointed forehoofs raised, and, courageous fighter that he was, he offered the best that was in him. His sharp teeth clicked savagely in air as his upthrust fell short. Then, like driving pistons, the forehoofs came down. He was blotted out, obliterated in the sand; yet his lips were still wrinkled vengefully when life was no longer in him. So he died, wearing in death the savage mask he had worn in life.

Yet the doe was not finished. Even when he had become a shapeless mass of fur, the outraged deer mother continued to vent her spleen upon the foe who would have slain her first-born. She was stamping out the life of all enemies who sought to slay her beloved fawn. As long as a vestige remained, she suspected that life was still in it. But at last, worn and shaken by her gusty fury and her exertion, she left off, to give way to a rush of mother love for the little one who had been so miraculously returned to her.

MOWITSCH still lay on the sand where he had fallen. His eyes were closed, and his palpitant heart fluttered beneath the rapid rise and fall of his heaving flanks. Yet he lifted his head and regarded his mother in wonder as she nuzzled him and tenderly licked the slight wounds he had suffered.

By and by, when strength came to Mowitsch, and he had revived enough to take the nourishment she offered him, they moved away into the pleasant coolness of the summer woods. Just at the edge of a thicket they paused, while the infallible nose of the doe explored him, as though she must have fresh confirmation of the amazing fact that he was with her.

Presently the pair of them went on, and the kindly trees screened their going. All was well because the cool forest stream into which Mowitsch had fallen had cleansed him of the defiling man smell. He was immaculate once more.

THE END

Seaside Styles from PARIS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, June 18.

THERE is always sea bathing somewhere in France. In the winter the smart bathers go to the Mediterranean, and in the summer they turn the whole northern and western coast into one continuous chain of resorts. This may account for the perpetual chic of tan and sunburn over here—and perhaps for the scarcity of bathtubs. Certainly it accounts for the tremendous importance given to seafaring and seaside chic.

The French are a decorative and decoration loving people. And they let themselves go when they indulge this instinct at the *plage*. Seaside villas all over France are decorated, inside and out, in a manner that is startling to us, with our square cornered Colonial ideas of architecture.

And no less are their costumes something to wonder at. The men appear in blazers that make the awnings and parasols blush modestly; while as for the ladies—well, they wear everything from chiffon to birch-bark bathing suits, and their peignoirs resemble gorgeous tropical birds. They are there to see and to be seen.

After the purely French period, when Americans began to have their say in the Paris salons, the couturiers were between the devil and the deep sea as to bathing and seashore costumes. What the Parisienne wore was something at which the *Américaine* held up her pretty hands in real and unadulterated horror.

But we are a young and supple minded race, and we learned seaside decoration isn't necessarily indecent. The Parisienne also learned a thing or two in the direction of simplicity and water resisting chic for the sea. So the couturiers have at last brought the two extremes together, evolving a decorative and practical kind of seagoing suit for the water and smart and useful clothes for the water's edge.

Beach pajamas of violet shantung have a blouse of white with colored dots.

A white bathing suit with a bolero jacket, embroidered in red and black.

Of course, the question of place enters in also. At Deauville anything goes, and it is here that sensational and freakish bathing clothes—such as beaded bathing suits and those made of feathers—appear and are broadcast to the world in general.

• The Lido is consecrated to pajamas, and bathing suits don't matter very much; while Le Touquet, Dinard, La Baule, and other resorts on the northwest coast are backgrounds for the more substantial and less sensational models.

This navy blue jersey bathing suit is trimmed with yellow ciré braid. The coat, of yellow waterproof toile, is charmingly decorated with a sailing vessel in waterproof colors.

Out of all this hodgepodge may be gathered the real, authoritative bathing suit and shoreline fashions which are suitable anywhere. Over here there is no regulation about one-piece suits, brevity, or voluminousness. The French police are philosophic about the whims of women, and you may wear a straw hat in a snowstorm or a fur bathing suit in August if it pleases your sweet fancy, for all of them.

However, taste puts up an invisible but powerful bar that women of race and distinction do not try to hurdle, and this bar leaves out in the hinterland such oddities as the scanty one-piece and the bizarre, impractical bathing suit.

A CONSIDERABLE number of athletic type women wear woolen jumpers in white and trunks of navy blue or black, neatly belted.

A great many more choose the bathing suit shown above—a two-piece suit in navy blue heavy woolen jersey, created by Mary Nowitsky. This suit is trimmed with ciré (waxed) braid, in a V on the jumper and up the sides of the short culottes.

The beach coat that completes this ensemble is made of yellow toile ciré, the identical material that makes the slickers of firemen and life savers. This coat is lined with navy blue éponge (a sort of toweling), and this is banded around the inside edges with red waxed braid.

Please notice the Chinese wooden sandals. These are all the rage for beach wear in France. The very heavy soles protect the bottom of the feet, and the single straps across the instep give slipper hampered toes a chance to spread and be natural.

The back of this coat has a charming decoration—a quaint sailing vessel, done in waterproof colors. The rug, designed by Nowitsky to accompany this ensemble, is of yellow toile ciré, carrying the same boat design, and having a border of coffee colored linen.

Martial et Armand made the pajama suit shown to the left, choosing violet shantung for the long coat and loose trousers, and for the blouse white shantung with appliquéd dots of pink and violet. The belt has a pouch pocket.

Beside it is shown the decorative bathing suit beloved by the Parisienne, modified and adapted to an international cachet. This is a creation from Jenny, who makes the one-piece suit of white heavy wool jersey, gives it a cunning bolero jacket, and then for the sake of decoration embroiders the jacket and the edge of the culottes in red and black.

A big shawl of white jersey forms a wrap which may be left on the beach when you take the plunge. It also is embroidered in red and black. A draped turban of red rubber completely covers the hair.

Summer's Frills and Furbelows

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

A bolero suit of Alice blue wool georgette, with a blouse in three shades of blue.

This model, in gray voile or crêpe, makes a charming town dress.

Peach-bloom taffeta was chosen for this unusual evening dress, made with an uneven hemline punctuated by points, and with a trimming of taffeta puffs round the hips.

Made in cotton gingham or in silk, this frock beautifully illustrates the vogue.

OUT of the mists that a brief year ago enveloped the fashions came the vogue for the feminine — and through the year strengthened into a definite style. Very puffy. Very demure. Very ornamented —and ornamental. Very young. All of the models here shown illustrate this femininity, each in its own way.

The first model is in that most fashionable color of the moment—blue. There are three shades of it running in horizontal lines round the blouse, the lightest shade being next to the throat, one darker below that, followed by one that is still darker—being, indeed, more somber than the fairylike blue of the dress itself. The suit has what the artist calls an amusing cut, with its straight bolero jacket and the scarf sewed on to its neckline, the whole surmounting a finely plaited skirt. Wool georgette is the material from which the original model was made.

The second model would make a fine dress to wear in town in summer, provided it were in gray. In pink or blue it would almost have to confine its activities to the country. It suggests another aspect of the new femininity. Ornaments are actually part of the design and spring out of it instead of being superimposed. The three little tabs of the crêpe material of the dress, finishing the three diagonal lines of insertion that traverse the blouse, are an integral part of the modeling.

The skirt is made in a series of box plaits, stitched almost to the hemline and then allowed to flare.

Sleeves are taking on soft little touches. They are garnished with something fluffy to frame the hand—and get in the soup. The wristbands of this dress have tabs of the crêpe.

Our evening dress is beautiful in peach colored taffeta, both the color and the material being very popular this season. In this shading it looks like the spirit of a summer evening, with its exaggerated puffs round the waistline and its uneven hem, punctuated by a series of points. It goes to make the sort of creation one sees dining at country clubs and on city roofs, and is thoroughly in the manner of the day.

Now consider the last model on this page. How perky, how almost childishly youthful it is, and yet how dignified. From this dress alone we might almost venture a generalization: which is that, with all we have been through in the way of wars and emancipation, we may return to the feminine in fashion —but it will be a more sophisticated feminine than women have ever known.

The plaited ruffle that goes round the skirt of this dress is really a glorification of the apron. Its belt ties in the back, after a motif suggested by apron strings. The woman of the Victorian period would not have dared to acknowledge the existence of an apron publicly. Refined elegance was the keynote then.

MUCH art went into the designing of this frock. Its effect is accomplished principally through the movement of hiking the dress up in the back. A plaited jabot goes round the neck; but instead of falling down the front, as is customary with this form of trimming, it goes in an elongated line down the back. A plaited ruffle also circles the sleeves at the wrists.

This model is frequently made in polka dotted gingham, both the wash material and the dots being very much in the manner of the moment. Should you wish something more formal, you may easily accomplish it by employing polka dotted crêpe de Chine. Sometimes it is made in navy blue dots on white, sometimes with white dots on black, or again with white dots on blue.

Pictures by
JOHN H. STRIEBEL

HE LOVES ME
WHOOPEE

SHOW Girl

The Curtain Falls on Dixie's Romance

By
J. P. McEVOY

(Reading time: 13 minutes 27 seconds.)

PART FOURTEEN—*(Conclusion)*

(From *Variety*)

GET YOUR GIRL FOLDING UP?

THE Main Stem hears under cover that Get Your Girl may fold up soon for lack of a suitable house. This was a Kibbitzer & Eppus baby at first, but after a poor showing in Atlantic City they picked up their doll rags and went home, leaving the author, Jimmy Doyle, to hold the bag with the new angel who they do be saying is the daughter of a local tabloid publisher.

The chief trouble seems to be the lady angel, who wants to direct the show as well as bankroll it, with the result that her appearance in the theater does not cause the cast to break out in a rash of cheers and confetti.

The principal head-on collisions have been between the little lady and the star of the piece—Dixie Dugan, who made one of those sudden and miraculous hits, first as one of those night club how-dowdy-dee-ows, and then in a vod tab, and now in Get Your Girl's brief Atlantic City stand. Dixie has all but walked out several times. Weep for the poor author-manager, who may be a good newspaper man, but in this Times Square racket has damp ears and a soft fontanel.

He must not only entirely revamp his piece and conduct rehearsals himself, but please his lady angel and pacify his star.

Well, as the young father of triplets said when he fell down the elevator shaft and was fired for carelessness, "God is love; there ain't no pain."

Mr. Dennis Kerrigan,
Gleason & Company,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR MR. KERRIGAN:

I thought it was just too sweet of you to stop over in Chicago and see me, although I know Dixie must have suggested it—she's a darling and I do hope she makes a big hit in her new show, although carrying a whole show by herself must be pretty hard for her, since she's had hardly any experience compared to me: but then, some girls get all the breaks.

I know I can say things like this to you because you are so sympathetic and understanding—not like most men, who don't understand girls at all and think that all they want is to be told how cute they are or sweet or something, which is all right, I suppose, but that isn't everything.

A girl like I just craves to be understood, and you are in such a beautiful inspiring business selling lovely poetry which carries wishes and good cheer far and wide to one and all. This is very lovely and inspiring and I don't see how anyone who can be in such a noble business could be interested in just a little hoofer like I, but you said you was, so I must believe you because you couldn't associate all day with such beautiful sentiments and not be sincere and truthful too, and besides anyway I want to believe you, but then maybe I shouldn't ought to have said such a thing—you'll think I'm just terrible, but I'm not.

I was invited out on a party tonight after the show, but I came right up to my room so I could write to you, because I thought of a cute little poem which I thought maybe you could use. If you can't just throw it away, because maybe it isn't any good anyway. However, here it is:

Every day I think of you,
Every night I dream of you,
And that is all that I can do—
Just think and think the whole day through
Of poor little me and great big you.

SUNSHINE.

Klaw Theater, 45th St., W. of B'way
Evs. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Opening Monday Night
James J. Doyle Presents
GET YOUR GIRL
His New Musical Comedy
with
DIXIE DUGAN
And Her GANG of Comedians, Singers, Dancers
and
THE ORIGINAL JOLLITY JAZZ MANIACS

NITA DARLING:

You can't sail Saturday. The show opens Monday night. At the last minute Jimmy got a house, the Klaw—it isn't very big, but it's just right for an intimate musical, which is what this has finally been worried down to. You've got to be there for the opening. I can't go through with it if you're not out front. Don't sail Saturday and leave me. I'm frantic.

Everybody is crazy. The new costumes aren't

ready. We're still rehearsing a lot of new business and can't possibly get it in shape for opening Monday night. I know I'm going to be a terrible flop.

Jimmy is driving me mad. Barking at me all the time, snapping at this and that. I know he is half nuts with worry over the show and working all day and all night, but so am I.

Put off sailing until after the opening and come and help me. I can't eat or sleep, and when I do try to get a little rest at home, the family is on my neck. "Why don't you marry Jack? Why don't you marry Jack? Look at all the money he's got. You owe it to us—you owe it to yourself!"

I wish they'd let me alone. Maybe they're right. I don't know.

Did I tell you Jack wants to marry me—wants me to ditch the show and get married and go to Europe on a honeymoon? If the family ever heard that and thought I even hesitated, I'd have to sleep out in the garage.

What am I going to do about Jimmy? One time I see him he acts as though he likes me, and then, if I make one false step on the stage, he yells at me like a traffic cop. He's driving me crazy. If he'd only put his arms round me once and say "I love you," but he doesn't.

Sometimes I think I'll take Jack up, marry him and go to Europe, and stay there until I can forget the whole damn mess—the show and Jimmy and Cora and all the rest of it.

I found out Cora is hanging around Jimmy because she's the one that put up the money for the show. She's nuts about him. I can tell by the way she looks at him and paws him every chance she gets. And he's with her most of the time—talking about the show, he says.

Damn the show and Jimmy and her and everybody and everything except you, darling. Don't sail Saturday, sis. Please come home and stay with me till after the opening.

I've got to open. I've got to make good, if for nothing else but to make a tramp out of that Cora dame, who's been trying her best to get Jimmy to throw me out and get a big name star in my place. I've got to make good. You can't leave me. I've got nobody but you. Sis, darling, wire and say you're not sailing Saturday. You can't leave me—I'll go mad!

DIXIE.

26 LFN 66 DAY OCT 15
LR PHILA PA 1120A
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BROOKLYN NY

DARLING CANT POSTPONE SAILING STOP MUST BE IN PARIS FOR FIRST SHOWING SPRING STYLE COLLECTIONS OR WAFFLEHEIMERS WILL GIVE ME GATE STOP WILL SEE YOU SATURDAY MORNING FOR NICE LONG TALK BEFORE SAILING NOON STOP DONT WORRY YOURE GOING TO BE A BIG HIT AND THE PRINCE OF YOUR HEART WILL CARRY YOU AWAY IN HIS WHITE ROLLS ROYCE AND YOULL BE HAPPY EVER AFTER NITA

Miss Sunshine Wilson,
c/o Scandals, Illinois Theater,
Chicago.

DEAR SUNSHINE:

I got your pretty poem
And simply wish to state
The way you wrote the little thing
Was absolutely great.

You took me by complete surprise,
It was so witty and so wise,
And yet so tender and so sweet
It would be mighty hard to beat.

How's that? Poetry while you wait. Of course you inspired it. But then, I'm naturally gifted that way, anyway. I often tell the creative department here—that's where all the ideas come from—ideas, heh! heh!—my God, I sneeze better ideas.

I tell them, let me get up some of your ideas and you'll have something that will go over the counter instead of under. But they know everything.

Some of these days I'm going to fight it out with them in bare feet on a cake of ice. You've only seen me in my milder moods; but you wouldn't know me, Sunshine, when I get all wrought up.

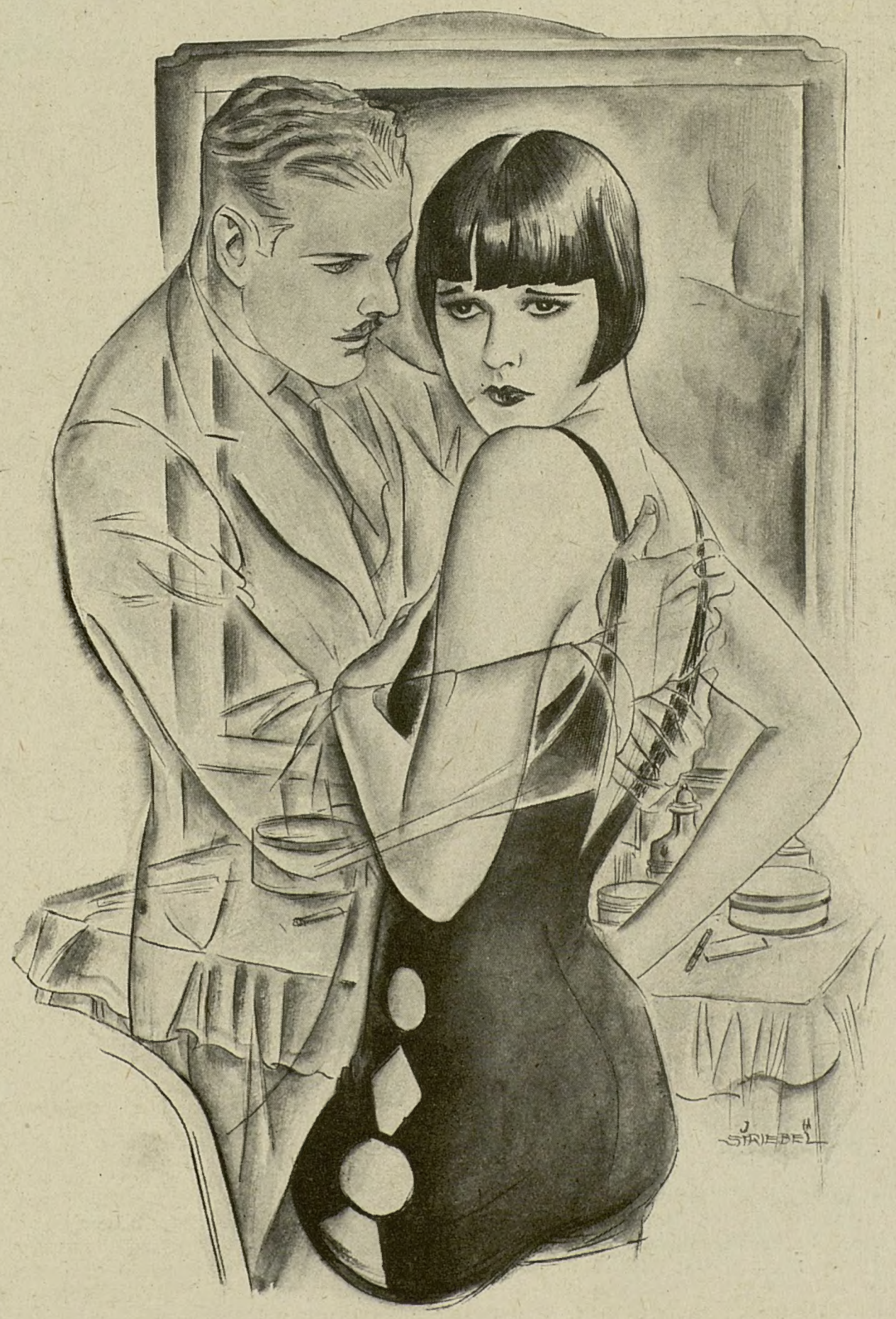
Of course, you're young yet and don't understand men much, especially men that think a lot and are complicated, like me. But you certainly are an unusual girl, just the same, when you can write such a beautiful poem so easy like. Why, even I would have to work on a thing like that.

Now, as to coming down to Chicago, why, it was funny, I was thinking of doing that very thing. Isn't that a coincidence? You see, we have some big accounts there. So don't be surprised if I show up.

Of course I won't be able to see much of you, as these are very big accounts and I will have to work hard on them, especially Ye Quainte Olde Tyme Nooke Gift Shoppe. They got a lady buyer there, a Miss Krunch, and she has lots of sales resistance, so every once in a while one of us good looking salesmen must stop over and take her out and get her all warm and confused. The technical name for that is "contacting." You must have heard of "contact men" in advertising and merchandising? Well, that's me!

Soon I will be in Chicago,
And I have got a hunch
I'll see my little Sunshine too,
As well as Lady Krunch.

DENNY.



What am I going to do about Jimmy? If he'd only put his arms round me once and say "I love you," but he doesn't.

OPENINGS TONIGHT

THE CALL OF THE TAME—comedy at the Belmont.
SENTIMENTAL SUSIE—musical comedy at the Majestic.
DAMN YOUR EYES—drama at the Bijou.
HEIGH-HO—intimate revue at the Century Roof.
GET YOUR GIRL—musical comedy at the Klaw.

36 TLP 26
BF CHICAGO ILL 1020A
OCT 17
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER NY
HOPE MARILYN MILLER WILL CHOKE OVER HER COFFEE TOMORROW MORNING WHEN SHE READS HOW YOU KNOCKED THEM FOR A ROW OF FILLING STATIONS LOVE AND KISSES
SUNSHINE

22 MLF 8
CN NEW YORK 340P
OCT 17
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER NY
WISHING YOU THE OVERFLOW FROM ABIE'S IRISH ROSE
EVENING TAB

36 BMO 15
LS NEW YORK 4P
OCT 17
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER NY
I WILL BE OUT IN FRONT BUT MY HEART WILL BE BACK STAGE WITH YOU
JACK

72 APC 10
BX MINNEAPOLIS MINN
320P OCT 17
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER NY
I WOULD LIKE TO CROWN YOU DASH WITH SUCCESS PERIOD
DENNY

39 BSO 21
67 NEW YORK 520P
OCT 17
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER NY
THE BEST OF GOOD

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

	PAGE
American Hard Rubber Company	22
American Institute of Stenography	54
Amorc	48
Association of American Soap & Glycerine Producers, Inc.	18
Bike Web Mfg. Co.	48
Borden Company, The	57
Bourjois, Inc.	40
Brown & Haley	52
Campbell Soup Company	15
Chamberlain Laboratories	53
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	4
Clark Lighter Co., Inc	43
Continental Jewelry	53
Cuticura	48
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.	42
Eveready Batteries	54
Field & Company, Marshall	53
Gilbert Co., The A. C.	16
Grammes & Son, L. F.	53
Go Light Company	48
Helbros Watch Co.	63
Hertel Company, John A., The	48
Ingram Co., Frederick F.	24
Johns-Manville Corporation	21
Kellogg Company	58
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	29
Landon & Warner	44
Laundryowners' National Association	38
Leonard, Inc., A. O.	54
Lucky Tiger	48
Marmola	55
McCaskey Register Company	61
McCoy's Tablets	53
Menhenitt Company, Ltd., The	48
Mennen Company, The	30
Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd., The	54
Norwich Pharmacal Co., The	44
Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company	55
Nozol Co.	48
Pepsodent Co., The	23
Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.	47
Powell Power Company, The A. L.	36 & 37
Process Engraving Co., Inc., The	44
Radio Corporation of America	6
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	Back Cover
Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc. (Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads)	52
(Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm)	44
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	Second Cover
Sparks-Withington Co., The	35
Stein & Company, A.	3
Thurston Manufacturing Co., Howard	54
Vreeland	48
Williams Co., The J. B.	33
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.	32
Zemo	48
Zonite Products Corporation	64 & 65

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

[SHOW GIRL Continued from page sixty-nine]

LUCK TO THE NICEST KID EVER HANDICAPPED BY THE BUMMEST FIRST PLAY OF THE GOOFIEST YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT JIMMY

23 NOP 10 LEVIATHAN RCA NY OCT 17
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER NY
SLAY EM BABY NITA

85 CMN PL 19
LR HOLLYWOOD CAL
1020A OCT 17
JIMMY DOYLE
KLAW THEATER NY
CAME THE DAWN AND SWEETLY UPON THE FEVERED BROW OF THE YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT FAME PRESSED A LINGERING KISS
KIRK

92 LFE CP 27
VM NEW YORK 420P OCT 17
JIMMY DOYLE
KLAW THEATER NY
CANWEHAVE THE OPTION ON YOUR NEXT FIVE PLAYS
SHUBERTS
ZIEGFELD
DILLINGHAM
THEATER GUILD
AND THE BOYS WHO USED TO WORK WITH YOU ON THE EVENING TAB

18 PL SFI
LC NEW YORK 240P OCT 17
JIMMY DOYLE
KLAW THEATER NY
HORSESHOES CORA

26 RG MP28
SH NEW YORK 320 P OCT 17
JIMMY DOYLE
KLAW THEATER NY
IF YOU GET ALL THE GOOD LUCK IM WISHING YOU TONIGHT YOULL BE WALKING UP AND DOWN BROADWAY TOMORROW WITH A TIN CUP BEGGING FOR A LITTLE MISFORTUNE DIXIE

32 LZ PT2
TH NEW YORK 410P OCT 17
JIMMY DOYLE
KLAW THEATER NY
SUCCESS OSER KIBBITZER AND EPPUS

(What the Critics Said)

Get Your Girl is a polychromatic potpourri which titivates the neuronic filaments, tickles the tympani, and threads a rowdy rigadoon through the calloused convolutions of this weary old cerebrum —HAMMOND, *Herald-Tribune.*

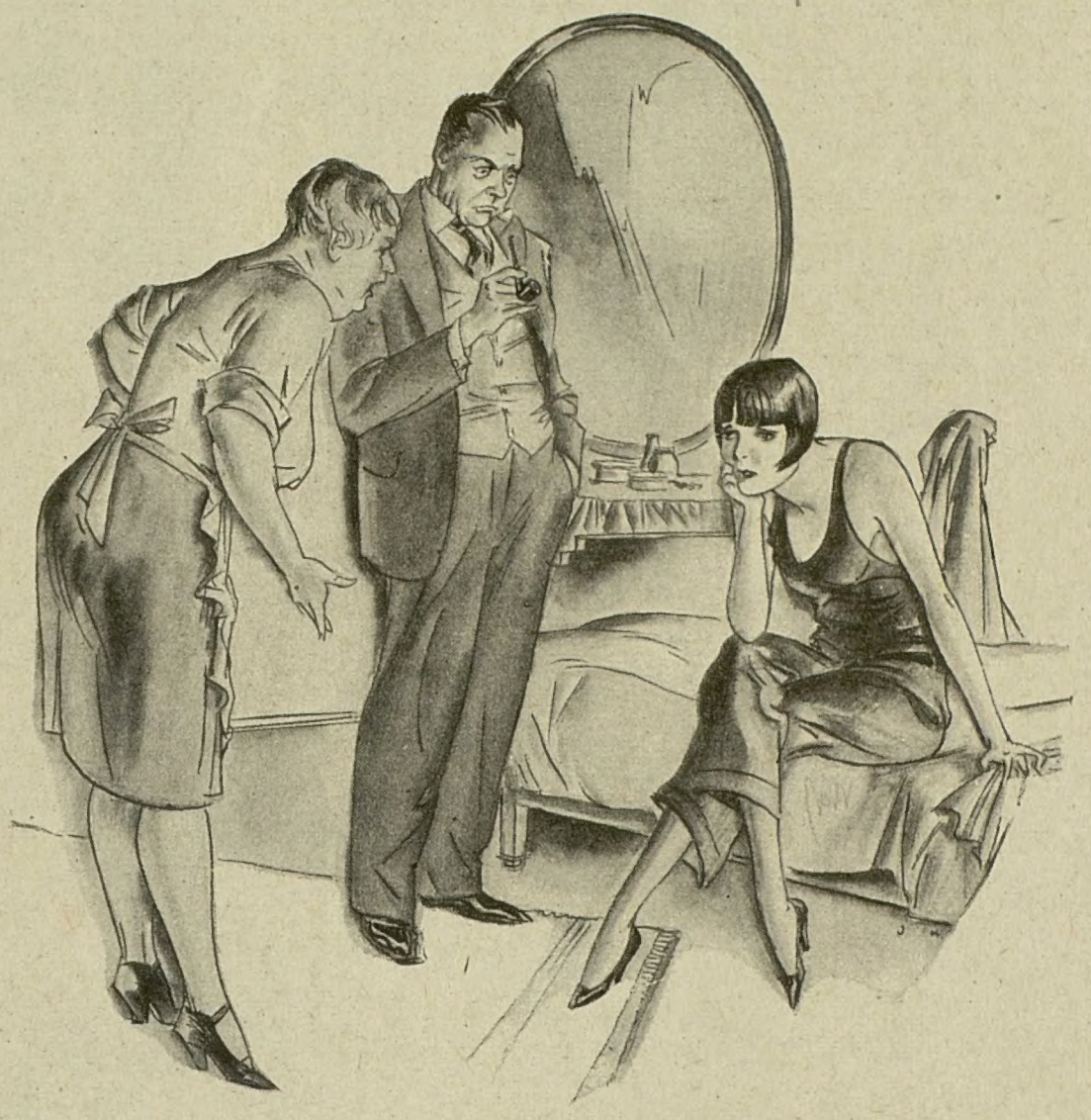
. . . . .

This old meany played hooky last night from his perpetual pilgrimage to the grotto of Mrs. Fiske, and found himself, much to his aged surprise, in the Klaw Theater, where a night club madcap named Dixie Dugan danced into the white light of stardom.—WOOLLCOTT, *World.*

. . . . .

Get Your Girl is a mean whoopdee-do that will keep the Klaw seats warm long after your Christmas jewelry has turned green. And Dixie Dugan is the hottest little wench that ever shook a scanty at a tired business man.

Tickets on sale eight weeks in advance, and if you fall for that malaky about getting them at the box office, you are going to be seeing Roxie ushers all winter—God forbid!—WINCHELL, *Evening Graphic.*



When I do try to get a little rest at home, the family is on my neck.

Get Your Girl—a wow!—a sock in the nose!—a kick in the pants!—*Variety.*

26 BL RCA 12
CF NEW YORK 130P OCT 18
NITA DUGAN
SS LEVIATHAN
WE WENT OVER OPEN A BOTTLE FOR ME DIXIE

23 NOP 19
LEVIATHAN RCA OCT 18
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER
I KNEW YOUD DO IT DARLING WILL YOU HAVE HEIDSICK OR THE WIDOW CLICQUOT NITA

Hotel Mañana,
Havana, Cuba.

QUERIDA MIA:

I write you this few words because soon I will be too busy in my own country, where I return to head the new big revolution which I plan now night and day. They capture and try to kill me, but I am too brave and know too much and I get away, but not before I kill ten, twenty, thirty—how many I do not know, but it is frightful, and then I come here where my father is already, and together we plan a new revolution which will be bigger and better, and which, when I have finish killing all those dogs, cutting their throats from ears to ears and back again, I will come and get you and we will be happy in my beautiful country, because then I will be the *presidente* and you will belong to me, *flor del cielo,* all of you, from the top of your sweet head to the bottom of your little feet which walk all night on my heart, cruel and beautiful one.

Beso sus pies—tu amante apasionado. ALVAREZ.

19 BL RCA 8
CB NEW YORK 230P OCT 21
NITA DUGAN
SS LEVIATHAN
HE LOVES ME WHOOPEE DIXIE

23 NOP 9 LEVIATHAN RCA OCT 21
DIXIE DUGAN
KLAW THEATER NY
WHO NOW NITA

42 MN RCA 14
LB NEW YORK 1020A OCT 22
NITA DUGAN
SS LEVIATHAN
JIMMY JIMMY JIMMY THIS TIME NOW AND FOREVER DIXIE

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 55

1—Caius *Julius* Cæsar, who was born in this month.

2—A song sung by sailors in rhythm with their work.

3—Johnstown, Pa.

4—The pseudo science which treats of the influences of the stars upon human affairs.

5—The art of making, or the manufacture and use of, fireworks.

6—Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Louisville, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Toledo.

7—Louisiana.

8—A shade of difference; a delicate gradation.

9—The Leviathan.

10—Manner or mode of operating or working.

11—In Westminster Abbey.

12—Instruments for measuring diameters of objects.

13—The method of determining a ship's position without the aid of celestial observations, from a record of the courses sailed and the distance made on each course.

14—Haiti and the Dominican Republic (Santo Domingo).

15—The collier Cyclops.

16—The ridge between the shoulder bones.

17—Small transverse ropes attached to the shrouds and forming the steps of a rope ladder.

18—Archimedes.

19—The nadir.

20—A horseshoer.

Tempting *the* Appetite *via* Printing

THE lure of color which is being employed to sell a legion of products from parlor, bedroom to bath, and even now is forcing the pot on the kitchen stove to call the kettle blue, is exemplified in this strikingly realistic four-color reproduction. Mazola is *tempting the appetite via printing.*

LIBERTY has achieved a reputation for superior four-color printing through such specimens of printing craft as this. When you next think of shoe-string potatoes this appetizing picture will likely remind you to use Mazola.

The advertiser's original plates, used in a recent Mazola advertisement in LIBERTY, have been used again for this reproduction. The paper is of the same grade, made exclusively for LIBERTY—11 pounds heavier than the paper used in four-color printing by the Saturday Evening Post. Paper is a factor in printing which *does* make a *difference.* Just compare results!

Mazola advertising is prepared by the E. W. Hellwig Company. It appears regularly in

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

If you smoke for pleasure

—here it is—taste, rich fragrance and mellow mildness. Camel is the cigarette that introduced the world to "smoking for pleasure."

Camels

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel"

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.